

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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## ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

*Contemporary notes upon the movement of the world of art in America and Europe, with a series of engravings of representative canvases.*

### A CRISIS IN THE ACADEMY'S HISTORY.

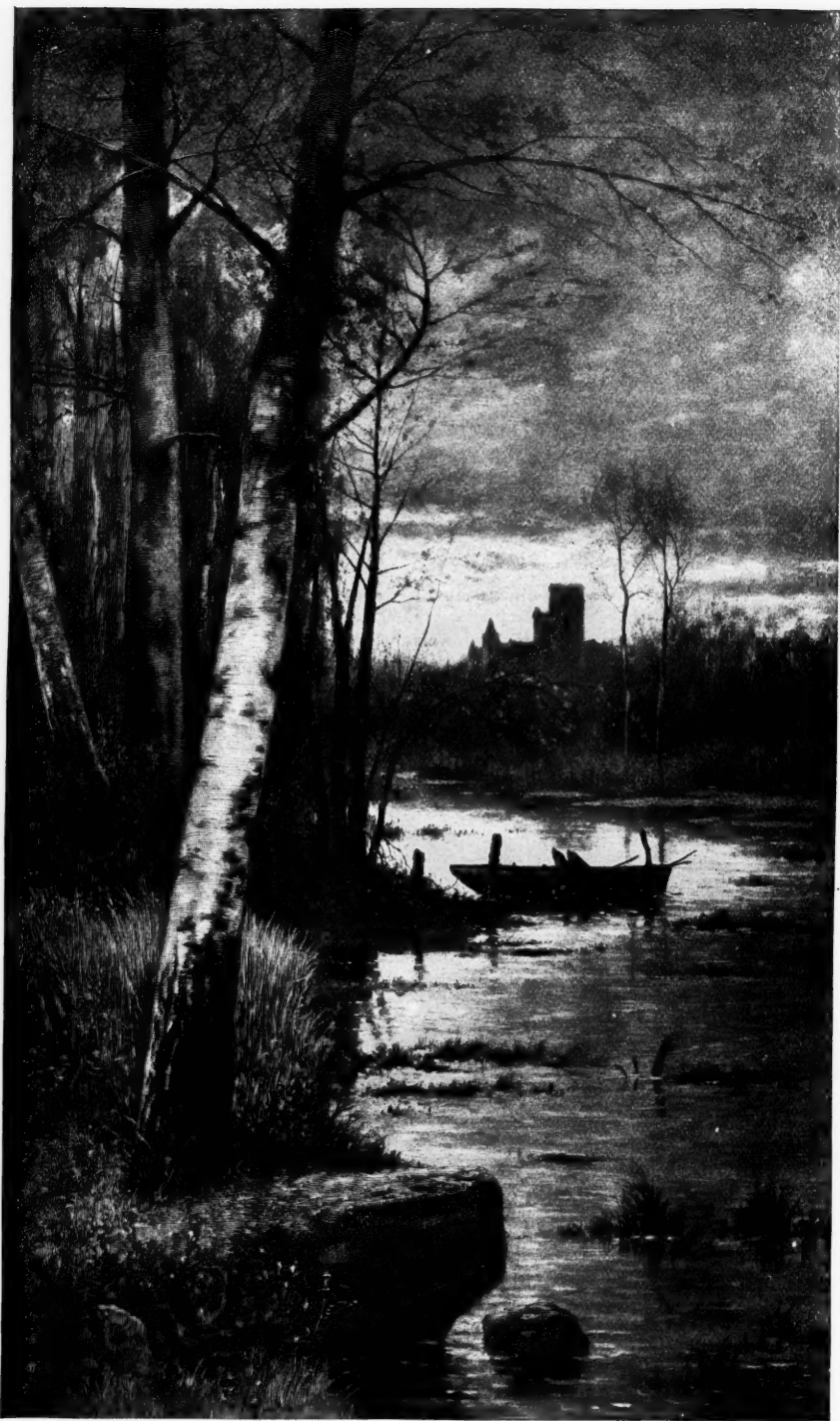
When the National Academy's committee on site reported in favor of an amalgamation—or at least a close alliance—with the Fine Arts Society, and a joint tenancy of the latter's headquarters on Fifty Seventh Street, the suggestion, though unexpected, seemed at first glance an attractive one. The united resources of the Academy and of the bodies already established on the proposed site would, no doubt, have given

New York a splendid home of art; but it was scarcely reasonable to request the Academicians to consent to a plan that involved the ending of their independent existence. With so long and distinguished a history, with its present prestige, and with more than half a million dollars in bank, it is not strange that the Academy should regard such a step as an uncalled for confession of weakness, and should vote so emphatically to maintain its autonomy.



"When Lydia Smiles."

*From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Joseph Cosman.*



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"Solitude."

*From the painting by William F. Hulk—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.*





"The Victors' Return."  
From the painting by Simm.

We hope to see an alternative presented that will establish it in quarters worthy of its mission and its prospects, without submitting it to the loss of its identity. It is a crisis at which boldness is the truest pru-

dence, and ill advised economy would prove the sure forerunner of decadence.

#### WHY VERESTCHAGIN LIVES IN PARIS.

It is well known that Paris is as great a

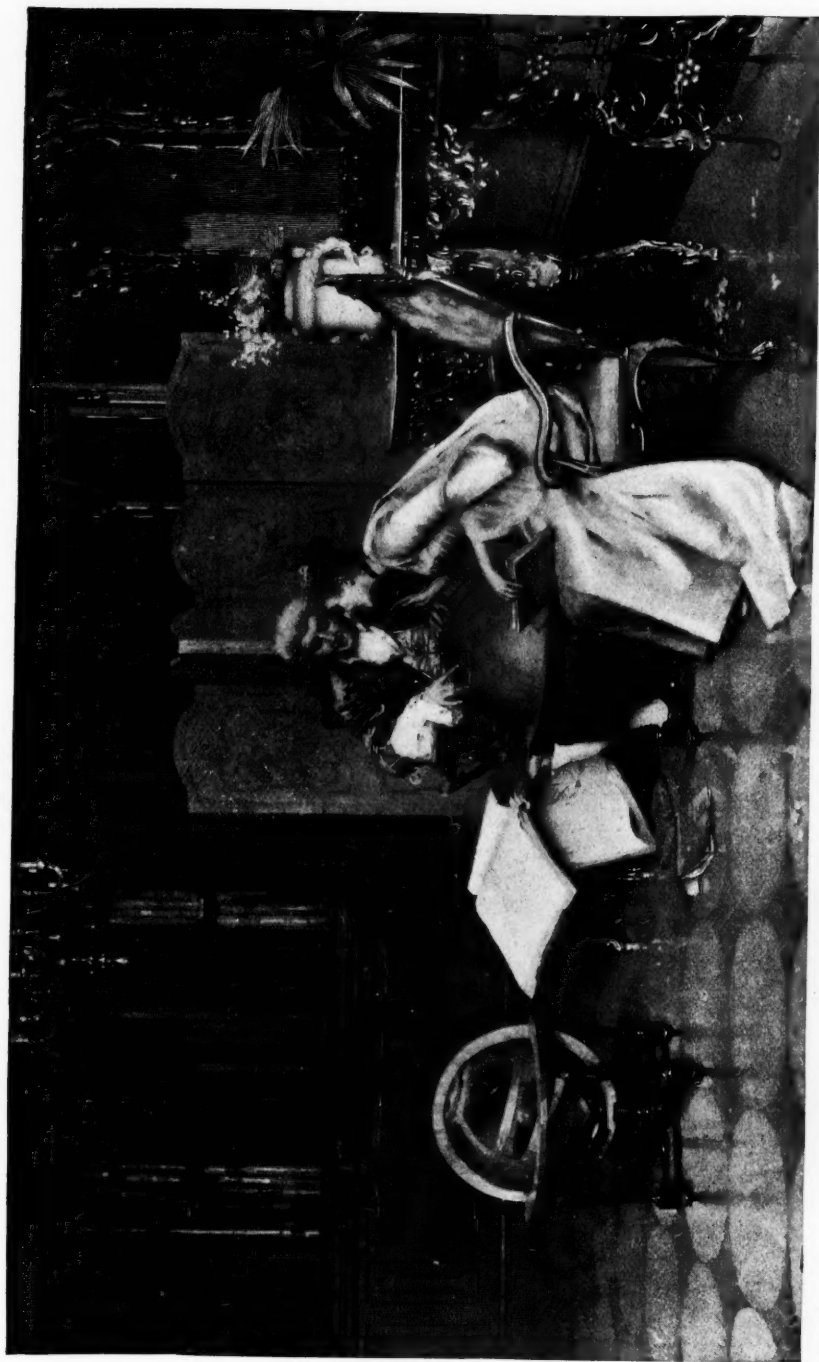


"Enchantment."

*From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by Brouillet.*

center of Russian art as St. Petersburg or Moscow. Muscovite painters seem to find the atmosphere of the city on the Seine more congenial than the keener airs of their native land. There are other reasons for their expatriation, in some cases. Verest-

chagin, for instance, has been practically an exile from Russia since his daring brush ventured upon subjects that offended the authorities. In one of his grimly realistic renderings of an execution scene—a theme that may be termed peculiarly Verestcha-



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"Talking Over Their Wedding Journey."  
*From the painting by P. Böcklin. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.*



"A Roman Singer."

*From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by E. Forti.*

ginesque—he introduced the figures of Roussakoff, Michailoff, Jeliaboff, and Sofia Perofskaia, the four nihilists who were hanged in St. Petersburg as accomplices in the murder of Alexander II. At about the same time he painted a characteristic "Apotheosis of War"—a bitter satire on the glories of Russia's triumph over the Turks. It portrayed a huge and ghastly pile of corpses, whose uniforms showed them to have been soldiers of the Czar and the Sultan, heaped together in death and decay,

while above the gruesome heap of victims to the ambition of monarchs a great vulture flapped its wings.

To satirize the heaven sent institution of military despotism, and to immortalize the features of the unspeakable nihilist, are dangerous proceedings in the land of the Romanoffs. It would hardly do to send to the Siberian mines a man whose genius is the pride of contemporary Russian art; but his offense was made so plain to the daring artist that he found it advisable to remove



"Morning."

*From an engraving by Ad. Huet after the painting by J. Lefevre—Copyrighted by William Schaus, New York.*





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"A Winter Blossom."

From the painting by J. Ballavoine.

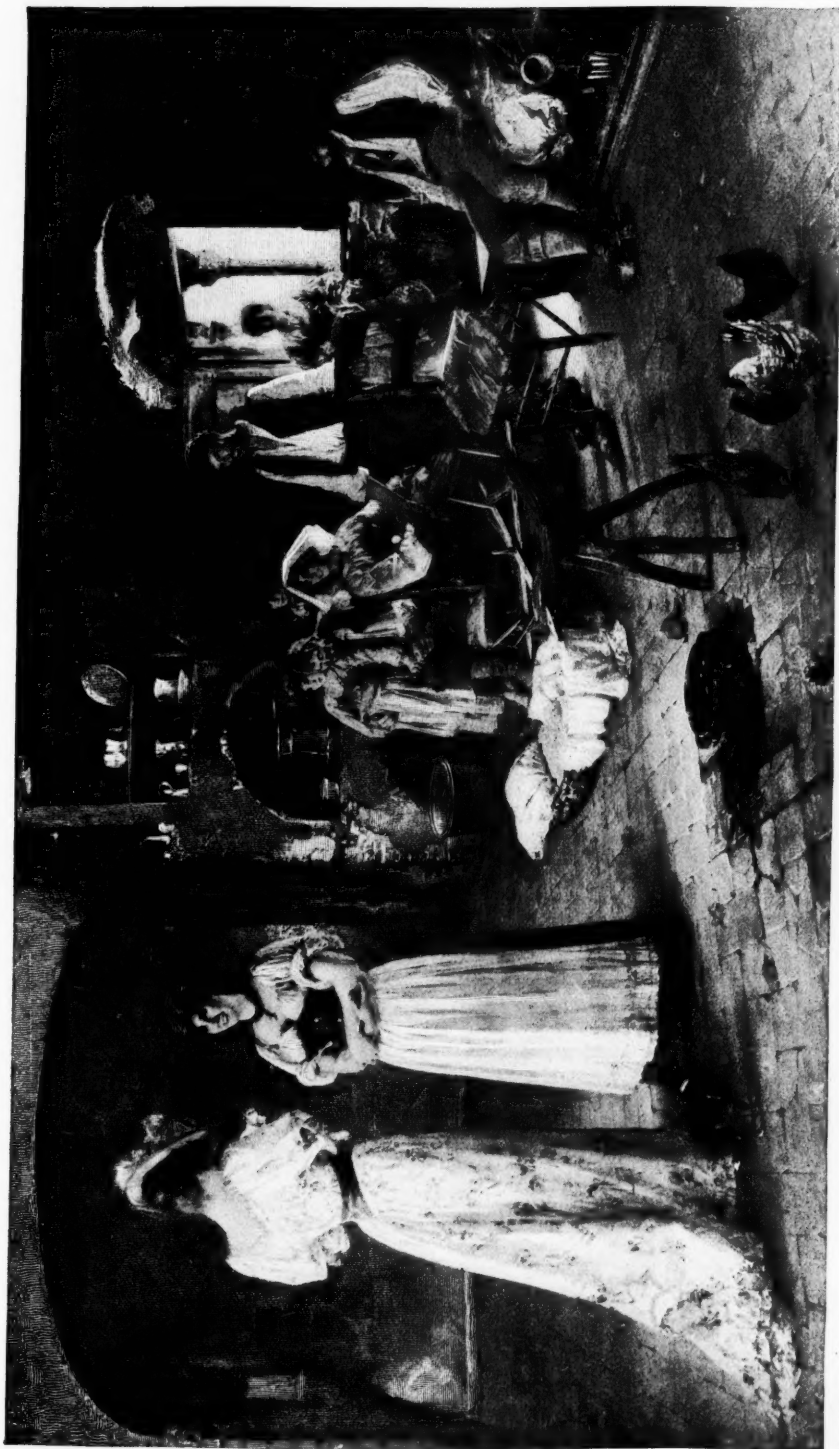
to Paris, which has been his home ever since.

Verestchagin has seen many adventures in many lands, and of some of them he bears the marks in person. His right hand was injured by a bullet during the Turkish war, and again, on one of his hunting expeditions, by a leopard's bite. At another time, while sketching on the Steppes, he

broke his right arm, and was obliged to trust to peasant surgery for its setting.

#### THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S GROWTH.

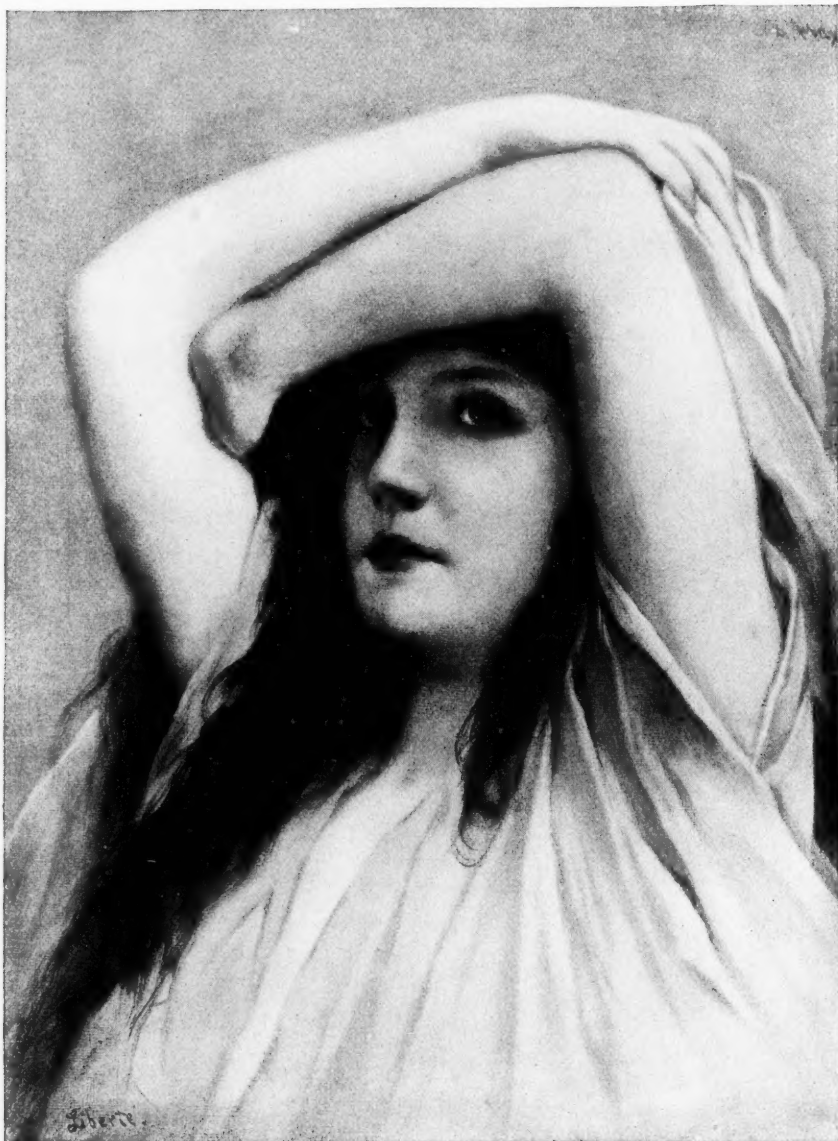
New York is to have the most magnificent art galleries in the world, according to the plans now definitely formulated for the Metropolitan Museum. The institution's growth has been rapid, and its present pro-



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"Baby Visits its Foster Mother."

From the painting by A. Corbelli—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



"Liberty."

*From the painting by Gabriel Maz.*

portions are remarkable as the result of one generation's labor; but the existing building will be completely overshadowed by the additions now contemplated. It will ultimately stand in the center of a vast series of galleries, which are to surround it on all sides, fronting upon Fifth Avenue, and inclosing a total space of about eighteen acres.

With a million dollar appropriation, and plans that were drawn by the late Richard M. Hunt just before his death, the Fifth Avenue front is to be commenced at once. The façade is to be of marble and classical in style; and the trustees promise that it will be a new ornament to the city, as it certainly should be.



#### ANALOGY.

'Twas summer by the bough in bloom,  
And summer by the bee a-boom,  
And summer by the smiles of her,  
And by her sweet eyes, harebell hued;  
Alas! for summer days that were!—  
'Twas icy winter when I wooed.

'Tis winter by the shrouded hill,  
And winter by the voiceless rill,  
And winter by the creaking bough,  
And not a bird flight through the blue;  
Yet hope sings in my heart that now  
It will be summer if I woo.

*Clinton Scollard.*



"  
*From the cansting  
 I presume?*"  
*Henry Irving:*

## HOW IRVING ROSE TO FAME.

*The secret of the English actor's popularity, and the story of his earliest successes—  
 Illustrated with portraits of him in his famous character of "Jingle."*

"**H**ERE'S to our enterprise!"

Henry Irving spoke these, his first words as a salaried professional actor, on the stage of the new Lyceum Theater, Sunderland, England, on the 29th of September, 1856. Augurous indeed, bearing in mind what Irving and his Lyceum are today—nearer a national institution than any private theatrical enterprise has ever yet been.

It was as *Gaston, Duke of Orleans*, in Lytton's "*Richelieu*"—which opens with the line quoted—that Irving started his

stage career. I have heard it said that E. D. Davis, his first manager, one of the good "old timers," liked his recruit for three reasons: Irving always knew his words—he probably had not confidence enough to do without them; he remembered his business—everything that is done on the stage, save speaking, is, technically, "business" of the scene; and he made up well. As an actor, neither Davis nor the Sunderland playgoers thought much of him; nevertheless the "quisby" *Gaston* of 1856 is in 1896 the leading English speaking actor of the



world! It would surely be interesting to know the secret of this marvelous promotion. As a matter of fact even a tracing of the steps of his progress only partially solves the problem. It is easy to record a man's success: the dynamic cause thereof constantly baffles the most careful observation. In Irving's case it is possible to establish the fact that it was not luck; nor was it hard work and merit solely.

After five months of Sunderland, the future star joined Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham, proprietors of the Theater Royal, Edinburgh, who may be described as the original kindergarten managers, for they always had a number of promising beginners in their company at remarkably low salaries, a guinea (a trifle over five dollars) being a favorite weekly payment. There, in two years and a half, the actor knight played four hundred and twenty eight characters, including five different parts in "The Flowers of the Forest." Reaching London under engagement at the Princess', his metropolitan debut consisted of six lines in the first act of an adaptation of "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," by John Oxenford, then the *Times'* critic. A London engagement, in those days, was to every actor the one thing worth living for.



"A friend of our friend's here."



"Well?"

Nevertheless Irving felt so much discouraged by his failure to secure attention that he promptly arranged for the cancellation of his contract, in spite of the fact that its duration was three years and the salary, for those days, said to be a good one.

His next engagement of importance was in the stock with Knowles, of the Manchester Royal. Manchester people disliked him cordially at first, and the local press often personally jeered him, asking such questions as, "Why are we to be inflicted with this lengthy, ungainly, hatchet faced young man?" But Knowles was obstinate, forced his protégé, and ultimately, in this very town, Irving made his first professional hit as *Rawdon Scudamore* in Dion Boucicault's "Two Lives of Mary Leigh."

Here let me pause to explain that there is a wide distinction between a professional and a popular hit. There are various obscure individuals who are, or have been, considered by the guild of actors as remarkable artists, yet whose names never become familiar to the public at large, either because they have lacked the opportunity of a striking original part, or on account of some inherent modesty, or lack of business capacity. Such a one, until lately, was Mr.



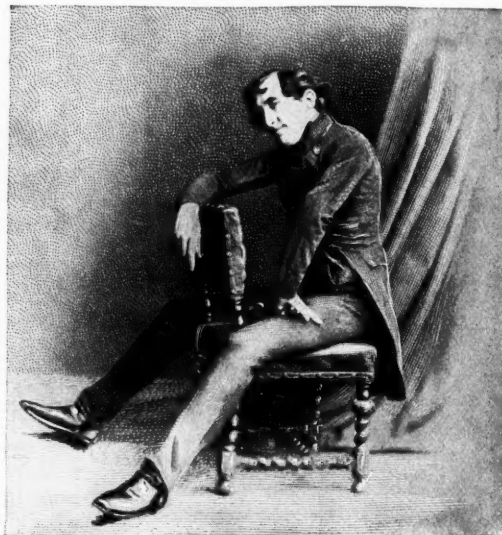
"Who the devil are you?"

James A. Herne; Mr. C. P. Flockton is also a case in point; the late Charlotte Sanders, creator of the fat jockey boy in Boucicault's "Flying Scud," the first of the popular racing dramas, was another. Long before the public heard of Irving he was to us what he now is to the world—a most remarkable character actor.

Irving repeated his Manchester success in "Hunted Down"—as the "Two Lives of Mary Leigh" was renamed—at the St. James' Theater, London. Next he was in Paris with the elder Sothorn. *Petruchio* was his Shaksperian début to the *Katharine* of Kate, the famous sister of Ellen Terry. For his benefit at the old Queen's Theater, London, he made the mistake of trying *Charles Surface*. It was heavy and stagy, while his *Joseph* was admirable. At another benefit he tried *Henri de Neuville* in Tom Taylor's "Plot and Passion," with Mr. J. L. Toole as *Desmarets*. Neither was convincing. He was the original *Compton Kerr*

in Boucicault's "Formosa" at Drury Lane, in August, 1869. Then came another actors' hit—*Digby Grand* in James Albery's "Two Roses" at the Vaudeville, then under the management of H. J. Montague, David James, and Thomas Thorne—a triumvirate whom H. J. Byron christened "the gent, the Jew, and the gentile."

In 1871 Colonel Bateman, the father of the well remembered Bateman children—famous also for his expletive vehemence—became lessee of the Lyceum, and Irving was engaged as leading man. A version of "Fanchette" was put up for Isabelle Bateman; and Irving, being necessarily cast for that very bad "juvenile lead," *Landry*, was so indifferent that the colonel's drastic language is said to have deleteriously affected the vegetables in the neighboring Covent Garden Market; but then the piece, a favorite of Colonel Bateman's, was a failure, his daughter was not a success as *Fanchette*, and those who remember the colonel need not be reminded that he required an objective point for his verbal explosives. Soon after this James Albery put together some scenes from *Pickwick*, and Irving was once again the talk of the newspaper offices, the Junior Garrick and Savage Clubs "where mummies most did congregate," for his delineation of *Jingle*. Some pictures of him in



"More than that—loves another."

this famous part adorn the present article. Charles Dickens, who was very rarely satisfied with any actor's attempt to stage his characters, is said to have accepted Irving's *jingle*. The London *Daily Telegraph* criticised it thus:

The full excellence of his acting was more than usually distinguishable. His grotesque shabby-genteel appearance, the dignified serenity with which he pursued his ulterior aims, his imperturbable impudence and unblushing confidence, thoroughly deserved the applause he received. The little touch of sentiment in which *jingle* acknowledges the merits of *Mr. Pickwick* deserves special mention.

Coming now to Irving's first public hit, it is pleasant to chronicle that it was due to American money and American enterprise. Augustin Daly wrote "Leah" for Colonel Bateman. It was an enormous hit at the Adelphi, London, yielding a profit of thousands of pounds. It was this money that enabled the colonel to take the Lyceum. Thus Daly, who has graced the stage with more good artists than any living manager, has, in a roundabout way, everything to do with the *Matthias* advent. Daly's brain made "Leah"; "Leah" made Bateman's money; Bateman's money produced "The Bells"; "The Bells" made Irving. It will be seen how impossible is war between England and America, for, in such an event, America would have grounds to claim Sir Henry Irving! My recollection of the circumstances surrounding that first hit is that Lewis, the author, excited Irving's interest in the piece to a high pitch. The colonel, up to this time, had not had a genuine success in his theater, and was desperately hard up for a play. It would be nice to be able to say positively that he produced "The Bells" because he had a firm belief in it in conjuncture with his leading man. This could hardly have been. It was not a Bateman play. There was nothing for Isabelle in it, and presumption points to my belief, which is that it was allowed to go on *faute de mieux*, and that nobody in London was more surprised at its extraordinary triumph than the Lyceum's manager.

At the same time, Colonel Bateman was far too astute a manager, and too just a man, to fail to give credit where credit was due, or to permit parental sentiment to interfere with a "big boom." Thenceforward Isabelle Bateman supported Irving instead of Irving supporting Isabelle. This order of procedure remained unchanged until the colonel's death, before which event, I think,

all the earlier series of Irving productions—"Eugene Aram," "Hamlet," "Philip," "Charles I," and "Richelieu" were placed on the stage. The expression "Irving productions," is not a misnomer, for though Colonel Bateman was lessee, from the advent of "The Bells" he is believed to have handed over to Irving the entire control of the stage work, confining himself to the business direction.

The next landmark in Irving's progress was his entrance on the managerial arena. It is impossible to deal with this step without alluding to—and, I hope, disposing of—an unpleasant rumor of that time. The colonel having died, Irving received an offer of the financial support necessary to enable him to acquire control of the Lyceum, accepted the offer, became lessee, and ultimately engaged Ellen Terry as his leading woman. Malignant busybodies muttered that Irving "got rid" of the Batemans as soon as he could. The apparent facts are that the transfer of the lease was a business transaction on business lines, and that Mrs. Bateman, who took the Sadler's Wells Theater at Islington, needed her daughter. Irving, for his part, wisely elected to obtain the best available leading actress, and she materialized in the person of Ellen Terry and not Isabelle Bateman. Once again, it is an open secret that Irving's backer was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts—a lady who would not have assisted an enterprise involving ingratitude and double dealing.

So far from being guilty of such an offense, Irving's sense of obligation to friendship was so strong that he long retained on his salary list a man whose characteristics made him a positive burden to his manager, simply because the great actor had known him in early days, and had been kindly welcomed at his home at a time when such welcomes were rare. This detail I can substantiate from personal knowledge of the disagreeable beneficiary of the manager's kindliness. Throughout his life, Irving has been steadily true to early associates and associations.

The foregoing historiette of the actor's rise to his present position does not wholly explain his unrivaled eminence or his strong hold on the affections of press and public. Quite recently Irving committed a serious professional blunder, but the press dealt with it in an unusual spirit of gentleness, and the public amiably seemed to enjoy his blunder as much as his brilliance. This has a personal reason; and as for the secret of his magnetism, the cause of his

universal popularity, I can only repeat what I have said elsewhere—that Irving is almost invariably liked and widely loved for his affectional tact. He seems to take pleasure in finding out just exactly how people like to be treated, and so treating them. All who meet him seem to feel that Irving knows and understands them better than most acquaintances; and therefrom he becomes to them something more than a casual celebrity—he is an individual to be watched and helped, the embodiment of a fine, a useful institution.

How different is the tact that cheats from

the tact that cheers! Irving's is always the tact that cheers. A talk with the actor knight leaves a man on better terms with himself, and with a sense of a new duty—the obligation to defend the reputation of his friend, and to be, to however small an extent, a factor in connection with that friend's material success.

In conclusion, it is safe to say that the claim Irving's judicious admirers make for him, that he is the finest living character actor, is emphasized beyond the possibility of question with his latest creation of *Corporal Brewster* in "A Story of Waterloo."

Harry Saint Maur.



#### ON THE PROW.

STRANGE, silent East, across the solemn calm  
The slender ship outward and onward strives,  
Bearing to odorous shores of date and palm  
The burden of a hundred little lives.

On a like course drift I toward the verge  
Beyond which lies what now I may not know;  
Yet my heart whispers these gray wastes of surge  
Stretch whither it is good for me to go.

Youth, like the speeding sun, left far behind,  
Unanswered questions mutely sent before,  
Oh, great, dim East, what welcome shall I find  
When thy wide arms unveil the distant shore?

The prow knows not the harbor that it nears,  
Nor I if thou shalt bring the seeker rest;

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet the strong hand the fragile ship that steers  
Will guide her to the haven that is best!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.



## TWO HOURS.

IT was late in the short November afternoon, and the sun was very low as Alan Lindsley rode into Pinto, the shadow of his pony and its rider prancing beside him like a giant mounted escort. He rode by the handful of one storied wooden buildings, their shadowy duplications stretching before him to imposing dimensions; and dismounting and hitching his mustang, he sauntered up to the little station. On the rails stood the West bound mail train, delayed by a washout ahead. Looking in at the telegraph operator with a careless inquiry, Lindsley turned with languid interest to the line of cars beside him. He was a tall, slightly built man of some thirty two or three years, and carried himself with a stoop. His skin was sun browned, his eyes were blue, and a delicate, sensitive mouth was his only other noticeable feature.

Some of the passengers had stepped out and were walking up and down the platform with the usual impatience of the delayed traveler. The coach windows were all open, and at one, a little beyond where Lindsley stood, a woman's head attracted his attention. He could barely see the profile, which was partly hidden by the hand upon which it rested. It was only a glimpse of golden brown hair fringing a broad brow, and a gleam of gray eyes; but something in the fall of the eyebrow, the turn of the head, recalled a face which for ten years he had seen only in dreams.

As he looked, the woman turned more fully, and spoke to some fellow passenger outside.

"Two more hours of Pinto—is that all? I had quite made up my mind to spend the night here."

At the first sound of those low, vibrating tones, Lindsley stood erect, and they had hardly ceased when he turned with a rapid step and entered the car. A moment more and he stood beside the woman. She was leaning back in an attitude of careless grace; turning her head as he paused, she met his eyes with haughty coldness. His first thought, after a thrill that quickened his pulses, was that this was a more beautiful woman than the one she had recalled from his memory.

For full half a minute he stood, looking at her with a faint smile, waiting for her recognition. Suddenly her whole face softened and warmed, and she extended her hand.

"Alan Lindsley!" she exclaimed, "and to think I should not have known you at once!"

"I am glad to be remembered at all," replied the young man, bowing low over her hand. "I think it is Mrs. Charlton now, is it not?"

"Yes, but how strangely that name sounds from your lips!" She motioned to the seat opposite her. "Do sit down and let me look at you. You have no idea how glad I am to see you."

"Can you continue to be glad for two hours?" he asked. "I believe that is the term of your imprisonment here."

"Indeed I can. Come, do not let us waste any time. Tell me, how in the world did you recognize me? I am sure I feel utterly unrecognizable. How many years has it been?"

"Ten years," he replied slowly, looking intently at her. "They have treated you kindly."

"Have they?" she replied lightly. "Yes, I think they have. As to looks, of course I have improved immensely. Was I not a gawky, big eyed creature in those old days?"

He did not reply, and his companion went on.

"Pray do not hesitate. Our time together is so short that we can surely afford to be truthful for that space, can't we?"

"We could hardly afford to be otherwise, it seems to me."

"Let us agree, then," she said, "to speak nothing but truth for two hours. What say you?"

"I think I can risk it," he answered. "At any rate, I agree."

"Remember, not even a little fib. You know my age, or of course I should except that. Our talk will be so much more interesting, and then we shall feel so virtuous for once."

"That last would be an item, wouldn't it?" he said, smiling lightly.



"And it shall be Alan and Constance as in prehistoric times. What a chrysalis existence that was, to be sure!"

It seemed to Lindsley as if he were under a spell, and that the flesh and blood woman before him was hardly more real to his vision than the image of the girl of ten years ago. Sometimes they seemed to be the same, to speak with the same voice, to smile with the same eyes; and again they were distinct, and seemed each to challenge his preference.

"Do you remember Santa Marta?" he asked suddenly. "Do you ever think of those old days?"

"Oh, yes," she replied quickly, "I remember Santa Marta perfectly, but I seldom think of the days I spent there. When I do, they seem so long ago, so remote from real life, that I have almost wondered if they ever existed at all. That hideous schoolhouse, those glaring pasteboard boxes of dwellings—the whole of that raw little California town—it comes back to me like a ridiculous dream. You seem to be tolerably real, however"—with an abrupt change of tone—"and you belong to that time."

Lindsley did not reply immediately, but continued to look at her steadily.

"You have never been back there?" he said at last.

"No. Have you?"

"No. I left the year after you did. Are you going there now?"

"Making a pilgrimage to the scenes of my youth?" She laughed. "Not I. I stop in Colorado."

A little silence followed, during which she looked at him critically. "You are not changed at all."

"Am I to take your words as complimentary?" he asked, his thin, brown cheek flushing a little under her frank gaze.

"Not at all," she answered promptly. "A man ought to have changed greatly in that time. You are older, browner—yes, and I think sadder—that is all."

"Let us hope, wiser," he replied, a little stiffly.

"I am not sure," said she. "You are not married?" she asked abruptly.

"No."

"I thought not. Tell me about yourself."

"There is not much to tell. I am an engineer, and just now I have a job up in those mountains," pointing to the jagged line of the western horizon. "I am making surveys for a new road to the mine up there. I rode in this afternoon for my mail."

"Well? And the rest?" she queried.

"There is really nothing else. Change the scene and that will tell my story for many years back. I am fairly prosperous, I may say."

She continued to look at him, as if about to ask another question, then seemed to change her mind, and a tiny dimple appeared on the side of her chin.

"I think I shall tell you something amusing. It will be a good example of frankness for you to follow, too. Do you know I used to be desperately in love with you?"

She smiled at him so openly and frankly that Lindsley forced himself to meet her eyes without flinching. He caught his breath before he replied.

"It is not permitted to doubt in this conference, I suppose?"

"Not in the least. And I am not joking, I assure you. It was very serious."

Lindsley's tone seemed a little constrained as he replied, "Then I fear your memory is playing you false."

"Indeed, it is not. You remember the chapel exercises we had every morning at the Academy—old Dr. Williams droning out his prayers, the boys shuffling and stamping on one side, the girls whispering and giggling on the other. I used to watch you come in, my heart actually throbbing, and I was absolutely sure you were the handsomest and noblest of created beings."

He listened in silence, a strange expression flitting across his face as she finished. Then he spoke, somewhat awkwardly.

"Your ayowal leaves but one thing to be desired—it should have come sooner."

"How extremely civil you are! My passion, however, was hopeless. It was really a *grande passion*, too—so long as it lasted."

"May I ask—in the interests of truth—just how long that was?" That odd expression was in his blue eyes again as he waited for her reply.

"Why, to speak with absolute correctness, I continued to fancy I adored you till I found what love really was."

The last words were uttered very softly, but with perfect composure. Lindsley winced.

"Are you traveling alone?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes. Mr. Charlton could not get off. I am to meet some friends in Denver."

Her eyes were far away on the darkening west, and her bosom heaved in a long, soft sigh. The porter was lighting the lamps, and Lindsley, watching her, saw the waving hair turn to gold. The rare color flamed in her cheek, and as she turned to him again, the gray of her eyes caught

the light and broke up into a thousand diamond points.

"I, too, have a confession to make," he said abruptly, leaning toward her, "and no doubt you will find it amusing also."

"Go on," she replied, as he hesitated.

"You were saying just now," he said, "how unreal that time at Santa Marta seemed to you. It is just the opposite with me. That is the only real part of my life—the rest is the dream. I will tell you why. In those days I—I loved you, Constance. I have always loved you. I love you now."

There was nothing impassioned in his tone, but there was no mistaking its sincerity. For once, Mrs. Charlton had nothing to say. He went on in the same low, even voice.

"There is absolutely no reason why I should not tell you this. It can make no difference to you, and cannot hurt me. I wanted you to know it."

There was another pause, and then Mrs. Charlton spoke very softly.

"I never dreamed of such a thing, Alan. How strange it seems!"

Lindsley looked at her a moment, then drew from his pocket a small leather case, and took from it what seemed a card wrapped in tissue paper. He handed it to his companion, and watched her unfold the wrapping. It was a school girl photograph of herself, an earnest face with thoughtful eyes, and a broad brow from which the hair was combed away. Mrs. Charlton looked at it for some moments in silence. The serious, innocent face before her seemed to touch her curiously.

"You remember that last year at the Academy when we exchanged pictures?" she heard Lindsley saying.

"Oh, yes, of course. I treasured yours for some time." He smiled somewhat grimly. "This is a veritable antique," she went on. "To think of its surviving the wreck of the last decade!"

He made no reply to this, but nervously fingered the little case a few minutes. At last he spoke, rather timidly.

"At the risk of boring you, I should like to tell you a little more."

"On the contrary, I shall be very much interested. Tell me all about it."

She sat, perfectly at her ease, looking at him with an expression of friendly interest. Several people had come in and were sitting near them, and he arose and took the seat by her side.

"Till that last year at the Academy," he began, "I had not thought especially of you. I don't even know whether I thought

you handsome or not. The boys were all half afraid of you. You were awfully clever, and seemed so shy and indifferent. But that last year we were in several of the same classes, and I began to think of nothing but you. I learned to read your face so well that I could tell what its slightest change expressed. I used to watch for a funny little dimple on the side of your chin that came just before your laugh. Yes, I see it now. At first you hardly spoke to me, but we gradually became friends. You seemed so innocent and unconscious, I felt so sure you had no thought of love in your heart, that I dared not tell you I loved you."

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold," Mrs. Charlton softly quoted, a half smile of amusement playing about her lips.

"Don't," he exclaimed in a pained tone.

"And yet—may I ask you a question?"

"A hundred if you like."

"If I had spoken then, would you have married me?"

"If my memory serves me aright," she replied composedly, "I should have been delighted."

"You should congratulate yourself on your escape." His tone was slightly bitter. "It was quite a narrow one on several occasions. Do you remember one rainy afternoon when Dr. Williams kept us till late to help him look over some papers?"

"I am afraid I do not," she answered doubtfully.

"It was nearly dark when he dismissed us," he went on. "You had no umbrella, and I took you home under mine."

"Oh, it all comes back now!" she said.

"I remember it well—the soft, black mud, and the yards full of roses and peach blooms."

"I was so happy," continued Lindsley, "that I hardly knew what I was doing. You had a white rose in your hair—it brushed my shoulder once or twice. I had never been so close to you before, and I could hardly refrain from telling you how I loved you. But I knew nothing of women, and told myself that I must wait. And you"—he paused a second—"cared—then? Pardon the folly of the question."

"I distinctly remember that my heart beat so hard with excitement that I was afraid you would hear it—also that my voice was trembling so that I could hardly speak at all."

A low ripple of laughter broke from her lips. He gave a short sigh and an unwilling laugh.

"You went East quite suddenly soon after that," he said, "and while I—poor fool!—

was waiting for your return, the news came of your marriage. I have never ceased to love you."

"Have you never loved another woman?" she asked curiously.

"Never," he replied. "My life has not given me much time to fall in love promiscuously, and I have never seen any woman like the one I knew the girl I loved would be."

She looked at him steadily for some moments, and an expression of determination came into her face.

"You have made a great mistake," she said, leaning toward him and speaking with decision. "I am going to prove it to you. Surely it needs no words of mine to tell you that *that*"—pointing almost disdainfully to the picture in her hand—"is not myself."

He hesitated, and his eyes fell before hers.

"May I speak frankly?"

"Certainly," a little impatiently.

"You are more beautiful, more fascinating. And correspondingly, my love is—not less."

His tone was hard, and his eyes seemed to take in with a strange reluctance the charms of the beautiful woman before him, the deep curves of the perfect mouth, the soft swell of the bosom, the magnificent lines beneath the clinging drapery of her gown. He began to think there was danger in the situation. He felt an impulse to take her in his arms, kiss her once, and go away. Her voice fell on his ear, clear and cold.

"That is not all," she said. "There is the width of a world between the Constance Sherman you used to know, and the Constance Charlton of today; or perhaps I should say, between that girl"—pointing again to the picture—"as you thought her, and as she really was. Heaven knows—I do not—what she was."

She sat silent a moment, not looking at him, but apparently absorbed in thought. Then she turned toward him and spoke determinedly.

"You thought me pure and true, did you not? You have loved a woman pure and true all these years? Listen. I am going to finish the story you began just now."

His face was very pale, but he made no reply, and she went on. Her wonderful eyes held his with neither shrinking nor defiance in their steely depths, and she spoke very clearly, without the faintest quiver of excitement in her voice, as she leaned easily back in her seat, her white, bejeweled hands lying lightly in her lap.

"Your story ended, I believe, with my

trip East. You remember how my father was called to Washington, and how he took me to New York to pay a visit to an aunt while he should be gone. Well, my aunt was very fond of society and had no daughters of her own, so she did her best for me. I was horribly shy and awkward at first, but took quite kindly to going out and entertaining, and despite some sentimental regrets for you, I managed to enjoy my new life very well. You know my father died suddenly in Washington, so there was nothing to take me back to California; and when Henry Charlton proposed, I accepted him. I was perfectly sure your regard for me was purely friendly, I liked Henry very much, and he was devoted to me. He was rich enough, too, to give me any kind of life I wanted. I did not love him, however, and at that time loved you as I thought I could never love another man."

She paused here, as if to give her words their full effect. A half smothered exclamation broke from Lindsley's lips, and his eyes had a strange expression, stern yet pitiful.

"The next few years," she went on, "count for nothing. I became much attached to my husband, but cherished my feeling for you till I met—I will not call his name—the man who taught me what love was. Perhaps you would like to know what sort of man he was. At any rate, it is my whim to tell you: The fact is, I have never had an opportunity to speak of him freely, and I am inclined to make the most of it. He was not so intellectual as you, nor so handsome as my husband. Like Mother Goose's son Jack, he was not very good, nor yet very bad. He was lazy, fastidious, indifferent—one of those unusual persons who can hold attention without saying anything. Really, I believe that is about all I can say for him. I knew that I loved him, and that he loved me, long before he spoke to me of love. But—he told me at last, and I listened. We spoke of parting, never to meet again; we talked of duty, honor, sacrifice. But we did not part, and we sacrificed duty and honor. We have loved and met in secret ever since."

Alan thought he had never heard anything so sad as her last words, uttered in those low, thrillingly sweet tones.

"No one knows my secret but you. Have I said enough?"

"Why have you told me this?" His voice was harsh and broken.

"Out of kindness," she replied promptly.

"We shall never meet again, and I should like to do you a good turn before we part.

You have been wasting your life on a delusion which I can now assure myself I have dispelled. It seems to hurt you, but it is the best thing for you, believe me. You need not even thank me, for I have really enjoyed this opportunity for being perfectly truthful about myself. No one in the world prefers to speak the truth more than I do, and I can so seldom indulge my taste."

She sighed and leaned her head on the cushion behind her, closing her eyes as if wearied by her recital. Lindsley looked at her a moment, and his eye fell on the faded picture in her lap.

"Let me have it," he said almost roughly, putting out his hand.

"I really think you had better not," she said languidly. "In fact, I particularly want it myself." She held her head on one side and looked critically at the little

card as she spoke. "I want to show it to some one." Lindsley's brow contracted. "The fact is," she went on, "that one of the party I expect to meet at Denver is the man I have just told you about, and I should like to show him this. Do not be afraid—I shall not tell him about you."

She spoke in a perfectly matter of fact tone, and Lindsley experienced a quick revulsion of feeling, nearly akin to physical sickness.

"Keep it by all means," he said, rising. A desire to get away took possession of him, and he hardly looked at Mrs. Charlton.

"Our time is up, I believe," she replied. "I am very glad I met you. So will you be some day. Good by."

Lindsley found himself taking her outstretched hand, and in a moment he was outside, standing in the dark, watching the long train glide away.

Allen G. West.



### THE WINTER DREAMERS.

STREAM who madest in the field  
Melody the summer long,  
Winter now thy lips hath sealed;  
Thou art dumb of song.

*"In my heart doth music dream;  
It shall waken," saith the stream.*

Tree who in the summer wood  
Gavest shelter to a throng  
Of the feathered minstrel brood,  
Thou art reft of song.

*"Dreameth now their melody;  
It shall waken," saith the tree.*

Sun who smilest over all,  
Thou canst right this wintry wrong;  
Thou hast April at thy call;  
Bid her come with song.

*"Patience, patience," saith the sun;  
"Wait till her white dream is done!"*

Frank Dempster Sherman.



## THE FATE OF PETER.

PETER had never underrated his own importance, but he would have been more puffed up than ever if he had seen the commotion his disappearance caused.

"My best bronze turkey! Isn't it a shame, Beatrice? Isn't it mean?" exclaimed Aunt Mary, with tragic eyes and her cap over one ear. "I'd be ashamed to tell you what I paid for him. There wasn't one like him in the county."

"Who could have taken him?" asked Beatrice indignantly.

"The same rascally boys that took my cherries last summer, I suppose," said her aunt, looking sadly through the wire fence at her variegated flock—peevish hen turkeys, vacant eyed geese, and complacent little ducks that would have had dimples if nature had provided a place for them. "Well, my dear, I'll try not to think any more about it. I don't want to spoil your visit. Shall we get our hats and take a little walk? You haven't been down towards the water yet;" and Aunt Mary turned resolutely away.

"Why, look here," exclaimed Beatrice a few minutes later, as they followed random squirrel tracks through the fields. "Isn't this a turkey feather?"

Aunt Mary solemnly examined it.

"That's Peter," she said at last, in the tone of one identifying her dead.

"And here's another," added the girl, hurrying forward. "They must have gone this way. Perhaps we can track them by the feathers. Wouldn't it be fun to walk in on them and demand our turkey? Here's still another."

Peter had evidently read "Hop-o'-My-Thumb" when he was little, for every few feet he had dropped a downy, bronze tipped breast feather or a long, shining quill. The two followed excitedly, often losing the trail, but patiently going back and starting over again till they had recovered it. Before long they came to a little whirl of feathers in the middle of a path which skirted a small brook, and there the trail ceased. Not another one could be found.

"I'm afraid he hadn't any left that would come off," said Beatrice regretfully. Aunt Mary stood considering. Her skirt was

turned up around her waist, showing a short alpaca petticoat and a pair of enormous shoes, guiltless of blacking. Her morning cap, which she had forgotten to take off, bulged out from beneath a rakish sombrero, yet she looked every inch a general. No one who had seen the fine old face with its strong lines and steel blue eyes would have given another thought to its outward setting.

"I'll tell you," she said at last. "They put him in a sack here—they probably were afraid to stop before—and they crossed the brook. Don't you see those tracks in the mud on the other side?"

"And then they climbed this fence," added Beatrice eagerly. "See, they scraped the mud off their shoes as they did it. Then they probably took that path. Do let's go on. Shall we look for a gate?" Beatrice had only had a town acquaintance with her aunt before this.

"What do you want of a gate, child?" she asked, planting one squared toed shoe on the third rail, and placing the other firmly on the same rail the other side of the fence before she swung the first over and let herself down. There was a businesslike directness about her movements that gave them a certain dignity. Beatrice climbed over with more regard for appearances, but she did not see anything to laugh at.

"What is that little house we're coming to?" she asked when they had gone some distance.

"Why, that must be the Pacific Gun Club," answered her aunt. "Of course. I never came on it this way before, and I didn't realize we were so near the water. It belongs to some young men who come up from the city for the duck shooting down here in the marshes."

"The Pacific Gun Club? Why, I didn't suppose that was so near you. I know several of the members," said Beatrice, involuntarily putting up her hand to her hair.

"We will walk past and look at it if you like. If any of the members are staying there, they are probably out with their guns at this hour. See what a pleasant porch they have." As they turned the corner of the house, a young dog started up with a shrill bark.



"Down, sir. Be still," called a masculine voice from the porch.

"Stop it, you ki yi," added another, not so deep; then exclaimed, "Why, Miss Ogden, where did you fall from?"

Beatrice, who had turned away, looked back in surprise as a young man in a muddy shooting suit came running down the steps. Aunt Mary lowered her skirt a few inches, and the puppy, concluding it was all right, went back to something he was worrying.

"Why, how do you do?" she said.

"Aunt Mary, this is Mr. Byrnes—Mrs. Ogden. Are you staying up here?"

"Yes; I came up a couple of days ago with my cousin, Ernest Hammond. Hello, Ernest! Come down here."

"I'm really not presentable," answered a reluctant voice as its owner dragged himself out of a deep lounging chair.

"Oh, Miss Ogden won't expect a dress suit before six," answered the other cheerfully, as the figure in splashed, draggled corduroys came slowly towards them. Beatrice bowed very coolly over the introductions, realizing that it was not the state of his clothes that had kept this indifferent young man so quiet in the shelter of his chair. Byrnes, who was always delighted to meet anything feminine anywhere, was talking volubly to Aunt Mary.

"You must come down and dine with us some night, Mrs. Ogden. We have a bang up cook," he was saying, ignoring the impatient movement of his friend's eyebrows. "Can't you come tomorrow night? It's moonlight, and we'll take you home afterwards." Beatrice would have refused, but her aunt, thinking the girl would like it, accepted so cordially that there was nothing to do but turn her back more decidedly on the other young man.

"We must be going now," she said.

"I'm sorry you found us so seedy," said Byrnes, "but we were up before dawn."

"After ducks?"

He glanced at his companion with a suppressed laugh.

"Well, we bagged some other game this morning," he began, but the other broke in with an impatient,

"Say, Rod, that's enough." Aunt Mary, who had been watching the dog intently for the last few minutes, glanced keenly at them both and shut her lips tightly together. "Are you staying far from here, Miss Ogden?" Hammond went on, evidently for the sake of saying something.

"I really don't know," she answered indifferently. "We were following a trail. We have lost one of our——"

"Yes, we rather lost our way," interposed her aunt abruptly. "Come, Beatrice, we must hurry back."

"May we send you some ducks?" asked Byrnes.

"Thank you, but neither my niece nor I eat them," was the stiff reply. "Good morning." And Aunt Mary trailed off with her skirt on the ground, followed by her astonished niece.

"The old lady seemed in a hurry," remarked Byrnes, stooping to roll the dog over. "There was Tabasco in her eye."

"What did you want to ask them here for? We'll have to shave," said the other, going back to his chair.

"You don't know Beatrice," was all the answer he received.

"Aunt Mary," Beatrice suddenly exclaimed, after they had walked on in silence for some time, "what do you suppose he meant about bagging some other game this morning?" Her aunt turned and faced her.

"And what do you suppose that dog meant with Peter's right wing in his mouth?" she demanded.

"Not really!" Beatrice gasped as the natural inference forced itself upon her.

"There isn't another big bronze wing like that in this county, except Peter's left," was the severe reply.

"It is simply outrageous," Beatrice broke out after a pause. "Rodney Byrnes is always doing things like that, too. When he goes back to town, he'll tell every girl he knows about it, and from that distance," with reluctant honesty, "it will probably sound very funny. Are you going to speak to him about it?"

"Indeed I am not," said Mrs. Ogden decidedly; "and you needn't either, Beatrice, not one word on the subject. If he chooses to steal, it is his own affair."

"I wish we hadn't promised to go there to dinner."

"Peter was worth a great deal more than one dinner. I shall not feel under any obligations. If I see anything I particularly like in the house, I shall probably take it home with me. I need a new porch chair." When Aunt Mary descended to sarcasm, things were very bad indeed.

They found two very immaculate young men waiting for them on the club steps the next night. Byrnes was boyishly glad to welcome them, and Hammond, who seemed to have made up his mind to go through it like a man, met them with a quiet cordiality which it was hard not to respond to. Even the Chinese cook gave them a beaming "How do?" as he brought in the soup.

Aunt Mary was a trifle majestic, but that might easily have been the effect of going out to dinner and having her cap on straight, and Beatrice kept forgetting all about her righteous wrath. They were all laughing at some absurd adventure of Byrnes' when Bing appeared in the doorway, bearing proudly on a platter a huge brown object. Beatrice felt herself grow pale. Yes, it was—a turkey! There was an electric silence.

"You don't appreciate ducks, so you see we had to give you something else," began Byrnes cheerfully. "Will you have dark or light meat, Mrs. Ogden?" Beatrice held her breath.

"It is immaterial," was the stately answer, but Brutus condemning his sons did not exercise more self control than Aunt Mary Ogden in that moment of trial.

"And which are you for, Miss Ogden, blond or brunette?" Byrnes went on, smoothing his straw colored locks with a meaning glance at the dark head opposite. "I don't think I'll let you say. You shall have some of both for the present."

Conversation languished for the next few minutes. Aunt Mary kept sternly to her vegetables, but Beatrice, after a struggle, gave in.

"Poor Peter, it does seem cannibalistic, but there's no use wasting him now," she thought. "What a mean trick it was!"

There was a blazing fire in the living room, for the late October evenings were cold, and after dinner they gathered around it. Hammond seated himself next to Beatrice, quite untroubled by his friend's muttered remonstrance, and deliberately set to work to make himself agreeable. He was much the cleverer of the two, and far more stimulating to a girl like Beatrice, and soon they were deep in a discussion that left the fate of Peter forgotten. They piled eucalyptus leaves on the logs, and to this day their odor is associated for Beatrice with the dark glow of firelight on redwood walls. At last one of the sticks fell apart, sending a shower of coals across the hearth.

"Look out for your gown, Miss Ogden," Byrnes exclaimed, bringing her back to the present with a start. "Let me brush those out of the way." He knelt down and swept them carefully back. His brush was the left wing of a huge bronze turkey.

"Beatrice, it is time we went," said Aunt Mary, rising abruptly, and her niece meekly followed.

A tranquil moon lighted the inharmonious little party as they followed a path that did not involve fence climbing.

"Oh, I wonder," exclaimed Byrnes, when

they were nearly there. "Is your house made of logs with the bark on, and has it a row of chicken houses or something like that?"

"Very much like that," said Aunt Mary shortly. Rod gave an irrepressible laugh, which was checked by a glare from Ernest. Beatrice was not sure but that a kick went with it.

"We are coming to call soon," Mr. Byrnes added, as they said good night.

"Not before morning, I trust," muttered Aunt Mary, shutting the hall door with emphasis.

When you cherish a private grudge against a man who has an attractive personality, and a way of getting you so interested that you forget all about it every few minutes, your conduct is not very even. Hammond must have found Beatrice the most cordial girl that ever snubbed a man in the brief hour of his call the next day. He watched her with a new interest, and went away pondering.

"I call that rather a dead cold frost," said Byrnes crossly. He had fallen to Aunt Mary, whose temperature had shown no tendency to fluctuate. "Miss Ogden seemed rather snippy, too, though I heard her laughing once or twice. Do you suppose they have found out about the other morning and don't approve of us?"

"Not unless you've blabbed," answered Hammond.

A few days later a strange little procession filed out of Aunt Mary Ogden's back door towards midnight, and took its way in the direction of the chicken houses. Aunt Mary, wrapped up with more regard for comfort than grace, led the way, carrying a small lantern, a huge tea cozy, and a pistol. Beatrice came next with another pistol and a couple of chairs, and Anton, the Portuguese boy, followed nervously with a clothes line and a pitchfork. It was a terrible moment for him, with lurking thieves behind in the darkness and armed women in front. He had looked out of his stable window a little while before, roused by subdued sounds below, and had seen a dark figure working at the new padlock that fastened the big chicken house. A slight noise had been enough to send the intruder scuttling away into the darkness, and then he had crept fearfully across to the house and given the alarm, partly with a view to saving the poultry, and partly because he would not have stayed alone another hour for three times his wages. The two women settled themselves in a small granary that opened out of the chicken house, and com-

manded a view of the roosts, and Aunt Mary, after lighting the lantern, covered it with the tea cozy, so that not a ray escaped. Anton was stationed in a dark corner near the door, which he was to close after the thief was well inside, and the signal had been given.

"He can shut himself on the other side of it if he likes," Aunt Mary whispered. "He'd be as useful there as anywhere. He is almost in hysterics now."

"Well, it is sort of nervous work," murmured Beatrice, with a little shiver.

"You needn't stay a minute if you are frightened," said her aunt. "I'll take you back if you want."

"Oh, no," shamed into a semblance of courage. "I'm not really afraid. It's just—perhaps holding a pistol makes me a little shivery."

"There is nothing in it, you know, so it can't do—what's that?" They listened intently, but heard only the muttered prayers of Anton.

"Aunt Mary," whispered Beatrice with an excited little laugh, "what shall we do if it should be Mr. Byrnes?"

"Treat him as we would any other thief," was the stern reply.

"It couldn't be, though," added Beatrice. "He might do it once as a joke, but twice would be quite another matter. It must be some boy."

"You heard what Anton said he wore—a light sombrero and a mackintosh with a cape. The boys around here don't wear such garments."

"And Mr. Byrnes does," said Beatrice thoughtfully. "Well, I'm glad it isn't Mr. Hammond, any way. It doesn't seem a bit like him."

"He is probably waiting outside, or exploring the goose house," was all the encouragement she got.

A stealthy sound froze them into silence. After a few seconds the padlock was heard to click, and the door swung slowly open. They could see the dim outlines of a familiar sombrero and mackintosh against the opening, and waited breathlessly as the figure crept along the roosts towards a certain corner.

"He's going for my best Plymouth Rocks," thought Aunt Mary, with a little snort of rage, and touched her companion. Beatrice jerked off the tea cozy, sending a stream of light on the intruder, and at the same instant Anton swung the door shut, with himself safely on the other side. Two shining revolvers were leveled by two excited women.

"It is no use, Mr. Byrnes," said Aunt Mary, with deadly politeness. "We are armed, and you can't get out. I'll trouble you to replace those chickens." The man started violently, then, realizing his helplessness, dropped the astonished fowls and stood motionless. "Hold up your hands, if you please," was the next order, which was promptly obeyed. "It was a nice thing to do, coming here to rob defenseless women; something to be proud of when you go back to town. I shall prosecute—" Aunt Mary stopped with a gasp. As she lifted the lantern, its light fell on two beady black eyes and a vast yellow face that even fear could not blanch.

"It's a Chinaman!" she cried.

"Aunt Mary, it's their cook!" Beatrice almost shouted. "It's Bing."

"Anton," called his mistress to the trembling boy, who had opened the door a crack to see if any one was killed yet, "come here at once. Take your line and tie this heathen, hand and foot, and then we will lock him up in the granary till morning. I suppose your master was too tired to come himself, and sent you?" But the Celestial would not say a word.

The next morning the two sportsmen, having decided to take a day off, did not appear till towards nine. Byrnes gave a shout of "Bing," to show that they were ready for breakfast, then flung himself down on the divan.

"Say, Ernest," he began presently, "I am sure Miss Ogden is down on us for something in particular."

"I rather judged so myself," answered the other indifferently.

"Of course you don't care; but I do," Byrnes went on. "We've always been such good friends before, and I like her as well as any girl in town. I think they must be on to our shooting those quail on their place the morning we met them."

"How could they have seen us at that hour of the day?" demanded Hammond irritably. "Besides, what would she know about the game laws?"

"She might have found out that it is a closed year for quail," Byrnes persisted; "though I don't see that it's such a crime to have killed half a dozen, when you didn't set out to."

"You were foolish to do it, all the same. Besides, it's a good measure. The quail are being killed off altogether too fast."

"They had no business to drum up right in front of me. And, by the way, didn't your gun go off about then, too?"

"I wonder what keeps Bing so long," said

Hammond, with sudden energy. "Let's go and hurry him up." They were surprised to find an empty kitchen and a fireless stove.

"The lazy duffer," exclaimed Byrnes, pounding on the Chinaman's door. "Why, he isn't here. His bed hasn't been slept in. Has he skipped?"

They were wondering helplessly what to do when a Portuguese boy appeared with a frosty little note from Mrs. Ogden, asking them to be kind enough to call at their earliest convenience. "I must apologize for detaining your cook, and so, I fear, making you miss your breakfast, but I really cannot afford to lose any more of my poultry," it concluded.

"What the deuce can it all——" began Byrnes.

"Come along," said Hammond, with unusual animation. "Take your cap if you can't find your sombrero."

Not an hour later, Aunt Mary herself was pouring out big cups of coffee for them, while Beatrice made fresh toast over the coals of the open fire.

"To think that I gave the fellow three dollars and twenty cents to pay for that blessed turkey, which hadn't cost him a cent," Byrnes said mournfully.

"Well, you owe the government five hundred for breaking the game law, so you can call it even," rejoined Aunt Mary. "In fact, I think you came off pretty well. If my niece did not have to go back to town today, I would invite you up to try some more of my poultry. You seem to be quite fond of it."

"Here's a beautiful piece of toast for you, Mr. Hammond," said Beatrice from the hearthrug. "Oh, you must, just this one," holding it up to him on the toasting fork as he stood over her. "I am so glad the mystery was all cleared up before I had to leave," she added with frank friendliness. "I was dreadfully tired of being injured and disapproving."

"May I come and see you next week when I go back to town?" he asked.

"I'm coming, too," chimed in Byrnes.

"I wish you would," said Beatrice. "Only of course you understand—we don't keep chickens?"

Miss Ogden's milliner could not comprehend why that young lady insisted on having her hat trimmed with bronze quills when everybody knew black ostrich tips were so much more fashionable. Mademoiselle would see for herself later, and be sorry. But mademoiselle wasn't.

*Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.*



#### OLD SONGS ARE BEST.

Old songs are best—how sweet to hear  
The strains to home and memory dear!

Old books are best—how tale and rhyme  
Float with us down the stream of time!

Old friends are best—what wealth untold  
Affection's golden caskets hold!

Old times are best—what sunbeams play  
Amid the flowers of yesterday!

*Clarence Urmy.*

## THE BEWILDERMENT OF LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.

LOVE is like lightning; not so much in the speed of its motion—although it is pretty rapid sometimes—but in the way in which it is stored up in the human generator, made up bit by bit from nervous energy, good health, or perhaps some morbid condition, until the full charge is accumulated, and then it expends itself generally upon the most prominent object in the surrounding country. I have seen lightning strike a clump of Spanish bayonet two feet high on an Arizona desert. If a man had "gone off" like that, it would have been called a "case of infatuation."

When Lieutenant O'Connor resigned his enviable position as the one cavalryman at Fortress Monroe, and went back to his regiment at Highlo, he was suffering from what may be called the recoil. Three months before he had met Miss Costello, daughter of the great Peter Costello, the copper king, in the big glass ball room at the Hygeia, and had fallen head over heels in love with her. She was a pretty little thing, whom an astute manager would have cast as a "singing chambermaid" in private theatricals, and who would probably have played the rôle in real life if her father, the great Peter, had remained upon the old sod. As it was, her sprightliness, her French education, and her French clothes set her upon a pinnacle where the youth of the country came to worship.

Up to the time of that artillery ball she had shown herself such an excellent conductor, that all the shafts launched at her had gone straight through her head and heart and landed at her feet, without doing the slightest damage. But it was a strong headed girl who could pass through a siege of O'Connor's adoration without some thrills. It gave Miss Costello a great many. There were lingering walks on the breakwater, with the Ripraps in the moonlight before them; there were breezy mornings on the casemates, and then one day O'Connor spent a couple of laborious hours composing a letter asking the great Peter, in a businesslike fashion, for the hand of his only daughter, and incidentally for the prospect of something like ten millions in the future; and he very properly felt like a presuming upstart while he did it.

Mr. Costello entirely agreed with him. He wrote Mr. O'Connor a letter in which he reminded him that the last descendant of the Irish kings was not lightly to be mated to a tu'penny ha'penny lieutenant, and made allusions to "lazy brass buttons" in the delicate persiflage of the mining camps. When the letter reached O'Connor, Miss Costello had already departed with her guardians, summoned by a peremptory telegram from her sire. She had flung herself into her soldier's arms and told him that she never would love anybody else, that she would "arrange everything," and O'Connor had buoyed himself with hope until that letter came. Then, humiliated, disgusted, after weeks of complete silence from Miss Costello, he had resigned the gaieties of life and gone back to his regiment.

But nature abhors a vacuum. After he had expended his youthful passion upon Miss Costello and had received nothing in return, nature began storing up a new charge. There was nothing at Highlo to interest a man, and O'Connor made himself just as miserable as he knew how. But with a beautiful country about him, a horse to ride, and a sky overhead, a man must be ill to remain unhappy.

There was nobody in the fort to interest him; only two or three captains' wives with their babies, and a maiden sister or two with faces tanned by the winds of all the Territories, and with a pleasure in the rare society of the handsome young lieutenant which did much to restore O'Connor's self respect. By the time the wind was blowing the yellow poppies of June, there was new life in the upcurve of O'Connor's mustache, and brightening fancy in his eyebeam. The charge was almost ready to break forth again.

Captain Lacy's wife, sitting on her piazza, saw him going down Officers' Row one day with the least leathery of the feminine camp followers, holding her parasol at an interesting angle. Mrs. Lacy laughed behind her book; then she put it down, and gave serious consideration to the question.

It may have been chance that Kitty Basil, the daughter of the colonel at Riley, should have been invited to visit Mrs. Lacy at just this time. Perhaps it was her entire dis-



similarity to Miss Costello that attracted O'Connor's notice, and it may have been chance which made Mrs. Lacy call him in and keep him until Kitty came back from her ride on the morning after her arrival. Tall, willowy, dark, as she dashed up to the door on the captain's black thoroughbred, O'Connor's eyes took her in eagerly, and it seemed as though she and her horse had been made for each other. It was a pity to spoil the symmetry of the picture by separating them. But when she sprang down before he or the captain could reach her, and lifted the edge of her short, close skirt, giving a tantalizing glimpse of the toe of a polished riding boot of the most delightful dimensions; when she walked up the piazza steps with a free, high headed movement, and O'Connor rose to be introduced to her, he felt as though the gates of paradise had been flung open in his face.

The open parade ground, the commonplace walks, became an enchanted scene now that he could stroll there with this young goddess. Did you ever fall in love with a real army girl, daughter and granddaughter and cousin and niece of a dozen army belles who have the traditions of the way to slay? If not, there is no use in trying to tell you. If you have, you know all about it. She can fence and coquette until you are on the brink of despair and wild with anger, and then, with one flutter of the eyelash or one killing curl of the corner of her lip, she can bring you back to your original state of adoring helplessness.

Kitty Basil led O'Connor the full chase. June and July went by, and his world had narrowed to the radius of a pair of black eyes. Early in the year he had applied for leave for August, and the permission had come, but he paid no attention to it. It might be useful if Kitty went back to Riley. He had heard that Riley was a pleasant place to spend the hot months.

As the weeks wore on, other lieutenants had shown themselves at Highlo, the sisters of all the young married women had come out, and there were festivities which drove O'Connor out of his head. Kitty eluded him like a will o' the wisp. She never let him see her alone for a moment. One evening a dozen of them started for a moonlight gallop across the country, and O'Connor, as he tightened his girth, made up his mind that he would say the words that night, come what would. He had been made a fool of long enough. His nerves were getting worn down to the quick. He galloped up to Mrs. Lacy's house, and found

her elfish young daughter, whose impishness made O'Connor hate the sight of her, standing on the piazza in a state of gleeful excitement.

"They've gone! They've gone! Kitty's ridin' with Mr. Parker!" she screamed.

O'Connor, with an ejaculation which sounded ugly, gave his horse a dig with the spur, and spun around and out on the road. There they were, and the only unattached female was a pasty faced Miss Biddle who wanted to talk horse.

For nine or ten miles O'Connor rode along in gloom. Parker clung to Miss Basil's side. The road was open most of the way, but O'Connor knew of a ravine just beyond where big cottonwoods made the road as black as pitch, and not a ray of moonlight filtered through. As they came near the place, he left Miss Biddle in the middle of a learned discourse on docking, and forged ahead. Somehow his horse became unmanageable, and broke in between Miss Basil's spirited mare and the big cavalry horse Parker rode. It was easy enough in the semi darkness to give the mare a dig which made her rear and jump, and in a moment the two horses, O'Connor's and Miss Basil's, flew along neck and neck in a seeming bolt.

"How dared you?" she gasped.

It was dark, but the other horses were close behind them. He held his half mad horse with five strong fingers, and put his other hand on hers—and then he choked. The speech he had prepared was too long. He only had a second; the others were at their horses' heels. All that he could get out was, "I want to see your father." His voice was stiff with emotion.

"You mean me?" She could not resist it. The ruse had delighted her.

O'Connor's voice cleared. "No. I am going to see your father before I see you again. If I will bring you a message from him—will you—"

"Give papa my love," she said, as the rest of the party surrounded them.

The situation was getting interesting. Colonel Basil had left Fort Riley for New York two weeks before. But O'Connor went back home with delight in his heart. He felt that he had made the right move, and that he commanded the situation. It was with the martial tread of a conquering hero that he tramped into his quarters and ducked his six feet two under his doorway.

The last mail lay on his table by the side of his pipes. It was two o'clock in the morning, but he was not sleepy. He hummed a little song as he tore off the end

of a long business envelope. He hadn't read two lines when he gave a hasty glance at the signature, and a despairing "Oh, Lord!"

SAVOY HOTEL, July 9.

ALLEN O'CONNOR, LIEUTENANT U.S.A.

DEAR SIR:

Finding that your attentions to my daughter have seriously injured her health, and the physicians saying that she must have her own way, I retract my refusal to your proposals of last March. Come at once.

Yours respectfully,

PETER COSTELLO.

"The old ass!"

Alas and alack, O'Connor! Had this letter come to you two months earlier, you wouldn't be sitting there with your eyes staring blankly at the wall. It would be against your lips as a harbinger of joy!

There are heroes who might know the obvious thing in such a crisis. O'Connor was just an every day young man. He walked the floor and sighed:

"Poor girl! Poor child!"

It is a terrible thing to have a girl dying for you. Of course he loved her, like a weak little sister—but Kitty! Glorious Kitty! He was to start to see the colonel that day. He knew the jolly colonel. What would they think of him? He was a cad. No, he couldn't shirk his responsibilities. If that poor little Costello girl loved him enough to die for him, he ought to despise himself that he did not return the feeling. His word was first pledged to her. She must not be allowed to suffer.

Limp, miserable, O'Connor sat down to write to Kitty. As he finished the pages in which he had tried to make some sort of an explanation, he addressed the letter to "Miss Basil" and called his striker. He threw some things into a bag, and started at daylight towards the railroad, leaving a note to the commandant, who had expected him to use his overdue leave.

If he had seen the destination of that letter to Kitty! The soldier whose duty it was to care for Mr. O'Connor had long looked forward to this leave as a period of relaxation, and he stopped on his way to Captain Lacy's to visit the canteen. Two hours later, he was weeping on the neck of the lieutenant's horse, and shortly afterward was reposing in the guard house to sober up at his leisure. The stableman picked up a very soiled and trodden letter, and spelled out its address, "Miss Basil."

"Sure, an' it must have dropped out o' the pocket o' the young lady's saddle," he said, and going into the harness room, he put it back.

Meanwhile O'Connor was flying East. Perhaps his greatest suffering came from the instability of his own emotions. As he thought of Kitty, he felt as though his heart would break. She was the core of his soul; and then, when the poor child who was dying for him came up before his eyes, he longed to take the poor little thing in his arms and tell her that her troubles were over.

It was ten o'clock of an August night when he crossed the ferry from Jersey City to New York. The dulcet tones of "After the Ball" were floating out from a Coney Island boat, and O'Connor felt that he knew why the tune was popular. Next morning he took a hansom, drove up to the Savoy, and sent up his card to Mr. Costello. In the course of fifteen minutes, Miss Costello's maid came down and said that Mr. Costello was not in, but that the young lady would see him.

O'Connor felt light headed. He walked out of the elevator and into a dream of a boudoir. There was no explanation why Miss Costello was in town, but she evidently knew how to make herself comfortable. She was half lying in a wicker chair piled with cushions, and she greeted O'Connor with gentle languor.

As soon as the maid had disappeared O'Connor fell on his knees beside her, and put his arm across her shoulder. He did love her. What a pretty girl she was! But instead of the reception he expected, Miss Costello sat up and gave him a little push.

"Mr. O'Connor," she said icily, "what is the meaning of this conduct? Will you be good enough to sit in a chair?"

"Hasn't your father told you?"

"Told me what? That you have lost your mind?"

"That in consideration—of your health, he has at last consented to our engagement."

"Whew!" whistled Miss Costello. "Did dad tell you that?" The fragile invalid was on her feet.

"Here is his letter," O'Connor said with stiffness.

Miss Costello looked at it, and then at him, and then she burst into peals of laughter, and spun around the room.

"Poor old Allen!" she said at last. "Now confess! You had forgotten all about me when you got papa's letter. Eh?" Her head was on one side. O'Connor's face was scarlet. "I knew it! I knew it! You'd have sent me flowers and books and poetry and things, if you hadn't. And I—had given you up long ago. It's—somebody else. You must go away. I can

manage papa with *this!*" and she waved the letter, her invalidism all gone, the daughter of her sire prepared for conflict.

As O'Connor boarded the ferry boat that night he saw a large military figure ahead of him. His nerves gave a start as he saw that it was Colonel Basil, and as that old war dog recognized him.

"Hello, O'Connor, what are you doing here?"

Inspiration came to O'Connor, and he followed it. He would get out of that beastly letter somehow.

"I came to ask you to let me marry your daughter."

"Well, upon my soul! This sort of thing sounds like old times. I didn't know we were turning out men who would follow a girl's father half over the world to plead their cause. We will talk the matter over on the way West."

As they drew nearer and nearer to Riley—the colonel told O'Connor that Kitty had gone back there—the lover's heart went lower and lower. Dozens of times he tried to take the colonel into his confidence, but could not. Of course she wouldn't marry a man who had been ready a day or two ago to marry another; but he made up his mind he would ask her. She should hear him, anyhow.

As the train drew up at the station, O'Connor saw a group from the fort. An orderly held two saddled horses, and beside them sat Kitty on a big raking gray, gayer, prettier, than ever. The colonel had tele-

graphed and one of the horses was for him to ride.

She knew it all, O'Connor thought, and yet she had come to meet him! There was something deeper, sweeter, in her eyes, and a meaning in her hand clasp. O'Connor was humble. As he mounted, the colonel, saying something about "business," trotted off in another direction, and left them alone together.

"This is the first time I have been on horseback since that night—that night we—rode," she said.

O'Connor rode close to her again, and put out his hand.

"What did you think when you got that letter?" His voice was full of anxiety. He must get it all over. He must know.

"What letter?" she asked.

Blessed woman! Was this her way out? Would she pretend that she had never received it now that she knew that everything was right? At that instant O'Connor's horse stumbled and drew back a step, and he saw something sticking in the seldom used pocket under the back of her saddle, which she had had at Highlo. It was a letter. With an intuition he pulled it out, and felt like a counter on a board moved by fate. It was unopened. She had not seen it. He thrust it into his coat while Kitty looked serenely ahead, and then he rode close to her again.

"Kitty," he said, "I have seen your father. He says that I may ask you to marry me. Will you?"

A. S. Duane.

#### THE SOUL AND DEATH.

"COME hither, Death—I, lord, thine aid command;  
Thou art my bonds slave, fetter'd to my will;  
When so I please thou shalt my word fulfil,  
Shalt lead me to the gates of Hades, and  
Strike them ajar with thine undaunted hand.  
I weary of this age's tangled ill,  
Seeking the flawless wisdom, hidden still  
From earth bound hearts and brains; I crave to stand  
In light, and *know*."

"Aye, if thou wilt, I press,  
I, Death, thy slave, to do thy fierce desire;  
But what if unveil'd light should strike thee blind,  
And One, a Monarch, bid His servants bind  
And cast thee forth, if so thou mayst acquire  
In outer dark a kingly humbleness?"

Bessie Gray.

## A GENIUS OF THE CHISEL.

*The young Scottish American sculptor,  
J. Massey Rhind, and his brilliant series  
of decorative and monumental works.*

WHEN Mr. William Waldorf Astor decided to add a memorial of his father to the treasures of Trinity Church, he hesitated over the form it should take. Mr. Astor had seen the bronze doors of the famous old octagonal Baptistery in Florence, those marvels of sculpture made by Lorenzo Ghiberti nearly five hundred years ago, which Michael Angelo said were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. He resolved to open a competition for a design for bronze doors for Trinity. Every competing sculptor was instructed to fill a panel with a design in high relief, showing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. The accepted panel introduced to the American world of art critics a young sculptor who had lately landed in this country, and who had only one work here to show his possibilities. Every artist in New York asked for the owner of so certain and powerful a hand. They found a young Scotchman named J. Massey Rhind, with a long inheritance of talent in his own family, and the blood of the Celt in his veins.

Mr. Rhind was by no means unknown in Europe. His grandfather and his father were sculptors, and all of his brothers except one, who is a successful London architect. In Edinburgh, where Mr. Rhind was born, two of the best local monuments are the work of his father. The reclining figure of the Marquis of Montrose in St. Giles' is a remarkable piece of classic art, and the colossal statue of William Chambers, the publisher, is one of the landmarks of the Scottish capital. The elder Rhind's style shows the influence of Thorwaldsen, who was his pattern. The son, in his earlier work, fell far away from the classic, and became ruggedly realistic; but as he grows older, he is gradually coming back to the ways of his predecessors. A photograph of the elder sculptor at work on his statue of Chambers suggests the picture of Mr. Rhind and his Calhoun, although the former is an old man and the subjects are widely different. The two together make an interesting study of heredity.

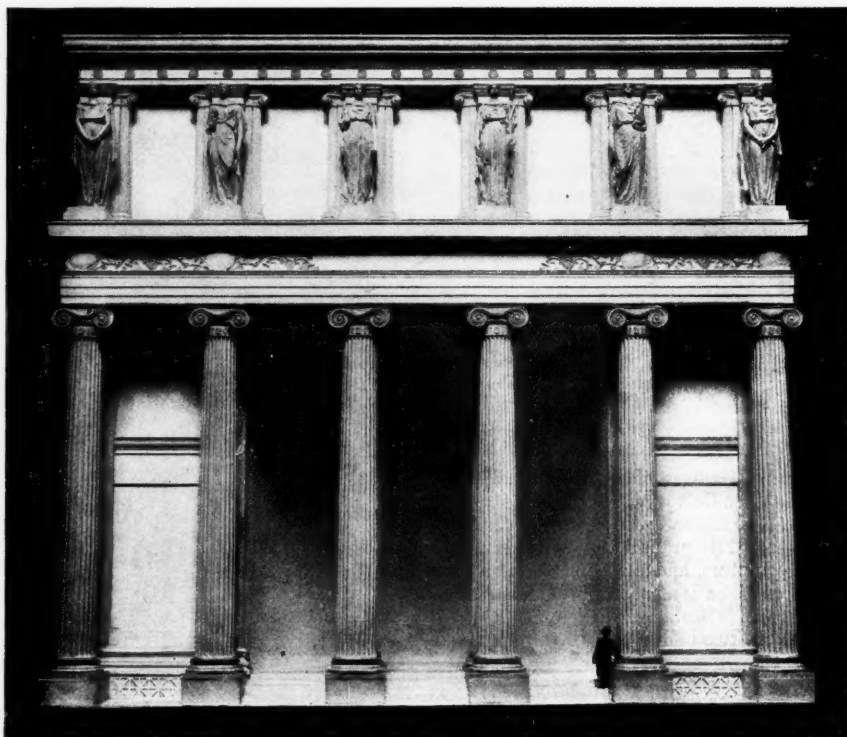
From his earliest childhood Mr. Rhind has modeled in clay. He learned familiarity in handling his tools before he was



Figure of "Peace" on the Façade of the American Surety Building.

old enough to consider them other than playthings. The talk of his home was of art, of great works. His mother was a woman of a highly artistic nature, and the personality of both father and mother drew the best that came to Edinburgh about their home. While Mr. Rhind was still very young, his father sent him to an art school in Lambeth, where he became a pupil of Delau. Delau was a clever sculptor,

British metropolis. It admits him to the receptions where artistic London meets, and where he has an opportunity to come in direct contact with the great craftsmen. As he wins honors—if he wins them—these are engraved upon his disk, until it becomes his history. Mr. Rhind took three gold medals in one year at South Kensington, being the first student who ever scored such a success.



Portico of the American Surety Building, New York.

who had been one of the leaders of the Commune, and had been forced to flee from France. He had much to do with forming the brilliant style which has come to be so well known a characteristic of Rhind's work. Then a competition for a fountain was opened in Paris. One design led all the rest. It was found to be Delau's, and with truly Gallic impetuosity the government immediately pardoned the exile, and recalled him to his loved Paris. Rhind went to the Royal Academy.

Every student at the Royal Academy receives, at his entrance, a little ivory disk which bears his name. This disk is his "open sesame" to all that is artistic in the

One day Sir Frederick Leighton, who had become his friend, came and stood before a piece of young Rhind's work. Sir Frederick, as the president of the Royal Academy, took a particular interest in its most promising student.

"Where did you learn that style?" he asked. "You had it when you came here."

"From Delau," Rhind replied.

"Then," said Sir Frederick, "you had better pack up and go over to Paris and let him teach you the rest he knows."

Two years Mr. Rhind spent in Paris, and then went back to England, where orders came fast. He was called to model the figures for a great building in Glasgow, and



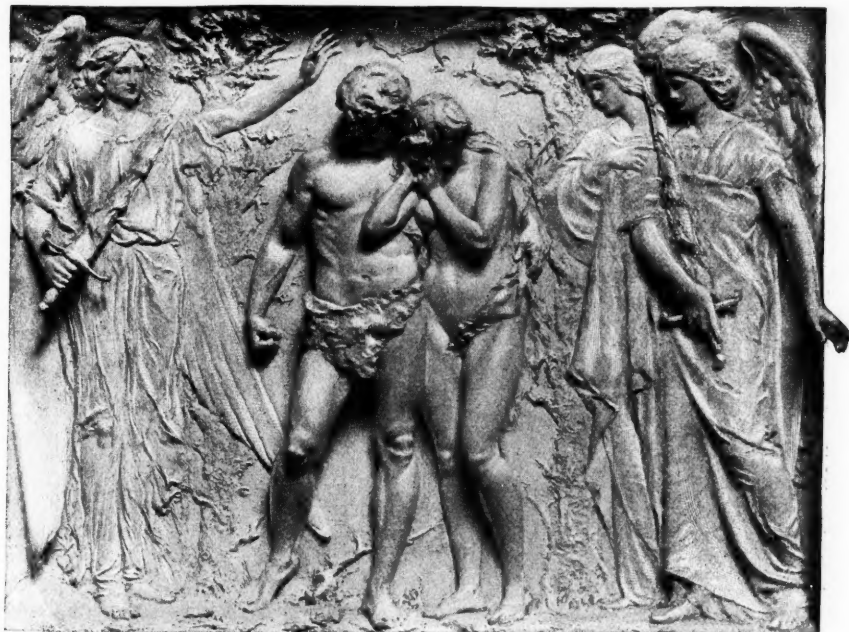
was entertained in the house of the architect. As a result he married the architect's daughter, in 1889, and came to America on his wedding journey. At no time since then has he found time to stop his work here long enough to take up his life in Europe again.

He had come to America at exactly the right moment. Sculpture is a new art to us. Only the other day, comparatively speaking, there was no demand for it except in the shape of monuments. Our rich men had not learned to decorate their homes in marble and bronze. Architects, upon whom the sculptor must depend, made no provision for his work. But inevitably, as more and more Americans went abroad, they were impressed by the richness of the old world decorations, and came back conscious of our undignified and unadorned architecture. When the American awakens to the necessity of a luxury, he insists upon having it at its best, and draws upon the world for its



J. Massey Rhind.

*From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.*



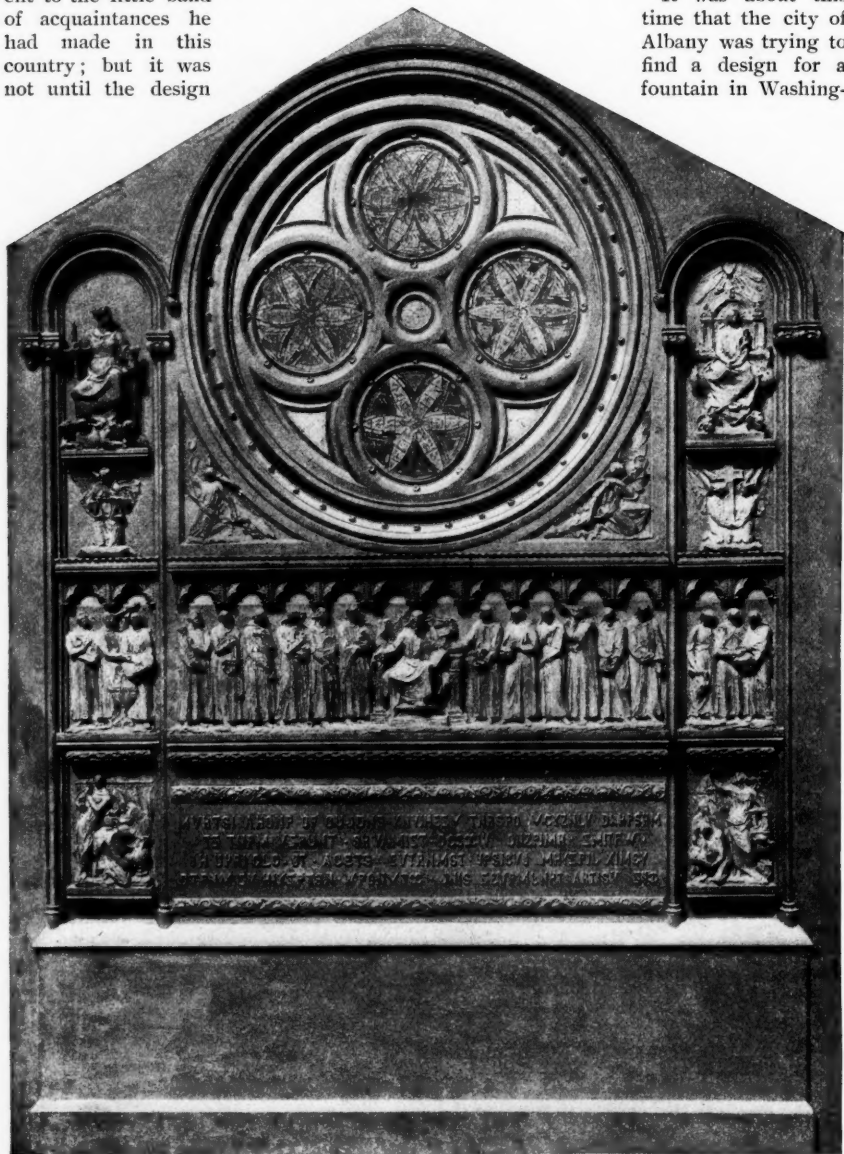
"The Expulsion of Adam and Eve"—Design for the Doors of Trinity Church, New York.

workmen. Mr. Rhind came just as the call was sounded. Even a year earlier he would have found a different state of things.

Mr. Rhind's first work here was given him by Dean Hoffman, in the decoration of the chapel of the Episcopal Seminary, at Twenty First Street and Ninth Avenue. The design was so beautiful and original that it showed the young Scotchman's talent to the little band of acquaintances he had made in this country; but it was not until the design

for the bronze doors of Trinity was submitted that the world in general recognized him as a powerful sculptor. Mr. Astor had desired that the contract for the doors should require their completion in one year. By dint of great labor—and he is a rapid worker—Mr. Rhind finished his in two years. Ghiberti was forty years in completing those that made his fame.

It was about this time that the city of Albany was trying to find a design for a fountain in Washing-



Decoration for the Commencement Hall at Princeton.

ton Park, to be erected as a memorial to Senator Rufus King. Four times sculptors from all over the field had sent in designs, but not one was found worthy of the place. Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, who was consulting sculptor, asked to be allowed to select four young men to compete again. Rhind was one of these, and his design was the successful one. For originality and dramatic effect, there is nothing in America to surpass it.

In several of the great business buildings erected within the past five years in New York, Mr. Rhind's work is to be seen. He is a favorite sculptor with the architects because he knows how to make his sculpture an integral part of the whole design, realizing that his work gains by the harmony. The American Surety Company's building, at the corner of Broadway and Pine Street, is a fine example of this. Bruce Price, the architect, had evolved an imposing scheme of allegorical figures for the portico, and Mr. Rhind was called in to carry it out. The general idea of the figures was taken from the little old temple behind the Parthenon, and they are severely architectural. The drapery is so even that it has the effect of fluted columns. The six sisters represent the qualities of peace, truth, honesty, fortitude, self denial, and fidelity.

The new Clearing House and the Postal Telegraph building are also ornamented with Mr. Rhind's work. The well known ritualistic church of St. Mary the Virgin, in West Forty Sixth Street, is to have on its façade several of his statues. The central figure of the Virgin and Child, shown on page 678, is a thirteenth century idea modernized. The rich drapery of the old French school, the nimbus, the heavy lidded, dreamy eyed face of the saint, make a remarkably characteristic statue, and one which is the high note of the whole design.

For two years Mr. Rhind has been engaged in carrying out William A. Potter's beautiful scheme of decorative figures on the front of the new Alexander Commencement Hall at Princeton, of which Mr. Potter is the architect. Mr. Rhind will be at least a year longer in completing his portion of the work. The figures are to be life size, symbolizing the arts and sciences taught in the college. Learning sits in the center, a closed volume in his hand; on the cover of the book is the head of the Sphinx. Language, Theology, Law, History, Philosophy, and Ethics are on one side; Architecture, Painting, Poetry, Music, and Geography on the other. The lettering that appears in the engraving on page 674 is merely an arbitrary grouping of characters, inserted in Mr. Rhind's model to fill up the allotted space. It will be replaced by a Latin inscription.

One of Mr. Rhind's latest works is the be-



Frieze in the Yerkes House, New York.

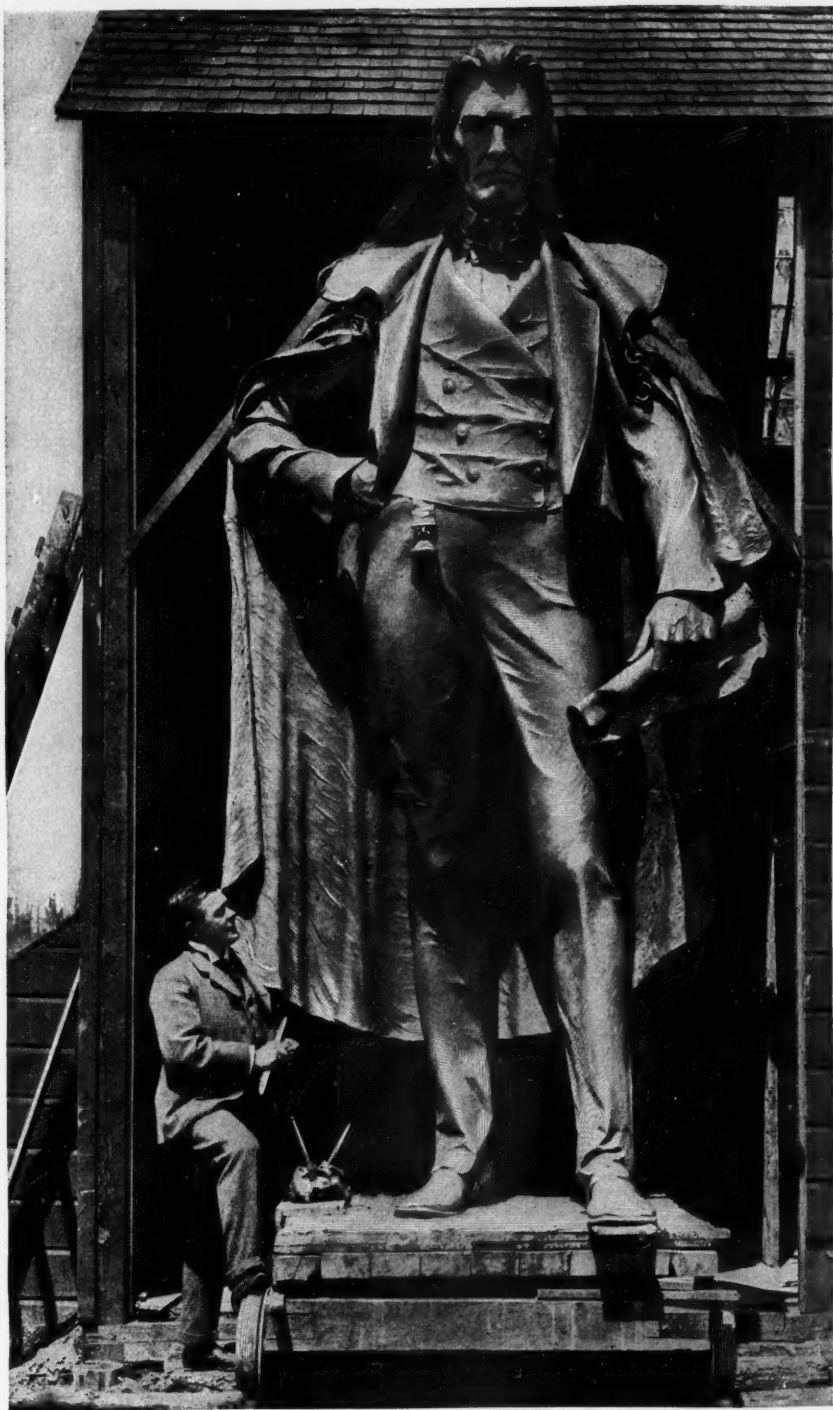


Competitive Design for the Sherman Statue in Washington.

lated Calhoun statue. It was about 1860 that the people of South Carolina determined to erect a worthy monument of their great statesman, and gathered a fund of about sixty thousand dollars. A romantic touch was given to the project by Calhoun's early sweetheart taking the matter in hand. Then the war came. The money was in charge of this lady, who regarded her task

as a sacred one. When Sherman invaded the Palmetto State, she feared for her treasure. She finally sewed it into a part of her clothing, and wore it day and night until danger was past. She is now ninety six, is still president of the Ladies' Monument Fund, and expects to see her hero raised aloft within a few weeks.

The entire monument will be about seventy



Mr. Rhind at Work upon the Calhoun Statue, in His Studio at Alpine, New Jersey.

*From a photograph by C. Bildeaux, New York.*





Statue of the Virgin and Child for the Church of St. Mary the Virgin,  
New York.

*From a photograph by Bilordeaux, New York.*

five feet high, the statue alone being fifteen. The pedestal is the design of Renwick, Aspinwall & Renwick, and is typical and handsome. It contains two bronze panels, ten by six feet, which represent Calhoun reorganizing the war department, and addressing the Senate in one of his famous debates with Webster.

Mr. Rhind perfectly understands the use of drapery. The cloak of Calhoun has been managed with wonderful effect. The flag in the pedestal of his competitive model for the Sherman monument makes a line which is like a chord in music. This model is one of the four which the committee have selected to be enlarged upon a scale of two inches to the foot, for further consideration. It received one of the five prizes of a thousand dollars each. The conception of the character of Sherman leaves something to be desired, or doubtless this beautiful work of art, full of spirit and enthusiasm, would have been chosen at once. Mr. Rhind has given us a conqueror, a strong man, a soldier; but it could hardly have been expected that a Scotchman who has lived in America but a few years, and who never saw General Sherman, should grasp in its entirety that rugged and peculiarly American personality.

Besides the Sherman design, which is for the proposed statue in Washington, Mr. Rhind has had another important model before a committee within the past few weeks—one for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Syracuse.

One of his finest examples of interior decorative work is in the mantel designed by R. H. Robertson in the great hall of the new house Mr. Yerkes is building in New York. It represents the welcoming of the guest.

Mr. Rhind's present home is near Alpine, New Jersey, on the edge of the Palisades. He has a large studio there, to which his New York studio is merely a supplement. Both of them are filled with models, and with photographs of completed work, showing the remarkable achievements of a young sculptor.

*N. MacDonald.*



Mr. Rhind's Design for a Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in Syracuse, New York.

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE

### THE RUSSIAN PREMIER.

It is impossible to predict the changes that the acquisition of power may make in a man's character. It is difficult to forecast the horoscope of kings and princes. The Prussian Frederick, the shy poetaster of Potsdam, who divided his time between



Prince Lobanoff, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

writing mediocre French verse and laying out flower beds, became as if by magic the foremost captain of his age and the most imperious autocrat in Europe.

Prince Lobanoff is not the man whom the casual observer would select as an embodiment of energy and will power. He is of medium height, stout, with white hair; his eyes, upon the few occasions when he lifts their heavy lids to flash them upon some presumptuous visitor, are seen to be black. His usual manner is one of extreme indolence; yet under it, *bon vivant* and man of the world that he is, he veils an iron will and boundless diplomatic resources. Since he grasped the helm of Russian state-

craft a year ago, on the death of M. de Giers, he has brought to a successful conclusion a series of political coups that might well be an ordinary minister's life work. When Lord Rosebery discountenanced China, and threw England's influence on the side of Japan, Lobanoff stepped in as the friend of the Celestials, loaned them a war indemnity—lending it at five per cent and borrowing it at four—stopped the Japanese march upon Peking, and compelled the Mikado to relinquish the choicest fruits of his victory; thereby securing a hold upon China that is sure to be turned to full account at the proper time. In Abyssinia, again, Muscovite diplomacy has been at work to thwart, without the cost of active intervention, King Humbert's laborious efforts to establish an Italian empire in Africa. Nor has it been difficult to trace the fine Russian hand of the wire puller of St. Petersburg in the destruction of his arch enemy in Bulgaria, and in the recent ebullition of hatred and distrust between the two Scandinavian kingdoms.

Greatest of all will be the Russian triumph to which events in Constantinople seem to be surely and steadily tending. Amid all the uncertainties of the situation, Lobanoff's

hand in that obscure game of politics is gradually demonstrating that it is the strongest at the board, and the ancient prophecy that Russia shall one day rule on the Dardanelles appears to be nearing its fulfilment.

The successor of de Giers and of Gortchakoff is about fifty five, and a bachelor. The story is told that years ago, in Constantinople, he fell in love with a beautiful Turkish lady whom he was powerless to make his own, and that he has always remained faithful to his first romantic passion. If, amid the two great occupations of his life—diplomacy and pleasure—he finds time to hate any one or anything, the



Antoinette Sterling.  
From a photograph by Watery, London.

foremost object of his animosity is probably the British lion. He dislikes everything British, with one peculiar exception—the memory of Mary Queen of Scots. During his two years' service in London—he has represented his country at nearly every court in Europe—he used to spend his leisure in the British Museum, collecting literary memorials of his favorite heroine.

#### AN AMERICAN SINGER.

Two decades ago, when Henry Ward Beecher was at the zenith of his fame, Antoinette Sterling stood in the choir of the

great preacher's church, and swayed crowding audiences to tears or roused them to enthusiasm with the wonderful magnetism of her voice. She was then a young American singer fresh from the training of Marchesi and Garcia, and from a successful début in London. This winter, after an absence of twenty years, she is again in her native country, where she has been warmly welcomed.

Antoinette Sterling is a singer for the people rather than for the musical expert. She is essentially a ballad singer. Her rich contralto voice has a marvelous power of

carrying the simple pathos of the old Scottish and English melodies to the hearer's heart. "I have long since passed through the intellectual and classical phases of my art," she says of herself; "now I care only for the spiritual."

Edwin Arnold, and many others. In spite of her long career of success, she does not possess the wealth with which rumor has credited her. A very large share of her work has been done in the cause of charity, without thought of reward; and her gener-



Archduchess Stephanie of Austria.

*From a photograph by Von Türk, Vienna.*

In private life Mme. Sterling is Mrs. John MacKinlay. She was married many years ago in England, where most of her life has been spent, and where her popularity is universal. Among those who have given her their friendship are Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone, the late Lord Tennyson, Sir

osity to all whom she could help has been unfailing.

Physically, she is tall and strongly built, with the shoulders of an Amazon. She has always scorned the limitations of steel which modern femininity usually imposes upon itself, with the result that she is as natu-



rally developed, and as innocent of "waist line," as were the women of ancient Greece.

#### HAPSBURGS AND HOHENZOLLERNS.

What will become of the Austrian Empire when Francis Joseph—who is sixty six next August—shall be laid with his forefathers? That is one of the most interesting of the political problems of Europe,

No one seems to have asserted the claim of little Archduchess Elizabeth, who, if feminine succession is to be recognized, has a prior right to the throne as the only child of the late Crown Prince Rudolph. Elizabeth and her mother, the Archduchess Stephanie, are not popular in Vienna; and Stephanie has no great liking for a capital that is associated, for her, with the shocking



Prince Henry of Prussia.

*From a photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.*

where history is being made rapidly nowadays. The old emperor's recognized heir is his nephew, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, but it is becoming clear that his accession will render probable the disruption of the dominions now united under the Hapsburg crown. Francis Joseph is said to be anxious to change the succession in favor of his youngest daughter, the Archduchess Valérie, whose personal popularity might avail to avert the disaster he fears.

tragedy that left her a widow. She is a restless traveler, like her mother in law, the Empress Elizabeth. Over both of these two women the shadow of Hapsburg ill luck seems to have fallen. Stephanie belongs to that historic house by birth as well as by marriage, her mother having been the Archduchess Maria Henrietta of Austria before her marriage to the King of the Belgians. Disappointed in her hopes of wearing a crown, at thirty two she is a soured and faded

woman, and a living instance of the familiar maxim that the highest stations are often the least happy.

A better starred match between cousins was that of Henry of Prussia and Irene of Hesse, whose portraits are given herewith.

leader and "war lord" he so delights to pose. Henry was trained as a sailor, and has seen service in many seas. He now holds the rank of admiral, and commands one of the Kaiser's finest war ships. Personally he is described as being, in marked



Princess Henry of Prussia.

*From a photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.*

Both of these two are grandchildren of Queen Victoria. Henry, the Kaiser's brother, is the second son of her eldest daughter, who married the late Emperor Frederick. Irene is a daughter of the late Grand Duke of Hesse, whose wife was Princess Alice of England. Their married life has been uneventful and happy, and they have one son. It has been the custom of British royalty that each second son should enter the navy; and the same rule was followed with the Emperor Frederick's two boys. William has always identified himself with the German army, as whose

contrast to his imperious brother, a man of unassuming manners and quiet and simple tastes. He is one of the numerous European royalties who have become devotees of the bicycle.

#### THE HEROINE OF THE RED CROSS.

After bearding the Turk in Armenia, bearding the lion in his den would probably be a mere recreation. Yet no dangers of that distressful land, no peril of fire and sword, no threat of a fanatical officialdom, could deter Miss Barton from starting, a few weeks ago, upon her self imposed mission

of mercy to the victims of the murderous Mahometan.

Dr. Talmage recently announced that he had been offered fifty thousand dollars for this same purpose, but on learning that he could not secure the Sultan's sanction he declared that "a man who would start up through the mountains of Armenia with fifty thousand dollars, and no governmental protection, would be guilty of monumental foolhardiness." It remained for a woman deliberately to set her hand to the task from which the worthy doctor shrank, and at this writing Miss Barton is upon the ocean, speeding eastward as fast as an Atlantic liner can carry her. She may fail or she may succeed; she will simply "do what she can." Always that has been her motto; always she has been a woman of deeds, not words. Her work during the civil war is a matter of history. She brought the Red Cross Society into America, and as its president she has constantly extended its power for good. Forest fires in the Northwest, floods along the Mississippi and Ohio, yellow fever in Florida, the earthquake at Charleston, the Johnstown horror of 1889 — every great national disaster has brought her to the scene as fast as she could reach it, ready to give her strength and even her life to aid the sufferers. For her work on the battlefields of France in 1870 and 1871 she received the famous iron cross of Germany, and missed the decoration of the Legion of Honor only because she refused to make an application for it.

Miss Barton's personality is an engaging one. Her face is plain, yet attractive. In every line of it there is kindness and moral energy. From her eyes there looks forth a magnetic force under whose spell those who meet her become ready disciples of her cause. She inherits pluck and determination from her New England ancestry. She has the heroism that sent Damien to perish among the lepers at Molokai, the spirit that recalls, at this prosaic end of the nineteenth century, the stories of the crusaders and the martyrs. That she should lead such a forlorn hope as her Armenian expedition is a fact that least surprises those who know her best.

#### A VERSATILE CONGRESSMAN.

Henry Clay Miner is a living reminder of the familiar saying that it is to the busy man you must turn when you want

anything done. Mr. Miner modestly recites in the "Congressional Directory" that he is the proprietor of five theaters—or "popular Thespian resorts," as he prefers to term them—besides a drug store, a photographic material house, and other more prosaic



Miss Clara Barton, Founder of the American Red Cross Society.  
From a photograph by Smith, Evanston, Ill.

business ventures; that he "takes a hand in directing the destinies of several great enterprises in which a portion of his capital is invested," in the shape of Western mines and railways, and Southern phosphate deposits; that he publishes a dramatic directory and manages a newspaper syndicate; that he has done wonders in connection with that excellent institution, the Actors' Fund. And yet despite all this, and despite his labors and responsibilities as a member of the august body that frames our laws, Mr. Miner may frequently be seen standing in the doorway of his Fifth Avenue Theater, surveying the "passing show" on Broad-



Henry C. Miner, Congressman and Theatrical Manager.

*From a photograph by Jones & Letz, San Francisco.*

way with the easy nonchalance, the calm and peaceful visage of an army officer retired on half pay.

Mr. Miner is one of that small class of the well known men of New York who were born and brought up there. When he grew old enough to think of a career, he picked out the drug business, but he was scarcely more than twenty when the footlight fever attacked him, and he entered the profession as advance agent for a certain Signor Blitz, a magician and bird trainer. He went with a circus next, then started a variety theater on the Bowery, duplicating this until he became a rich man. Wealth won by vaudeville, ambition clamored for fame acquired

in the legitimate. He made a bold stroke to obtain it by becoming Mrs. James Brown Potter's manager. Then came his purchase of the Fifth Avenue Theater—and the rest is current history in the theatrical world.

Among Mr. Miner's recent noteworthy achievements are the management of Duse's second American tour, and a leading share in the formation of the American Theatrical Syndicate. The wheels of the latter are to be set in motion this spring, under the immediate direction of Joseph Brooks, long associated with Crane, and it is promised that the American eagle shall have the opportunity to scream lustily thereafter because of the recognition he will receive.

# A PRIVATE CHIVALRY.\*

By Francis Lynde.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO XIV.

BRANT, a repentant sinner, loves Dorothy Langford, whose sister Isabel has refused Brant's friend Harry Antrim. Brant has evidence which will hang James Harding, a desperado of the mining camps, who has sought to lead Dorothy's brother William astray, and who afterward joins forces with Ike Gasset, Brant's enemy. Brant's past finds him out. Forbidden to visit Dorothy, he falls into evil again. Antrim goes wrong, also, and Isabel repents and confides in Dorothy, but in such terms as to make Dorothy think it is Brant whom her sister loves. At this time Forsyth, editor of the Denver *Plainsman*, sends for Brant.

## XV.

IT was yet early in the evening when Brant climbed the stairs of the *Plainsman* building to keep his appointment with the editor. The presses were roaring in the basement, but on the top floor the reporters' rooms were untenanted, and the telegraph editor, writing furiously under the sheen of the drop light in his noisy den, was the only member of the staff on duty. When Brant's form darkened his doorway, the man of specials snapped his key and looked up.

"Forsyth's gone down to supper," he said. "Told me to tell you to make yourself at home till he came back."

Brant nodded, and went on through the deserted offices to the night editor's room. The windows were open, but the chill of the September night was in the air, and a bit of fire smoldered in the grate. Brant stirred it into a blaze, and was drawing up a chair when Forsyth entered.

"Good man!" he exclaimed cheerily. "Sit down and have a fresh cigar while I unfold you a tale. Did my note stir up your curiosity? Or do you disown any such womanish weakness?"

Brant laughed. "I disown nothing in the way of weaknesses, and we'll admit the curiosity. What is the mystery?"

Forsyth took a paper from a pile of exchanges, and ran a blue pencil around an advertisement in the "Personal" column. "That's the text," he said; "read that, and then I'll go on and preach my sermon."

Brant read: "If Mr. George Brant, formerly of Taggett's Gulch, Pitkin County, will

communicate with J. B., care the *Herald*, Leadville, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"I suppose that is pointed at my namesake," he said nonchalantly, handing the paper back. "I hope he'll come in for a good thing."

"So do I," rejoined the editor, with an inscrutable smile; "but wait till you hear the story. Last night, one of our reporters, Jarvis—you know him—was hobnobbing with a lot of variety people in one of the private rooms in Hedrigg's restaurant. He swears he was sober, but you can draw your own conclusions when I tell you that the company withdrew and left him alone without his knowing it."

"Sleepy, perhaps," suggested Brant.

"That's what he says. When he woke up, he was alone, but the box beyond him was occupied by two men who were talking in whispers. Now Jarvis is a good fellow, but he's a reporter first and everything else afterward, so of course he listened. The men were arguing about an 'ad' in the *Leadville Herald*, and Jarvis gathered that it boded ill for one of them, he couldn't tell which. In the course of the talk your name was mentioned—oh, yes, it was you because they spoke of your boarding place out on Champa Street," insisted Forsyth, in rebuttal of Brant's incredulous negative, "and Jarvis heard enough to make him think they meant to do you a mischief."

"One moment," Brant interrupted; "what time of night was this?"

"I don't know exactly, but it was between twelve and two."

"All right; go on."

"Well, as I say, Jarvis thinks they mean mischief, though he caught only a few words pointing to the necessity for haste in what they had to do. They seemed to be much afraid that you would see the 'ad.'"

Brant leaned forward to flick the ash from his cigar. "I presume Jarvis saw them when they went out; what did they look like?"

"That is just where the otherwise irre-

\* Copyright, 1895, by Francis Lynde.—This story began in the December, 1895, number of MUNSEY'S.



proachable Jarvis fell down," said the editor. "He posted himself conveniently behind the curtains of his room when they stirred, but unfortunately there is a back door to Hedrigg's place, and they used it."

"Leaving the *Herald* behind them?" queried Brant.

"Not much; but Jarvis went through the file and found the 'ad' after he came back here."

Brant smoked reflectively for a few minutes, and then rose to go.

"I'm much obliged to you, Forsyth; it was good of you to give me a pointer."

The editor made an effort to detain him.

"Don't be in a hurry; the night's young."

"Yes; but I think I'd better be going."

Forsyth tilted his chair and made a monocle of one side of his *pince nez* through which to stare up at his visitor. "Brant, you're most provokingly cold blooded, don't you know it? Here I've been at the trouble to put you in the way of opening up a perfect mine of first class sensation, and you're going away without so much as giving me a squint down the shaft thereof. Do you call that a fair shake?"

Brant sat down again. "What do you want me to say?" he asked.

"Say? Why, everything. Do you know these men; or is it a case of mistaken identity? Are they after your scalp, or do you yearn for theirs? Can't you open up the blinds and let in a little daylight?"

Brant shook his head. "Not for publication," he said. "You don't know what you ask, Forsyth."

"Publication be hanged! Who said anything about a scoop? Don't you suppose a newspaper man has bowels as well as other people? I didn't get you up here to work you for the *Plainsman*."

"Then that's different," said Brant. "I'll tell you what I can—which isn't much. I've seen these men—they followed me home last night at midnight—but if I ever knew them, I've forgotten who they are. As to the advertisement, I can only guess its purpose. If the guess is right, there is only one man in Colorado who need be disturbed about it, and he isn't in Denver."

The editor turned to his desk and ran through a pile of telegrams, pausing at one dating from Leadville.

"Does that help your guess," he asked, handing the message to Brant.

"Advertiser's name is John Brinton," was what the typewritten line said, and Brant nodded.

"Yes, and no; I can't understand—Forsyth, I'm going out to hunt those fellows."

Forsyth looked at his watch. "Will you take a partner? My rush won't be on for a couple of hours yet."

"I'll be glad to have you along, if you don't mind going into the dog kennels. I can't promise you a pleasure trip."

"I'd like to go," said the editor. "I suppose you share the opinion of the public that all newspaper men are seasoned rounders, but it's entirely a fiction in my own case—and in that of some of the others, too, I think."

They went down together, and in the street Forsyth asked if it would not be better to take a policeman along.

Brant laughed. "You forget my errand, don't you? We might as well look for these fellows with a file of soldiers at our backs as with a 'Bobby' for an escort. We'll get around all right by ourselves, and if we should happen to run up against anything, you just stand from under while I cover the retreat."

"Are you armed?" asked Forsyth.

"Sure."

"Well, I'm not; and I suppose it's just as well. I can't see four feet in front of me, with or without glasses."

"Can't you? Then let me take your arm," said Brant thoughtfully; and together they turned down Sixteenth Street to plunge presently into the depths of the underworld.

For reasons best known to himself, Brant made the search for the unknown conspirators a very thorough one. If, as he more than half suspected, one of the men should turn out to be Harding in disguise, the solution of the mystery would be reached at once; and in that case he knew his enemy well enough to be sure that nothing short of vigorous measures would serve to beat him off.

As a last resort, he could always give the murderer of Henry Brinton up to justice; but he shrank from the thought of this as a brave man would scorn to ask aid in a personal quarrel. The outlaw deserved hanging, doubtless, but Brant was not inclined to play the part of the hangman. The alternative was to find Harding and to warn him once again that his safety lay not in reprisals, but in putting distance and oblivion between himself and his accuser. Therefore Brant dragged his companion from dive to den, leaving no place unvisited where he thought there was a chance of finding the plotters.

The search was fruitless, as it was sure to be, since Harding and Gasset were closeted in the former's room in the West Denver

lodging house; but Brant did not give up until Forsyth intimated that it was time for him to go back to his desk. Even then, Brant begged five minutes in which to ransack yet one more kennel, and the editor yielded and accompanied him.

It was the place in which Harding had met the man from Taggett's Gulch; a foul pandemonium half underground, with a bar fronting the entrance, and a gambling room and an opium joint in the rear. The editor gasped for breath at the threshold, and, left to himself, would have retreated precipitately. As it was, he went in with Brant, and stood at the bar while his companion pushed his search into the rooms beyond. A little later, Forsyth wished he had gone on with his friend. First, the bartender scowled at him and asked what he would take; and when he refused to drink, having a just fear that any liquor sold in such a place would be little short of deadly, there was a stir in a knot of ruffians clustered at the other end of the bar.

"Wot's that?" demanded one of them, sidling up to Forsyth, "wot in 'ell ye here fer ef ye don't buy? Here, barkeep', pass the likker; this yere duck's goin' to set 'em up."

Forsyth was short sighted almost to blindness, and he was unarmed, as he had said; but he was no coward. Therefore he pushed the bottle back resolutely and shook his head.

"The gentleman is mistaken," he said, addressing the barkeeper. "I haven't asked any one to drink at my expense."

"Th'ell ye say!" The editor turned and found himself looking into the barrel of a huge revolver. "Jes' you fork over yer wad in a holy minnit 'r I'll—"

What the bully would have done is not to be here set down, inasmuch as his threat was cut in twain by the sharp crack of a pistol, and at the same moment his weapon clattered harmless on the floor at his feet. Forsyth felt himself gently thrust aside, and then he saw Brant standing in front of him.

"That's my bluff, gentlemen," said the newcomer quietly; "would any of you like to call it?"

"Holy smut, it's Plucky George!" said one in the rear; and in the turning of a leaf the small space in front of the bar was empty—nay, more; the scowling barkeeper himself disappeared as if by magic.

Brant linked his arm in Forsyth's, and led him out into the clean night air. Neither spoke until they were nearing the *Plainsman* building, and then it was the editor who broke the silence.

"You heard what that fellow said, Brant; are you the Silverette man?"

"Yes; don't be alarmed—I'll quit you when I've seen you safe back to the office."

Forsyth stopped, swung around, and put his hands on Brant's shoulders. "You're a blessed idiot, and I'm minded to beat you," he protested. "Why, confound it all, man, haven't you just saved my life?"

"That's nothing; you wouldn't have been there if I hadn't taken you."

"No more would I, but what of that? Say, Brant, don't be a fool; I've known this thing, or suspected it, from the first; and I'll leave it to you if it's made any difference with me. I'm quite willing to take you for what you are, and I don't care a little curse what you have been. That's no affair of mine—or of anybody's else."

"Do you think so? The world doesn't agree with you."

"The world's an impudent busybody," said the editor, catching step again. "Come up to my pigeonhole and tell me all about it; I'll stand the rush off while you do it."

"No, I wouldn't let you do that, Forsyth; but I will come up later on, if you'll let me. I'll own up frankly; I'm in trouble up to my neck, and barring yourself, there isn't another soul in Denver that I can talk to."

"All right; you come up and unload on me. I'll look for you about the time the forms go down."

It was the word fitly spoken, and Brant turned away with a warm spot in his heart. High ideals and puissant resolves are well enough in their way, but a grain of human sympathy strikes deeper root and bears better fruit. For the moment, Brant felt at peace with all men; and instead of going back to renew the search for Harding, as he had intended, he went in the opposite direction, being minded to go to his office and work while he waited for the time of the interview with the editor. So ran the intention; but on the corner he met Jarvis and was turned aside to do a better thing.

## XVI.

"HELLO, Brant," said the reporter; "been to see Forsyth?"

"Yes."

"Then you're posted, of course. What do you think of it?"

"I hardly know what to think of it yet," replied Brant, unwilling to go into details with Jarvis. "You are sure those fellows were talking about me and not somebody else?"

"I am sure they were talking about a man named Brant who boards at a Mrs. Seeley's. That coppers the king, doesn't it?"

"I guess it does; in that case we'll probably know more about it later on. Going up stairs?"

"Not just yet; let's go and liquidate."

"I don't drink," objected Brant.

"The dickens you don't! Since when?"

"Never mind the date; since I quit."

"I'll bet money that was no longer ago than yesterday. Come and take a cigar, then."

"I don't mind that, if you're thirsty enough to drink alone."

"I'm thirsty enough to envy the fellow who got himself drowned in a butt of Malmsey," rejoined Jarvis, linking arms with Brant, and pointing like a trained retriever for the nearest bar room.

"That thirst will be the death of you, Jarvis, if you're not careful," ventured Brant, catching step with the reporter.

"Don't you lose any sleep about that; I know when to take a drink and when to let it alone."

"Yes, I've met you before," said Brant; "you're one of a fair sized crowd. The first 'when' is whenever you happen to think of it; the second is when the thing itself is temporarily out of reach."

Jarvis whistled derisively. "You missed your calling, old man," he said flippantly; "your layout is the prohibition platform. Why don't you join the Salvation Army?"

"For good and sufficient reasons; but that has nothing to do with your bad habits."

"You're a one horse lay preacher, that's what you are," retorted Jarvis. "Your theory is all right, but the wheels won't go round in practice. Man can't be a reporter and not drink."

"Without knowing anything about your job, I'll venture to dispute that," asserted Brant. "According to my notion, a man can't be the best of anything as long as he hobnobs with the devil of appetite."

"Oh, let up—you make me limp! I'll bet a gold mine against a skinny little Indian pony that you've got wickedness enough in your makeup to cover my one little weakness and tuck in all around the edges. Come now, own up."

But for obvious reasons Brant could not own up, and since the random thrust found the joint in his harness he went dumb. A little later, however, when they were standing together at the bar, he was moved to speak again at the sight of Jarvis pouring absinthe into his whiskey.

"The red liquor is bad enough by itself, my boy," he remarked, leisurely lighting his cigar, "but the other's worse; it'll make an idiot of you before your time."

"That's right; share a man's hospitality and jump on his personal preferences in the same breath. If you've got to reform somebody, why don't you tackle that railroad friend of yours over there in the corner? He's sliding down stairs on the baluster. Go over and preach to him while I see if I can't rustle up an eleventh hour suicide."

Brant turned quickly, and saw that which suddenly buried his own trouble deep under the debris of a shattered ideal. At one of the small tables in the corner of the room two men sat playing cards. One of them was a man whom Brant tersely summarized as a "rook"; the other was Harry Antrim—Antrim, the immaculate, the self contained, the type of the well behaved! The chief clerk had evidently been drinking heavily; his face was flushed and his hands trembled when he dealt the cards; but he was sober enough to recognize Brant when the latter came up and accosted him.

"It's about time you were going home, Harry," he said. "Get your overcoat and I'll walk up with you."

The man about town scented trouble, and sought to make his peace with the newcomer.

"We're just having a little game for pleasure, you understand—low man pays for the drinks," he explained.

Brant ignored the peaceful overture, and asked Antrim what he had done with his coat.

"That's all right about the coat," replied the chief clerk, making a pitiful effort to keep the consonants in their proper places. "Don't need any overcoat in summer time. Le's go home."

Brant saw that the man across the table wore an overcoat, and that he was sitting upon another.

"I'll trouble you to let me have my friend's coat," he said, fixing the shifting eyes of the gambler with a look that made the request a demand.

"Oh, certainly, if he's a friend of yours"—the man had never seen Brant before—"but it wasn't no brace game; I won it fair enough."

Brant helped Antrim to his feet and into his coat; after which he walked him home with no word of inquiry or reproach. Truly, the chief clerk was far enough beyond the reach of admonition, but he was also sane enough to appreciate the value of the silence which is golden, and he made some

effort to say as much when Brant led him into his room and lighted the gas.

"Much obliged, George, ol' man, for what you haven't said"—he steadied himself with his hands on the table and tried to catch Brant's eye—"nother fellow would 've preached, and a sermon isn't what I need."

"I know that—good night," said Brant, and he left his friend to the company of an accuser which is not to be silenced save by many applications of the searing iron, and made his way back to the *Plainsman* office.

The editor was in the midst of the last batch of copy when Brant entered, and he motioned to a chair.

"Sit down; I'll be with you in a minute," he said; and when the desk was cleared he wheeled the pivot chair to face his visitor and drew up another for a foot rest.

"Thanks be, that's the last of it for one more day. It's a 'demnition grind,' but I guess that is true of every occupation under the sun. Don't you find it so?"

"Honestly, no. I think I'm in love with my profession. If I didn't have other things to trouble me, I believe I could go on making maps to the end of the chapter."

"You think that now, because the drudgery is preferable to the other things, maybe. Tell me about them."

"I will, and I'll cut it short. You know what the public knows about George Brant of Silverette, so we won't go into that; though perhaps you'll let me say that I was no worse than other men of my class. I mean by that that I never dealt a brace game, and I never picked a quarrel of my own motion."

"That says itself; go on."

"Well, one day I came to the end of things. You may imagine that the life would nauseate any man who has ever known anything better, and that's what it did to me. So I turned short, pasted down the old leaf, and began all over again."

"So far, so good. And then?"

"Then I began to hunger and thirst after respectability and a wife and a home and all the commonplace blessings of the well behaved. And because I can't have them, I'm minded to do a lot of foolish things."

The editor removed his glasses and polished them absently. "Perhaps you're not willing to pay the price," he suggested.

"Yes, I am—if I know my own mind."

"Then you have found the—what shall we call it?—the affinity?"

"I have—found her and lost her again."

"Very few things are lost in this world—

beyond the hope of finding them again, I mean. What happened?"

"The thing that was bound to happen, sooner or later. Her mother found me out and sent me adrift with a Scotch blessing."

"H'm, that was hard. Does the young woman know?"

"That's what I can't find out, though I'm afraid she does. I met her on the street yesterday, and she passed me without a word."

"Which proves nothing more than that she may be near sighted. I shouldn't lose any sleep over that."

"But I did; I went mad and spent half the night in a gambling den."

"You did? That was unworthy of you."

"Don't I know it? Haven't I been eating the bread of bitterness all day?"

"I suppose you have; but you'll have to eat a good bit of it, before you get through. You say you are willing to pay the price, but I don't think you are."

Brant got upon his feet, and began to pace the floor. "Forsyth, you don't know what you are talking about," he burst out passionately. "I'd sell my soul to win that girl's love!"

"Exactly; but you're not required to sell it—you are expected to redeem it."

"Redeem it? What can I do, more than I have done?"

"A great deal. Let me use the knife a little, and then I'll try to sew the wound up. You went your own way—which you admit was not the way of decency—till you got tired of it. Then you faced about and said to yourself that all these things should be as if they never were. That's all right, as far as you are concerned, but society demands a reasonable guaranty of good faith, as it has a perfect right to do."

"Hang society! I suppose that's what the mother meant when she said I hadn't repented."

"She was quite right; you haven't—in the sense that you are sorry for what you've done. You were merely tired of one thing, and so took up another, forgetting that in this game of life he who plays must pay."

"I'm paying now, at any rate."

"No, you're not; you are only suffering the consequences of not having paid."

"Then what should I do?"

"Settle down in humdrum good behavior and wait."

"For how long?"

The editor spread his hands. "*Quien sabe?* Till the price is paid. Society will let you know when it thinks you're to be trusted."



Brant sat down again and clasped his hands behind his head. "That is the one thing I can't do, Forsyth. Set me any task, however desperate, that I can do, and have done with it, and I'm your man; but the waiting game will kill me."

"No, it won't; other men have done it."

"But I shall lose my one chance of happiness."

"Not necessarily—certainly not if the young woman loves you."

"You mean that she would wait? Possibly, if she knew—but she doesn't, you know."

Forsyth shrugged his shoulders. "I presume I'm a traitor to my kind for suggesting it, but you are not under bonds not to tell her."

"No; I might have been, if the mother had seen fit to put it that way—but she didn't; she declared open war, and she needn't complain if I borrow her weapons."

"No; there's no doubt about your being able to hold your own in a stand up fight. By the way, speaking of fights, did you shoot that fellow in the bar room?"

"No; I shot his pistol out of his hand."

"You did? I didn't suppose it could be done."

"It's easy enough, if you shoot straight and carry heavy enough metal. This thing"—taking Harding's revolver out of his pocket—"throws a forty five, and it would punch boiler plate at that distance."

"Let me see it," said Forsyth, and he took the weapon and examined it curiously.

"It's a young cannon, isn't it? What is this name on the handle?"

"'J. Harding' is what it is meant for. He owned it till one night when I held him up and took it away from him."

"Another battle royal, I imagine," said Forsyth, shaking his head in deprecation.

"You'll have to stop all that, my boy, if you are going to join the great army of the well behaved. And that reminds me; what kind of a coil are you in with these fellows that Jarvis overheard?"

Brant thought twice before he spoke once. Here was a matter about which the least said would be the soonest mended. If he told the facts in the case, Forsyth would insist that he was no better than an accessory after the fact if he refused to give Harding up to justice; and this he could not bring himself to do. Therefore he answered lightly,

"It's an old quarrel, and one that I don't mean to take up. One of the fellows owes me a grudge, but he's in no condition to go to war with me—or with any one."

"And yet you wanted to find him?"

"Yes; I was going to invite him to go away, but it's hardly worth while," said Brant, getting up to take his leave before he should be drawn into details.

"Well, keep out of it—keep out of everything that isn't as plain as print, and you'll come out all right. Don't get down hearted, or if you do, come up here and I'll abuse you some more. Good night."

Brant went out into the street and so on up to Mrs. Seeley's, with his head down, and two ideas dominating all others in his thoughts. One was that without Dorothy's love to sustain him, he would be unequal to the task of maintaining the long probationary struggle outlined by Forsyth. And the other was an intense longing, born of the militant soul of him, to be set to some desperate penance—to be tried by the fire of some crucial test, which, should it leave him but a single day to glory in the victory, would prove him once for all a man and a gentleman, worthy to have lived and loved.

This he thought, little knowing that he had within the hour reached and passed the parting of the ways, or that his feet were already in the path leading straight to the end he most desired.

## XVII.

ON the morrow's morning Brant went to his work with a choir of new resolves making melody in his heart. He would get speech with Dorothy and make a frank avowal of his love, telling her what she should know of his past, and pleading only for time wherein to make good his promise of amendment. Then he would settle down to his work, walking straitly and shunning even the appearance of evil through the weeks or months or years of his probation. And in the end he would win her and wear her in the face of all the world, and none should say him nay.

Thus he planned as he bent over the drawing board, etching in the scheme of the future while he traced the intricate lines of the map. From generalities he presently came down to particulars, and then he remembered that he still held the money won at Draco's. Then and there he determined to return it, whether the chief gambler would or no; and on the heels of this resolve came a nobler. He would draw out of his bank balance every dollar that had not come to him hallowed by honest labor; and since it was manifestly impossible to make individual restitution, he would give the money to some worthy charity.



Being a man of action, he did not suffer the good resolution to cool by delay; and within the hour he had made a deposit in his bank, purchased New York exchange for the amount won at Draco's, and cashed his check for six hundred and eight dollars and fifteen cents, the exact sum with which he had reached Denver three months before. Then he begged a sheet of paper and an envelope from the cashier, and scribbled a note to Draco.

"Here is the money that you refused to take back the other night," he wrote. "It's not yours, but it's still less mine, and I don't want it. I have put it into New York exchange, so you'll know it's out of my hands. Keep it, or throw it away, as you please."

That done, he began to wonder what he should do with the six hundred odd dollars. There were worthy charities a plenty, but he shrank equally from giving without explanations, and from telling any part of his history to a stranger, however charitable or devout. Since it had to be done, he finally chose Dorothy's clergyman as his beneficiary, and having so decided, sought out the address in the directory and boarded a street car for the minister's house. A servant answered the bell, and in reply to Brant's inquiry, sent him across the street to the church.

"You'll find the study at the back," she said; "if Mr. Crosswell ain't there, you can go in and wait. He'll not be long."

Brant did as he was directed, and as no one answered his tap at the half open door, he went in. A young woman was sitting in the corner, reading, and when Brant saw that it was Dorothy he stood abashed like any school boy. Only for a moment, however, for Dorothy rose quickly and came forward with outstretched hands.

"Why, Mr. Brant, you fairly startled me! I heard you at the door and thought it was Mr. Crosswell. How do you do? And where have you been all these weeks?"

Brant went dizzy with joy. Then he had been mistaken, and Mrs. Langford had kept her own counsel after all. It was almost beyond belief, and he stammered helplessly in his acknowledgments.

"I—I haven't been anywhere—that is, I've been here—no, not just here, either—"

Dorothy's laugh rang clear and joyous, and it outran her words in restoring his self possession. "It's the atmosphere of the place, you know," she said; "people come here to confess their sins, and polite excuses are not allowed. Have you come to confession, Mr. Brant?"

Her jesting question went near enough to the truth to make him wince. "Ye—yes; something of that sort. I came to have a little talk with Mr.—Mr.——"

"Crosswell," she interpolated. "So did I. Won't you sit down and wait for him? He'll be back pretty soon."

Brant did as he was bidden; and having the opportunity for free speech which he would have been willing to buy at a price, went dumb and could do no more than tie knots in his watch chain. Dorothy read the questions in his eyes, but she mistook their pointing, and wondered how she could help matters without betraying Isabel. Much to her relief, he opened the way by breaking ground in the direction of things serious.

"The last time we met you were in trouble," he said. "I hope the cause has been removed."

"It has," she assented; "and—and I've wanted so much to thank you, Mr. Brant. It was very, very good of you to help us."

"Please don't mention it; any one would have done as much, under the circumstances," he protested, adding, "and that without the hope of reward."

Dorothy knew what he meant, or thought she did, and she steeled herself to lead him on.

"I think we all expect rewards of some kind for our good deeds, and we usually get them, don't we?"

"Rather oftener than we deserve, I presume; but I missed mine."

Dorothy had prayed for this opportunity, and for strength to improve it, but she had to turn away from him before she could go on again.

"Sometimes we think we have lost things when we have only overlooked them," she ventured; then, brushing aside the figure of speech, she went straight to the heart of the matter. "Mr. Brant, why don't you come to see us any more?"

From her point of view it was a cruel question, but she was determined to secure her own safety and Isabel's happiness by forcing his confidence, and she knew no better way to do it. Nevertheless, she was wholly unprepared for his reply.

"For the best of reasons, Miss Langford; I have been forbidden the house."

It seemed incredible that he should put such a harsh construction upon Isabel's refusal, and Dorothy was bewildered. "But I don't understand," she began. "Surely——"

"One moment, please; do you believe in repentance, Miss Langford?"

"In its efficacy, you mean? Why, certainly; otherwise we should all be beyond hope."

"Then let me suppose a case—call it a parable, if you will. There was once a certain man who was thoroughly bad—quite given over to the service of the Evil One. One day this man saw the error of his ways and resolved to live thenceforth a clean life. Then he met and loved a woman——" he paused and got up to pace slowly back and forth behind her chair—"loved her with a love that recked nothing of the great gulf separating him from her—forgetting it, indeed, until the specter of his evil past was called up to remind him of his unworthiness. Do you follow me?"

Her "yes" was whispered, but he heard it and went on.

"Judge then between that man and the well behaved world. Is there any hope for such a one? Would patient perseverance in well doing some time earn him the right to contend for such a prize? Might he venture to look forward to a time when the great gulf would be bridged—when a pure woman, knowing the worst of him, would not turn from him in horror?"

Dorothy rose and faced him with the light of self sacrifice shining in her eyes. "Who am I, that I should judge any one?" she asked softly.

"You are yourself, Dorothy; and you know the man—and the woman."

It was a moment of supreme trial. How could she give him the word of encouragement from Isabel without betraying Isabel's secret? And how could she ever forgive herself if she wasted the opportunity and sent him away empty handed? In her embarrassment she again took counsel of frankness.

"It is only the faint hearted who despair," she said steadily. "Difficulties are made to be overcome, and for one who presses forward steadfastly there is always hope"—she stopped with the feeling that these were but generalities, and he broke in eagerly.

"That is enough; you have heard the parable—this is the interpretation. I am the man, Dorothy, and——"

She held up a warning finger, and he heard a footstep on the graveled walk. It was the clergyman; and before Brant could say the word to which all the other words had been but the preface, his opportunity was gone. The next moment Dorothy was introducing him to a tall, elderly gentleman with a kindly face and a hand clasp that told of warm friendships and a broad personality.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Brant—always glad to know any friend of Miss Dorothy's. Sit down—sit down, both of you, and let us be comfortable."

Brant obeyed, but Dorothy hesitated. "I wanted to see you a moment about the Crowleys," she said; "they are in trouble again, and this time it's beyond me. Mr. Brant wishes to see you about another matter; and if you can give me a minute——"

"Certainly, certainly; Mr. Brant will excuse us;" and they went aside together and discussed the case of the unfortunate Crowleys, while Brant took up a book and pretended to read. Presently Dorothy took her leave, giving her hand to Brant at parting, and inviting him to call in Altamont Terrace.

He said he should be glad to, which was the simple truth, and tried to say with his eyes what had been denied other utterance. Dorothy flushed faintly under his ardent gaze, and her hand trembled in his; whereupon he made bold to revert to the object of their common solicitude in another offer of assistance.

"Be sure to command me if I can ever help you again," said he. "I hope the occasion won't arise; but if it does, you must manage to let me know."

"Indeed I shall," she rejoined gratefully; "but you must come to see us. Good by."

When she was gone the clergyman drew up his chair opposite Brant's. "A most devoted young woman," he said, with kindly emphasis. "I don't know how we should get along in the parish without her. Have you known the Langfords long?"

"Some three months or more?"

"Charming family—that is, all of them excepting the boy. He is a little wild, I'm afraid."

"Yes," Brant assented. He was finding his introduction by Dorothy a very considerable hindrance to his errand.

"The judge knows it, and tries to do what he can," Mr. Crosswell continued, following out his own line of thought; "but Mrs. Langford puts the lad on a pedestal, and so spoils him. But pardon me—you came on an errand of your own, didn't you?"

"Yes," Brant braced himself, and took the simplest way out of the embarrassment. "You probably have many ways in which you can use money for charitable purposes, haven't you, Mr. Crosswell?"

"Yes, indeed; you are always safe to assume that in the case of a working clergyman," was the reply.

"I suppose so. I have some money here"

—taking the roll of bills from his pocket—“which is, in a certain sense, what you might call conscience money. Would you object to adding it to your charity fund?”

“Not at all, if it is truly conscience money. But you must give me some assurance that it is—that there is no possibility of restitution to the proper parties.”

“There is none whatever; it is money that was won across the gaming table—recently,” he added hastily, in deference to the look of surprise on the clergyman’s face, “but some time ago. I don’t know what else to do with it, and it will be truly an act of charity if you will take it.”

“Under those circumstances, I shall be very glad to disburse it for you, Mr. Brant. It is very commendable in you to take such an honorable view of the matter; a thing as commendable as it is rare, I assure you.”

“It’s a simple matter of justice, Mr. Crosswell, and I’m afraid the motive is purely selfish. The stuff burns my fingers.”

“A most hopeful sign, my dear sir,” said the clergyman, laying his hand on Brant’s knee. “It is not often that we are given to see such practical proofs of repentance.”

Being an honest man in the better sense of the word, Brant hastened to remove the false impression. “Don’t misunderstand me; I’m not at all sure that I am repentant in your definition of the word. In fact, I’m quite sure I’m not. I drank the cup of evil living to the dregs, and they nauseated me—that is all.”

“But that is a very good beginning—very good, indeed,” asserted the clergyman benignly. “Go on as you have begun, and we shall see better things, I’m quite sure of that.”

Brant remembered his reckless plunge of less than forty eight hours before, and smiled. “It’s very evident that you haven’t sounded the depths of wickedness in the human heart, Mr. Crosswell, and perhaps it’s just as well for us sinners that you haven’t. We’re a sorrier lot than you’ve any idea of.”

“We are all ‘vile earth’ when it comes to that, Mr. Brant, but I shall continue to consider your case a most hopeful one.” Then, as Brant found his hat, “Must you go? Come and see me again; I want to know more of you.”

Brant bowed himself out, and went his way musing. As he approached the side gate giving upon the street, a carriage drew up to the curb and a lady descended therefrom. He had opened the gate for her and lifted his hat before he saw that it was Mrs. Langford; but in any case, he could have

done no otherwise. None the less, her chilling stare hurt him immeasurably, and he went back to his office with the comfortable feeling of elation, engendered by the meeting with Dorothy and the act of restitution, somewhat dashed by the chance encounter.

Meanwhile Mrs. Langford had entered Mr. Crosswell’s study and made known her errand, which was to call for Dorothy.

“She said she wouldn’t wait,” explained the clergyman. “Mr. Brant was here, waiting to see me about a matter which was—ah—er—a matter which I presume Miss Dorothy knew to be private, and so she kindly made room for him.”

“Mr. Brant!” Mrs. Langford’s frown was quite portentous. “Do you mean to say they were here together, Mr. Crosswell?”

“Why, yes; that is, I—er—I found them both here when I came in.” Then, as the lines of displeasure deepened in the lady’s brow, he tried to set himself right by adding, “A most excellent young man, Mrs. Langford; I am glad to know that he is a friend of your family.”

“He is not,” she replied, with aggressive emphasis; “he was never more than a calling acquaintance, and he is not even that at present. I have forbidden him the house.”

“Forbidden him the house?” echoed the clergyman, in unfeigned astonishment. “May I ask your reason?”

“You may, and I will tell you if you will tell me what he was doing here.”

“He came on a very worthy errand, Mrs. Langford,” replied the good man, feeling bound in honor to say an exculpatory word for the penitent; “he came to devote a certain sum of money to charitable objects—money acquired in a manner which is all too common in this our day and generation, but which he felt that he could not conscientiously keep.”

“Humph! Some of the proceeds of his gambling, I suppose. It was a mere trick, Mr. Crosswell, and I hope you won’t let him impose upon you. I know his whole history, and it is thoroughly bad and disgustingly disreputable.”

“But, my dear madam, are we not commanded—”

“I know what you would say,” she replied, with her hand on the door, “but you know my views, Mr. Crosswell. If a woman had done a tithe of the evil things this man has, you would be the first to recommend sackcloth and ashes and a sisterhood, if not a solitary cell.”

The indignant lady swept down the walk

and stepped into her carriage. "Conscience money, indeed!" she said to herself. "It's much more likely he made the whole thing an excuse to get a chance to talk to Dorothy. Well, I'll put a stop to that!"

And, as Mrs. Langford's carriage turned and rolled away, the good clergyman stood for a moment in the doorway and gazed abstractedly after it.

"Strange—passing strange that she can be so uncharitable when her own son is so sadly in need of the broadest charity," he mused. "I hope there is no dreadful day of retribution in store for her, but it is certainly tempting Providence to be so pitiless to others."

#### XVIII.

THE rounds in the descending ladder of dissipation are many or few, according to the temperament of the man who makes use of them. As in a galloping consumption it is not infrequently the strongest who succumb first, so in a moral relapse it is often the self contained who set the pace. Antrim's sudden plunge into the stream of excess was fairly illustrative of this. Beginning with the mild debauch in the company of Grotter, the division engineer, he went from bad to worse with such painstaking thoroughness that the end of the week found him shattered and nerveless, and already dependent upon stimulants for the inspiration needful to keep him up to his work.

It was in such plight that the chief clerk began the day following his rescue by Brant. To be sure, there were, early in the morning, some feeble and shame prompted motions toward amendment; but these were soon swept away by the avid demands of an appetite new born but fierce; and since he went fasting to his work, he began the earlier to borrow efficiency from the bottle. As it is prone to do in time of need, the stimulant played him false at first, though he gauged the doses with careful accuracy and repeated them frequently. All through the forenoon he found himself struggling with a vague sense of uncertainty, a mental obscurity that made perplexing puzzles out of the simplest details of his office work. The mail was heavy that day, and, in the absence of the superintendent, the chief clerk's tasks were multiplied. There was an unusual influx of callers, each with a grievance real or fancied; and a dribbling stream of telegrams trickled insistently through the relay on his desk. Moreover, his telegraph operator was sick, and such

wire business as came to the office he had to handle himself.

It was some time during this hazy interval that a message came from the division office at Lone Pine Junction, repeated from a station on the Eastern Division. It was from the general manager, who, with the president and his party in the private car Aberystwyth, was on the line, moving westward. Some member of the party was sick, and in consequence the car was running as a special, with orders giving it right of way over all other trains. Like orders were required for the Western Division, and Antrim turned to the stenographer.

"Take a message to the general manager, care car Aberystwyth, running as special train on Eastern Division," he said; and when Bertram's pencil stopped, he dictated,

"Your message today. Car Aberystwyth will be run as special train on Western Division, Lone Pine Junction to Denver, with right of way over all trains.

"Get that off as quick as you can," he added, "and when you come back I'll give you the letter to the despatcher;" and a few minutes later, Bertram took the message to the telegraph office.

When he came back, Antrim had something else for him to do; and in the rush of the forenoon's work the stenographer forgot about the all important letter to the train despatcher. So did the chief clerk, but the omission hung over him like a vague threat which he tried vainly to define. At noon the threat had become a part of the general obscurity through which he seemed to be groping his way; and by that time he was so far behind with the business of the day that he went without dinner to save the noon hour, substituting yet other potations for the midday meal.

Such reckless disregard of the physical necessities speedily brought its own reward. By half past one o'clock he was little better than an automaton, doing whatever came to hand mechanically and by force of long habit. By three he had reached the drunkard's paradise—that exalted frame of mind in which the most abstruse problems seem to solve themselves of their own motion. After that, all things were easy of accomplishment, and the chief clerk shut and locked his office at six o'clock with the comforting conviction that he was quite himself again; that, notwithstanding the perplexities of the morning, he had acquitted himself with his old time vigor and perspicacity.

Then he went to supper, and when he found that he had overshot the mark and could eat nothing, he began dimly to realize



that he was in a bad way, and forced himself to drink a double allowance of strong coffee.

The slight stimulant presently began to counteract the effect of the greater, and with the first gleams of returning sobriety the threat of the forenoon renewed itself with added insistence. He went up to his room and sat down on the edge of the bed to reason it out. For an hour or more he wrestled with the thing, trying to define the curious feeling of depression, and coming no nearer the truth than the confirmation of a vague impression that he had left some matter of critical importance unattended to. The impression grew until it became a horrible nightmare, resisting all his efforts to shake it off. When the thing was quite past endurance, he went out with the thought that he would borrow yet again of the usurer, and then go back to his office to search for the missing hint.

Fortunately, the brisk walk in the cool evening air sobered him sufficiently to send him straight to the office without the preliminary. Letting himself in, and leaving the door ajar, he turned the key of the incandescent lamp over the desk and sat down to rummage among the letters and telegrams of the day. It was slow work; his fingers were clumsy, and there was a curious haze before his eyes which seemed to befog the mental as well as the physical vision. Under such conditions it was not wonderful that he overlooked the message relating to the movement of the president's special. When he had gone through the entire pile of correspondence without discovering anything amiss, he was dismayed afresh to find that the premonition of impending disaster was increased rather than diminished.

He sat back in his chair, and tortured his brain once again in the effort to solve the mystery until the sweat stood in great drops on his forehead. Try as he might, the suggestion would not come, and yet each fresh endeavor served to deepen the conviction that a blunder had been made, a blunder which in some way involved black ruin and loss of human life. While he sat staring blankly at the opposite wall, the interior of the room seemed to join in the gyrating procession, and he caught at the arms of his chair to save himself from being drawn into the vortex of the spinning whirlpool. At the same instant he heard a faint click, as if something had snapped in his brain, the twirling maelstrom disappeared in a puff of darkness that could be felt, and a silence as profound as that in which the deaf live seemed to kill the sense of hearing.

*(To be continued.)*

How long he sat thus in the clinging darkness he knew not; it might have been minutes or hours for aught he could tell before he was brought back to a realizing sense of the things that are by the tapping of the relay on his desk. It was his first assurance that he had not been stricken both deaf and blind, and he listened with the keen joy of one who hears the babble of running water in a thirsty desert. At first he was so glad to hear the clicking spatter of sound that he gave no heed to the combinations of dots and dashes, but presently he began to put them together; and then he knew that the tiny sounder was repeating the wire business of the day. One after another he heard the messages received hours before ticked off again into the silence, and it did not occur to him at the time to wonder at it. At length there came a pause, and then the sounder began again, tapping out his office call with the signature of Lone Pine Junction. Almost mechanically he swung around in the pivot chair, snapped the key, and answered. Without a break the message began:

Owing to the sudden illness of a member of the president's party, we are running private car Aberystwyth, as special train with right of way against all other trains. Make same arrangements for Western Division. Must reach Denver at earliest possible moment. On present schedule, will reach Lone Pine Junction between nine and ten this P. M.

R. F. ANGUS, G. M.

Antrim heard it through, opened his key, and sent the reply:

Your message today. Car Aberystwyth will be run as special train on Western Division, Lone Pine Junction to Denver, with right of way over all trains.

Then he felt in the darkness for the pad of letter heads, and began the requisite letter of instructions to the train dispatcher.

President Carothers, with his party in private car Aberystwyth, is en route to Denver. A member of his party is sick, and car is running special to Denver with regardless orders. This special will reach—

At this point the chief clerk stopped with suspended pen, and tried in vain to recall the name of Lone Pine Junction. Poised as he was upon the sharp edge of collapse, the single effort proved too much for the tottering balance of his mental powers. The pen dropped from his fingers, his head sank upon his arm, and the swirling rush of the whirlpool began again, laying hold of him, and thrusting him down to oblivion in the black throat of its vortex.



## A SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS.

THERE would have been no story to tell if Penelope had not been so heedless—which only goes to show, Penelope says, that in spite of Aunt Martha, there are advantages in heedlessness.

Penelope had thrown open the window and stuck her head out into the frosty air to hear a street band playing a few squares away, and in thrusting out her head had forgotten all about her arms—for Penelope never could remember more than one thing at a time. It was unfortunate in this case, for Alice had put the beer out on the sill to refrigerate for the Welsh rabbit, and now it dripped in pretty little rivulets down the front of the house and upon the window sill of the flat below. Crash! Bang! Whizz! And the author of the mischief emitted a long whistle and a smothered "Jingo!"—for Penelope had friends at college, and was addicted to slang.

"Penelope Ainsley, what are you doing now?" cried Aunt Martha from the three by four retreat she called her room, while Alice suddenly appeared from somewhere, with a broom in one hand and a pan in the other.

"Oh, Pen, what are you trying to do?" she cried, aghast at the havoc. "Where's our rabbit?"

"The rabbit's hopping around outside, I suppose. The cheese is at present on the window below," said Penelope complacently. "I'm sure that band was playing 'The Bonnie Blue Flag.'"

"No, Pen, not on the minister's window!" Alice dropped her broom and stuck out her head. "It is! Oh, it is, and the beer is all dripping on his sill. We've only been here three weeks, and what will they think of us?"

"I don't care about two young fellows like that, and you said you didn't—before you saw one of them the other day. Hurrah for the bonnie blue flag that bears the single star!" and Penelope brought the window down with a bang.

"Well, this is different," said Alice weakly. "You know I hate young ministers, any way, and now this one will be trying to wean us away from our rabbit because it's got beer in it—like Uncle George," she added wickedly.

"You are not very respectful to the memory of your uncle," said Aunt Martha, ignoring the double significance of her niece's remark. "He was a good man, if he did object to beer in rabbits. You should have more consideration for my family."

"The ministers of the present generation, aunty," said Penelope, smothering a laugh, "are Leviticus in the extreme, and never will remember that it is their bounden duty to walk in the narrow path themselves before rebuking the froward generation; and therefore we laugh them to scorn. See? Oh, there's the bell! I'll go, because I've got my new cuff pins on."

Assuming an unnatural dignity, Penelope strode to the door at the top of the stairs which connected them with the world at large. As she swung it open, she started back and frowned severely on a tall, broad young man with remarkably red hair.

He bowed and began in a stereotyped fashion, "I have here—"

"No," said Penelope sharply, "I don't want any World's Fair views or souvenirs today, thank you."

He laughed and began again. "I've got something here, which I think belongs to you—unless it dropped from the moon;" and he handed her a dilapidated little package which she recognized at once as the damaged cheese. The hot color flew to her cheeks.

"I beg your pardon," she said nervously. "You were so polite I thought you were a book agent. I'm ever so much obliged."

"Not at all," he said politely. "May I ask how the accident occurred?"

"I did it on purpose," said Penelope sharply. "I wanted some money, and thought a good way to get it was to start a beer garden on the front grass plot. That's all, thank you."

Penelope was afraid she had been rude after she'd slammed the door, so she opened it again to do a still more scandalous thing. She called after him as he went down the long stairway again, "We'll have our rabbit this evening just the same, so you'd better come up and have some;" and scarcely waiting for his cheery "Thanks, I will," she closed the door again.

"Whom have you been visiting with all

this time?" asked Alice, as her sister joined her in the kitchen. "I thought it must be a caller, and skipped back to my work."

Penelope tossed the cheese on the table. "Man from down stairs brought that," she said shortly, "and I invited him to come up and have some this evening, though he wasn't much impressed by my new cuff pins."

"You didn't?" cried Alice, astonished. "What on earth will you do next? Just think of inviting a perfect stranger to a rabbit party, Aunt Martha! If he's the minister I'll have a previous engagement or a headache, certainly, for I'd never dare look him in the face again, after that beer episode."

"You needn't be scared; I've met him before—over at the mission social. Though to be sure I didn't remember him. He's got red hair—did you ever see a minister with red hair? He wasn't spoken of as the minister at the church, either."

"All right, then," said Alice cheerfully. "He can come if you'll take the blame. What's his name?"

"The landlord said it was Babcock," volunteered Aunt Martha, thus saving Penelope from a rather embarrassing confession of ignorance.

"I'll make the cake if you'll go out and get another bottle of beer for the rabbit, Penny," Alice suggested.

Trudging homeward through the gathering dusk, with a bottle of beer under her arm, Penelope came face to face with her friend of an hour past. He turned about as a matter of course, and, relieving her of her burden, said genially,

"I trust the cheese is all right for this evening, Miss Ainsley."

"Yes, indeed," she answered cordially. "You are coming up to sample it, I trust? I shocked my worthy aunt by inviting you before you'd called, but when you know Aunt Martha you rather enjoy shocking her."

"I think it very kind of you, I'm sure," he said; "and I'm grateful to you for remembering that it's pretty lonely for a fellow when he's settled a thousand miles from home, as I am. My room mate is going to be out, and I'll be glad to come. Perhaps your aunt would feel easier if she were in possession of my card;" and he fished out the little square of cardboard for her to see.

She looked at it in astonishment.

"Why, you're the minister after all, then?" she cried. "You'd better not let Alice know it, for she'd think I was fibbing;

and you'd never get in her good graces at all, for she hates ministers."

"Are there only two of you?" he asked, much interested.

"I guess Aunt Martha thinks two are enough," she answered with a funny little shake of her head. "Alice is a Smith graduate, but I never finished. No need to tell you so, I guess, for everybody says it shows plainly enough. Alice is an illustrator, and I'm supposed to be literary. I find it very interesting to be literary, for every one excuses my crankiness on the ground that genius is eccentric. Then, too, it's an interesting study in rhetoric to note how cleverly all the magazine editors say the same thing in such varied ways and styles. Alice, however, is a success, and so pretty! She's an *édition de luxe* of me."

There was an amused smile on the young man's face as he handed her the beer at the door. He wore it still when he put his latch key in the lock of the lower flat. In the dim light of the dying day he saw his chum standing meditatively by the window, gazing out at the first flakes of snow falling gently in the still air, and seemingly buried in thought.

"Hello, Jack, wake up, old fellow!" he cried in a cheery voice, bringing a breath of crisp air into their little bachelor apartments.

"Hello, Charlie; where did you find that girl?" replied his friend in a strained voice, without turning his head.

"Lives up stairs—most unconventional little piece I ever saw. She's got a certain dignity, however, that is admirable. I must have met her somewhere, for I remembered her name." Charlie Babcock put out his hands to receive the warmth of the bright grate fire with the same amused smile.

"Every one that knows her is accustomed to her unconventionality, I guess," said the quiet young man in his queerly strained tones. "She never got into any trouble by it, however," he continued meditatively, "so no one seems to object. That odd little dignity is her safeguard, I suppose, for Penelope Ainsley has a pride that is actually dangerous to her."

Charlie Babcock looked at him in surprise. "You know her, then?" he queried at last. "Tell me about them. Where did you meet her?"

"I used to know her," said his chum moodily, "when I was at Amherst, before I took my course in the Sem. She was in her sophomore year at Smith when her father died and left them as poor as Job's turkey and as proud as—as Lucifer. That

was a year ago, and I lost track of them until, as it seems, they followed me here."

"You knew they were up there all this time, and never said anything?" cried Babcock, astonished. "Why on earth didn't you go up and call?"

His chum, thankful for the dusk, didn't reply for a minute, and when he did his voice was strangely husky. "I couldn't, Charlie," and his deep tones trembled ever so slightly.

Babcock looked into the fire, and said irrelevantly, "What shall we order for dinner tonight?"

That evening, when he, with the other guests of the small company, was saying good night, he asked Alice if he might bring his room mate, Dr. Hardy, to call some evening. Alice cordially assented, and Aunt Martha gave him a general invitation to "come up any time with his friend the minister." Charlie Babcock did not undeceive her, as Alice was standing by. He left, wondering how Penelope could keep so calmly on with her chatter when she must have heard him speak of Jack Hardy as he passed out.

It was a long time before the young doctor could be persuaded to call with him, and when he was at last prevailed upon to do so, it happened to be a night on which Pen had gone to the theater. Alice, prettier than ever in her capacity as hostess, entertained Charlie in a way that he seemed to find very interesting. Poor Jack, however, was left to the tender mercies of Aunt Martha. She informed him first that she admired ministers greatly, her only brother having been one for years. "Why in the dickens didn't she talk to Charlie, then?" he wondered.

"What is your charge?" was her next astonishing sally, and she picked up a dropped stitch in her knitting.

Jack thought this a little impertinent, but with his usual courtesy he answered her kindly. "It depends somewhat on the circumstances," he said; "usually three dollars for the first time."

Aunt Martha reasoned that he must be thinking of marriage fees, and thought Tennyson ought to have written, "In the fall a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." She decided, however, not to embarrass him by telling him of his mistake. "I suppose that is the legal fee," she said calmly, "though I was not aware that there was any discount for the second or third time. You are a rather young man to have the title of doctor, are you not?"

Jack glanced at her uneasily. "Oh, no," he said. "All the boys have it, you know, after they have passed certain examinations. It is no credit to me, I assure you." He turned the conversation to other matters, and later, in the seclusion of their own rooms, confided to Charlie that he thought the aunt was a little "off in her upper regions."

His visit was not repeated, though Charlie became a familiar figure in the Ainsleys' little parlor. Jack devoted all his spare time to music, and took to taking long walks no one knew where. So it was Charlie who put up the stove pipe for them when it fell, and it was Charlie who mended the ice box when it leaked, and it was Charlie who did the thousand and one things a woman always looks to a man for, especially when he is a new friend, tall and good looking and strong. It was surprising how many things Alice had to have done at times, and it was equally surprising how willing he was to do them.

The winter had now settled down in earnest, and the young minister was hard at work in the little mission church, where they needed just such a man as he, rich enough to be able to labor for a pittance, and strong and helpful. Jack Hardy had long given up all idea of a regular practice, and had never even hung out his shingle, so interested was he in their work among the poor and destitute. It was odd to think of these two young men spending their lives and their money in this way; but if it was odd, it was also beautiful.

Before winter had gone it was told with many a smile and blush that Alice had forgiven the little deceit practised upon her, and that she and Charlie Babcock had joined the happy procession of lovers that help to make this world lovely. It was Penelope who found it out, and she was glad. Yes, she was sure she was glad, but nevertheless she could not get rid of that aching pain which she had hidden for so long, and which now throbbled harder than ever.

"Don't look so solemn over it, Pen," said Alice, with a happy little laugh. "You look tired, dear; put on your things and go out for a brisk walk in the park—it'll do you good."

Obedient for once, Penelope put on her little "tam" cap and shabby jacket, and started bravely out. It was Sunday. She noted that no one was alone save herself, and she felt a little pang of jealousy at the sight of the very serving maids happy in the company of a lover. She felt lonely for some reason, since Alice had attained what

to her was impossible. She felt ashamed of herself, and stifled the thought with a little smothered exclamation and an uncertain, "It's because I *want* to be alone!" Then memory took her back to her college days, with their parties, "proms," and senior dramatics, when she was alone as now, until at last she came to one night—"that night," she termed it to herself—when she had thoughtlessly thrown away what Alice so happily held, because of her foolish pride, and had taken instead this heavy, dull ache that was so much a part of her now.

She strode fiercely along, smothering a sigh, and trying not to let the lump in her throat get the better of her, until she reached the bleak, deserted park, where in a secluded spot she sank on a snowy bench and gave way. In a little while she heard a creaking footstep on the snow, and knew that a man had seated himself on the other end of the bench. She did not dare to look at him at first, but after a time she peeped from a corner of her handkerchief and saw—Jack Hardy. She raised her head, flushed and angry.

"Nobody asked you to come here," she said hotly. "I wish you'd go away."

"Indeed?" he said calmly. "Well, I'm not going. If your handkerchief is very wet you can take mine."

He unfolded his clean handkerchief, and, laying it on her lap, disclosed a large hole in the middle of it.

"Nobody mends my things since I left college," he said in a melancholy voice, but with twinkling eyes.

"I never mended anything but your tennis blazer," she said with an uncertain smile; "but take it away, I don't want it." She remembered how she had planned to treat him if they should meet, and thought it about time to begin, though the meeting was in the park and not in a parlor, as she had expected.

"Don't you think it is rather chilly here?" asked the young man, turning up his collar with a shiver. "Feels as if the steam heat wasn't turned on."

"I think it's lovely," said Penelope, gazing off over the snow at a gray coated policeman in the distance.

"Yes, you seemed to be enjoying it when I happened along," replied Jack.

"Well, I wasn't, then," acknowledged Penelope. "I'm human, and get the blues myself, at times."

"I'm glad I cheered you up," said Jack, thinking this a master stroke. "Say, Pen,

do you remember the night you drove away my blues when Nell Arkwright cut me? That was great!"

Penelope drew herself up, conscious that she was making all the concessions.

"You needn't flatter yourself that you cheered me up in the least," she answered. "And I assure you I've long ago forgotten all the incidents of your numerous love affairs."

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Jack. "This cold is freezing you up. Let's walk."

"You can go if you want to," she said severely. "I'm going to stay here and freeze or take pneumonia and die of it—I don't care which;" and there was a suspicion of a sob in her voice.

"Don't you think you'd better give in now, Pen?" Jack asked gently. "You've made us both miserable for a year. I can't help it if I've got money when you haven't, although I can't see what difference it makes, anyhow. I'm tired of waiting, and you ought to give in. I'd do anything to make you—even stand that aunt of yours if you would."

"Aunt Martha is a darling, and I've nothing to give in about," said Penelope, turning on him sharply. "I haven't been miserable, and if you have it's good for you, I assure you. I wish you'd go away."

She didn't think he would, so when he rose she was frightened.

"I beg your pardon, Pen," he said in the dear, choked voice she had remembered so long. "I ought to have thought it was too good to be true when I found you here, though I couldn't believe you would play with me. I stayed away all winter for Charlie's sake, but when I found it was your sister, and that you were not happy, I dared, like a fool, to hope. That's all. Good by."

She saw him raise his hat and walk off down the path, and from the past there seemed to come to her the breath of a summer night, when her pride had sent him off down the lawn and left her with the memory of that same white, drawn face to haunt her. She could not stand it, and running after him she laid a trembling hand on his arm. When he turned around she forgot what she had intended to say, and stammered instead,

"I—I guess you'd better come back and—and sit down again for a minute. You look tired."

And the fat gray coated policeman laughed at what he saw through the frozen branches of the dead trees.

Emma Lee Walton.



## PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

### II.—THE ADAMSES.

*The historic prestige of a house that has given to the United States two Presidents and three great foreign ministers—Its almost unparalleled inheritance of intellectual power and public leadership.*

AS George Washington died without posterity, the lineage of his successor in the Presidency must be considered the most historic of American families. Ever since Charles I granted forty acres of land in the Massachusetts colony to Thomas Adams, in 1629, its annals have been coextensive with those of the nation. Its members were among the foremost of those who laid the foundations of the republic, and have served their country at every stage of its development. The soil on which their feet were planted two and a half centuries ago is—with considerable additions—theirs still. Though they are not ranked with the great money kings or the popular political leaders of the day, they stand among our "best citizens," in the fullest sense of the term. Their name is in no apparent danger of falling into oblivion, either in their own community or in the country at large.

The Adams family is descended from the sturdiest stock of English yeomanry. It has exhibited such a succession of high moral and intellectual qualities as history can scarcely parallel. Its heritage of physique, too, has been remarkable. Generation after generation the Adamses have been what the disciple of muscular Christianity would term "fine fellows." They have been workers and thinkers, they have endured heavy responsibilities, and they have lived to a good old age.

If there is one quality which more than another has been the inheritance of the house, it is that of honesty. With all the high offices that they have held, with the political influence that has been theirs for more than a century, the most censorious opponent has never charged them with considering private profit as a possible adjunct to public duty. They have been equally free from selfish ambition, from the desire for personal aggrandizement, from the thirst for power for its own sake. With them, office has sought the man, or he has

remained in private life. It was a characteristic reply that John Quincy Adams made to Edward Everett, who had asked what he proposed to do to secure his election to the Presidency in 1824.

"I propose to do absolutely nothing," said the son of the second President.

The traditions of the Adamses and the arts of the demagogue are wide as the poles asunder. The two phrases represent diametrically opposite types in American public life. The reader may choose which is the nobler. In the bitter controversies of our early politics, the enemies of John and John Quincy Adams found the readiest means of attacking men whose standing and record were unassailable, in their open scorn for methods that were the average politician's stock in trade. Because they refused to curry popular favor at the expense of deviating a hair's breadth from their principles, they were dubbed "aristocrats"—a charge which, naturally enough, was almost as odious in America at that day as was an accusation of "popery" in the England of Titus Oates.

John Adams was a scholar and statesman—the foremost scholar and statesman of the Revolution. As sincere and earnest a patriot as Washington or Henry, he was a conservative thinker, a learned and traveled student of affairs. He antagonized the political extremists of the day. He opposed the school led by Jefferson, whose principles were almost those that let loose red handed anarchy in France. He was liberal enough to praise British institutions—as other good Americans had done before the rupture of 1776. He advocated a strong, centralized executive—a theory that was unpopular then, but which has gradually been forced upon us by subsequent events. In one of his many discussions of the governmental system to be established by the newly founded States, he suggested "a liberal use of titles and ceremonials for those in office."



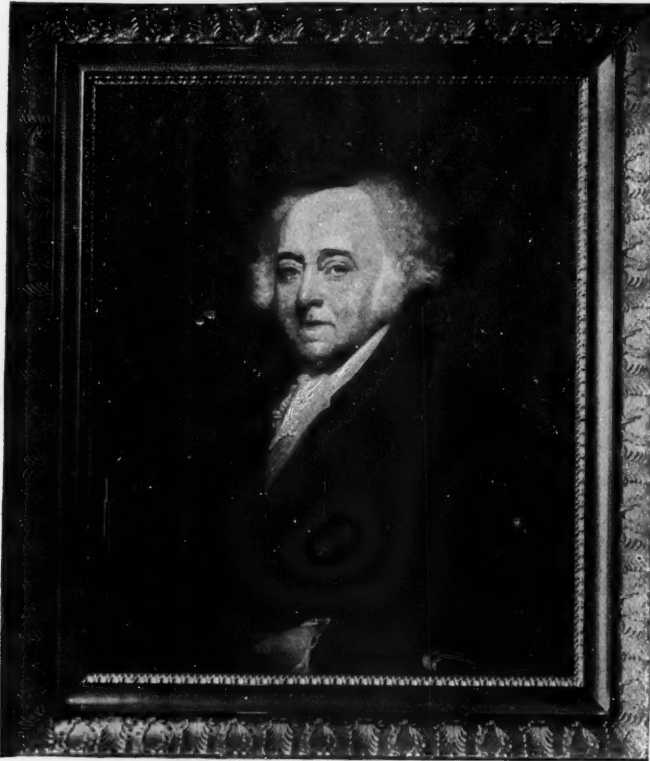
Peter Boylston Adams, Brother of  
President John Adams,  
and His Wife.



From  
Old Miniatures in Possession of the  
Adams Family.

In all these things it is probable that Adams' ideas went no farther than those of Washington himself. The Father of his Country desired a more high sounding mode

of address than that of "President," which was the only handle the House of Representatives would allow him. He had an elaborately decorated Presidential box at



John Adams, Second President of the United States.

From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.



Charles Francis Adams, Minister to England 1861-1868.

*Drawn by V. Gribayidoff from a photograph.*

the theater; he maintained a courtly etiquette at his residence; he never forgot that he belonged to the wealthiest class of Southern land owners, and was descended from a good English family. Adams deserved the name of "aristocrat" no more than Washington; in any offensive sense of the word, neither of them deserved it at all. Yet this did not prevent the Republicans from scoffing at "the Duke of Braintree," as they nicknamed Washington's Vice President.

Similar compliments were paid to his son, whose rise to the highest political office was achieved by sheer merit and force of character, in spite of the widespread prejudice against the recognition of anything like a Presidential dynasty. "John II," John Randolph of Roanoke called him. Randolph's dislike of the Adamses was due not only to sectional and partisan feeling, but to a personal grievance. He declared that on the day of Washington's

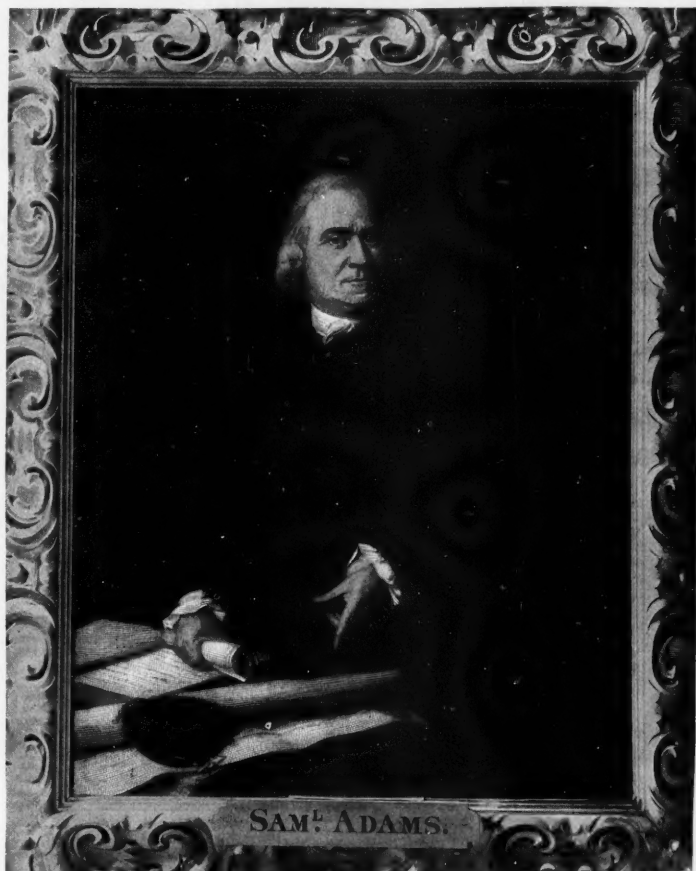


Abigail, Wife of John Adams, and First Mistress of the White House.

inauguration his brother had been struck by John Adams' coachman, "for coming too near the viceregal carriage."

The White House was refurnished for the second Adams—as it has been for every President without exception—and there was an outcry at his luxury. The outcry grew

all the learning, nearly all the ancient wealth, nearly all the business activity, nearly all the book nourished intelligence, nearly all the silver forked civilization of the country." This may have constituted a remarkable feature of Jackson's triumph at the polls; but it is a no less remarkable



Samuel Adams, Signer of the Declaration, and Governor of Massachusetts.

louder when the increased pressure of official business made it necessary to refit the East Room—in which his excellent mother, the White House's first mistress, had hung her clothes to dry—as a state apartment. It became loudest of all, when the President brought to Washington a billiard table—an article not now regarded as subversive of republican institutions.

When he was renominated, in 1828, it is quite true, as James Parton says in his biography of Andrew Jackson, that Adams was supported by "nearly all the talent, nearly

testimony to the character of Adams that the nation's learning, culture, wealth, and commercial interests should have been almost a unit in his favor.

To refute the insinuation that John Adams and his son lived in the demoralizing luxury of the Roman noble of the empire, or in the feudal state of the medieval English baron, it is enough to glance at the drawing on page 706, made from a photograph of the houses in which they were born. These plain, modest, substantial, old fashioned dwellings—which have been



The Old Adams Houses at Quincy.

John Adams was born in the house on the right, John Quincy Adams in the nearer one on the left. The drawing was made from a photograph taken in 1876.

slightly modernized since the photograph was taken—are still standing in what was then Braintree, and is now Quincy, Massachusetts, as witnesses of the atmosphere of simplicity in which the founders of the republic lived. Their owners were inheritors of the traditions of a Puritan ancestry, members of a family that had for generations been one of the typical elements of the

life and development of the Massachusetts colony.

The Adamsses had been public characters ever since Thomas Adams' original grant was taken up by his brother Henry. The names of Henry's grandsons, Joseph Adams of Braintree, and Captain John Adams of Boston, were recorded in local annals; so too were those of a second John Adams, a



John Quincy Adams, Sixth President of the United States.

thrifty farmer upon the old homestead, and of his cousin Samuel Adams, a Boston trader. As founder of the Caulkers Club, designed "to lay plans for introducing certain persons into power," the latter gave to American politics the germ of that characteristic institution, the caucus.

His son and namesake reached far higher fame. "Sammy the Maltster," as his Boston neighbors called him, had gained a competency in business, and had held aloof from public

marked inheritance of the family trait—his absolute honesty and fearlessness, his perfect candor toward friend and foe, his utter scorn of political diplomacy. Yet that his fellow citizens did not lack in gratitude toward him was shown by his repeated election to the governorship of the State he had helped to found.

Twenty four years ago it seemed possible that an Adams might again reach the Presidency. This was John Quincy's son, Charles Francis, to whom many



Monument of John Adams and His Wife in the Old Church at Quincy.

affairs, when the liberty of the colonies was challenged by governmental oppression. He threw all his energies into the struggle, and the "times that tried men's souls" proved his to be of the rare metal of a Franklin or a Hancock. To Samuel Adams more than to any other man was due Boston's leadership in the first open resistance to tyranny. The oft repeated protest against "taxation without representation" originated with him. He stood with John Adams as a signer of the Declaration, and was one of the most influential members of the Continental Congress. If his cousin afterwards passed him in the race for public honors, it was due mainly to Samuel's

Democrats and independent Republicans wished to give the nomination that fell to Horace Greeley. Charles Francis Adams had repeated the record of his father and grandfather in serving with distinction as minister to England. It is perhaps not too much to say that these three men were the best representatives America has ever sent to foreign courts. Each went to London at a historical crisis. It was the task of John Adams to open relations with the mother country after the Revolution; of his son, to renew them after the war of 1812; of his grandson, to maintain them during the civil war. Both John and John Quincy Adams had served as negotiators of peace



with England ; it may be said that Charles Francis escaped that duty by preventing the outbreak of hostilities. Without the skill and tact that were constantly called into play during his seven years' service in London, it is at least doubtful whether the Trent and the Alabama affairs could have been peaceably settled, and Napoleon's efforts to drag England into a recognition of the Confederacy successfully parried.

Of Charles Francis Adams' four sons, the two elder—John Quincy and Charles Francis, Jr.—were trained for the law, but both volunteered for duty in the civil war, and both afterward reached some political prominence. John Quincy served in the Massachusetts Legislature, and twice received a complimentary nomination for the governorship.



The Old Church at Quincy in Which John and John Quincy Adams Are Buried

Charles Francis, who earned a brevet as brigadier general, became a State railroad commissioner, and is best known as president of the Union Pacific from 1884 to 1891. The two younger brothers, Henry and Brooks, devoted themselves to literature. The former is recognized as an authority

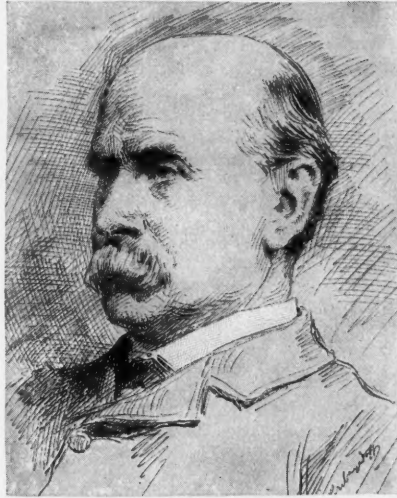


Louisa Catherine, Wife of John Quincy Adams.

upon early American history, his most important work being a voluminous study of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison.

For a hundred and fifty years the Adams family has been closely connected with the annals of Harvard. The two sons of the second John Quincy, George and Charles Francis, who stand at the head of the younger generation of their house, made a reputation at the Cambridge university both in and out of the class rooms. George, who graduated in 1886, was a prominent football player; Charles Francis, two years younger, distinguished himself as an oarsman. Both are now practising lawyers in Boston, and are well known as yachtsmen in New England waters.

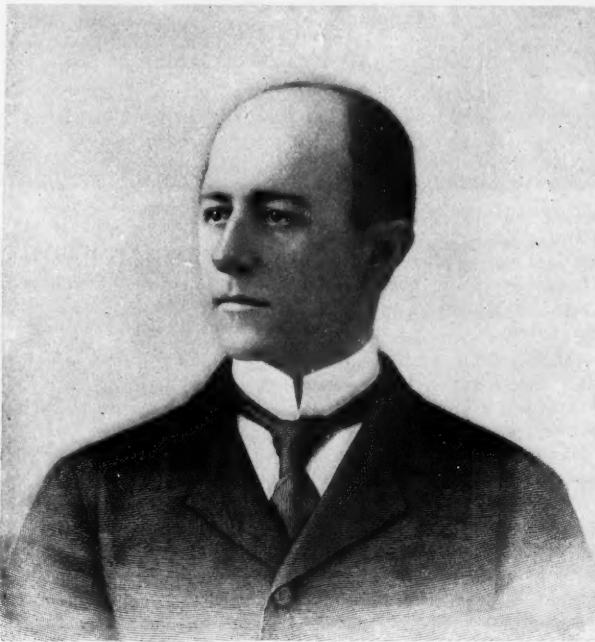
It is interesting to note that President John Adams' old homestead in Quincy, of which mention has already been made, has just been presented, by his descendants, to the local historical society, to be occupied as a museum. "The house," says one of the Boston newspapers, in commenting upon the gift, "is situated at the corner of Independence Avenue and Franklin Street, and is in a good state of preservation. With a little alteration it can be converted into a fine example of a mansion of the colonial



Charles Francis Adams, Formerly President of the Union Pacific Railroad.

*Drawn by V. Gribayidoff from a photograph.*

style. This will be done, and the furnishings made to correspond with those of the Revolutionary period. The Adams family

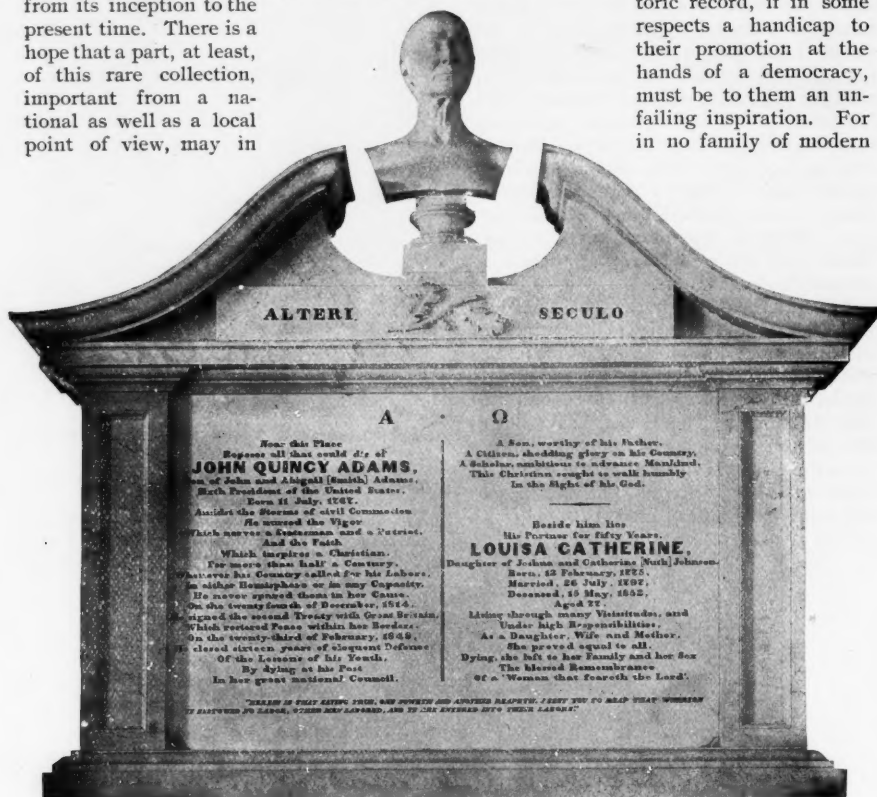


Charles Francis Adams, Mayor of Quincy—Son of the Second John Quincy Adams.

*From a photograph by Netman, Boston.*

is, by inheritance, the possessor of much that is of great historic value, connecting its members by the closest of ties and associations with the history of the nation from its inception to the present time. There is a hope that a part, at least, of this rare collection, important from a national as well as a local point of view, may in

At present, it seems as if the Adamsses have dropped out of public life; yet it may be that destiny has further political honors in store for them. The prestige of their historic record, if in some respects a handicap to their promotion at the hands of a democracy, must be to them an un-failing inspiration. For in no family of modern



Monument of John Quincy Adams and His Wife in the Old Church at Quincy.

time find a permanent resting place in what was once the home of two of the early Presidents of the United States, and the birthplace of one of them."

times, probably, has there been so unbroken a succession of men who have risen not only above the level of mediocrity but to the rank of greatness.

*John Alden Torrington.*

#### IMMORTAL LOVE.

THE frost of years  
May blanch the gold from out thine hair;  
Life's griefs and fears  
May rob thy cheeks of roses fair;  
The violets' blue  
May fade from out thine eyes, dear one;  
The morning dew  
May cease to sparkle in the sun;  
Roads meet and part,  
And golden clouds soon turn to gray,  
But, love, thine heart  
Will keep its loveliness for aye!

*William H. Gardner*



Sabine Hall, Built by Landon Carter in 1730.

## OLD VIRGINIA HOMES.

*Some of the picturesque and historic houses of the Old Dominion—The homes of four Presidents, and the seats of the Carters, the Custises, the Lees, the Byrds, and other "F. F. V's."*



**I**N the biographies of Thomas Jefferson it is recorded that one of the happiest periods of the great Virginian's life was that of his residence in Paris as the representative of the new born American republic. Yet Jefferson wrote to a friend at home: "I am savage enough to prefer the woods, the wilds, and the independence of Monticello to all the brilliant pleasures of the gay metropolis of France."

Monticello crowns the "little mountain" from which it takes its name, and overlooks the University of Virginia and the town of Charlottesville. Broad wings spread out on either side of the portico, and an old fashioned balustrade runs round the sloping

roof. From the windows, with their tiny panes of glass, one looks out on a superb view of the distant Blue Ridge Mountains. The building of the fine old house was one of the chief tasks of Jefferson's life, and for years he devoted to it all the time and thought he could spare from his stirring and eventful public career. He was less than thirty years old, and was winning his first successes at the bar and in politics, when his hand drew the plans for its construction. His birthplace at Shadwell, a few miles away, had been burned to the ground. "Were none of my books saved?" Jefferson asked of the slave who was sent to inform him of the disaster. "No, master," was the answer, "but"—with a look of pride—"we saved your fiddle." Mr. Jefferson always kept this fiddle in the library at Monticello.

After the fire he moved into a little brick



Monticello, the Home of Thomas Jefferson.

cottage of one room, at that time the only building on the mountain, where he lived until Monticello was ready to receive him.

Some houses reflect with peculiar emphasis the life and character of their owners, and of none is this more true than of the home of Jefferson. Here his inventive genius had full scope, and the house abounds with specimens of his ingenuity. Over the principal entrance is a clock with two dials,

one facing outward and the other within the house, and fitted with a device of Jefferson's for recording the day of the week as well as the hour. He also invented many farm implements for use on his estate.

The chief architectural feature of Monticello is the octagonal hall in the center of the building, thirty feet square, and extending up to the roof. Around it on the second and third floors are galleries upon which the bed rooms open, and on the ceiling is painted an eagle surrounded by eighteen stars—the number of States in 1812, the year when the decoration was completed. The floor in the saloon parlor is inlaid with satinwood and rosewood, and was put down at a cost of two thousand dollars, in that day considered very great. Simple as were Jefferson's personal tastes, Monticello was an abode of abundant hospitality. Its master, unbending from the cares of state, loved to gather about him the genius, wit, and distinction of the Old Dominion, and it was through his



Montpelier, the Home of James Madison.





Castle Hill, the Home of the Riveses, Built in 1764.

lavish generosity that, though he inherited one fortune and received another as his wife's dowry, he died a poor man.

About a score of miles from Monticello is Montpelier, the home of Jefferson's intimate friend and close political associate, James Madison. The house is a somewhat imposing structure of stuccoed brick. Leading up to the stately portico is a fine avenue of spruce pines planted by Madison's own hands. Near by is a little Doric temple erected over an ice house, which is hollowed out in the ground after the Virginia fashion. Tradition says that this was the first ice house ever dug or even heard of in this section, and that the negroes on the place were greatly astonished when directed to fill it with ice, early in winter. Madison heard of their criticism from his foreman, who was especially skeptical. To overcome his doubts, the master playfully bartered an iced mint julep on the 4th of the following July against a fine turkey at Christmas. The story adds that on Independence Day the ice house was apparently empty, but a diligent search revealed just enough ice to make one julep.



The Stairway in Sabine Hall.



Kenmore—Mary Washington's Clock.

A sketch of the little structure appears beside the initial letter of the present article.

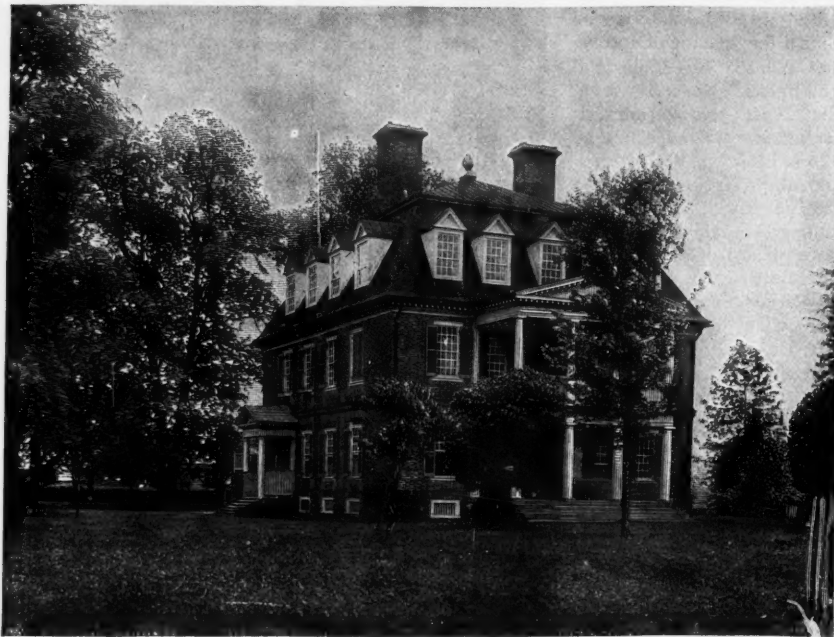
The glory of Montpelier is in its magnificent trees. One of them, a giant oak, is of such immense diameter that if a horse be placed beside it neither ears nor tail can be seen from the other side of the tree. This

fact was tested by President Hayes in 1878, when he and his cabinet made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Madison.

Another object of interest is the quaint garden, filled with damask roses, gillyflowers, and other sweet old fashioned blossoms, where Mistress Dolly Madison was wont to take her evening stroll. The neighborhood teems with traditions of her vivacity and beauty, and of the sparkling wit with which, her friends said, she could enliven the dullest company. One story, however, tells of an occasion when her power of repartee failed her. Black Hawk, the celebrated Indian chief, whose portrait now hangs in the State Library in Richmond, was on a visit to the "Great Father." He took out his pipe and filled it; but before lighting it, he turned to Mrs. Madison,

and asked her if she objected to smoke. She admitted that it was disagreeable to her. "Then you can go into another room," replied Black Hawk, as he gravely proceeded to light his pipe

Not far from the house rises a granite



Shirley, the Seat of the Carters, Built in 1642.



Lower Brandon, Built by Governor Benjamin Harrison.

shaft, on which is cut this simple inscription :

MADISON.

Born March 16, 1751.

Died June 28, 1836.

By the side of the fourth President sleeps the wife he loved so well. His old homestead has had a checkered career since his death. Englishmen, Americans, and Irishmen have been its owners at different

times, but the place has been remarkably well preserved in these strange hands.

Castle Hill, in the county of Albemarle, was built in 1764. It was the old residence of the Walker family, but early in the present century passed into the hands of William Cabell Rives, who enlarged and beautified it. Mr. Rives was minister to France during the reign of Louis Philippe, and gave to his daughter, Mrs. Sigourney,



Westover, the Home of William Byrd.

From a photograph by Cook, Richmond.



Lower Brandon—the Hall

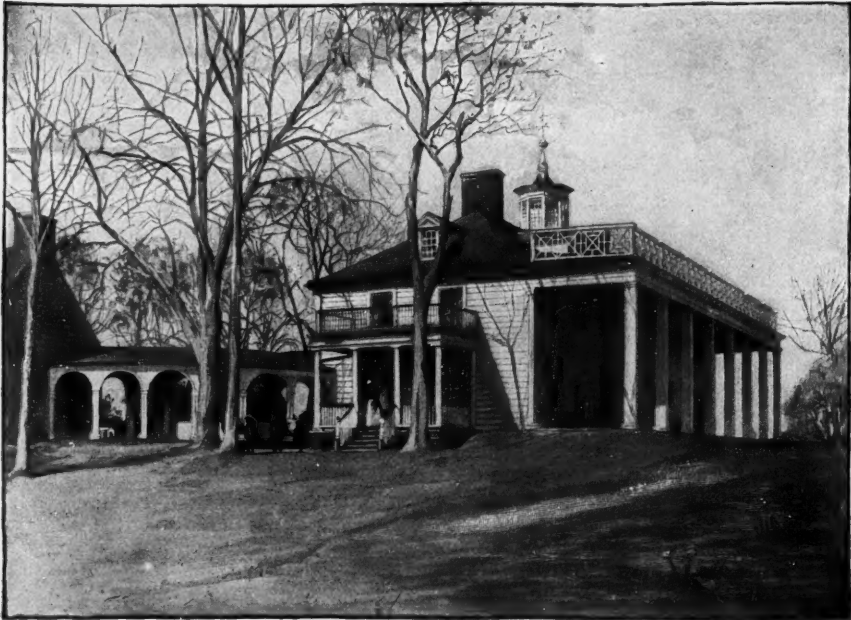
he name of the French queen, her god-mother. From this aunt the gifted writer, Amélie Rives Chanler, who now lives at Castle Hill, received her name.

On the 4th of June, 1781, Tarleton and

many of the streets, which bear such names as "King George," and "Princess Anne." On one of them stands Kenmore, the home of Betty, George Washington's only sister. She married Colonel Fielding Lewis, who,

his British troopers appeared at Castle Hill to demand breakfast, and surprised several "rebels" seated at table. Among these were Francis Kinloch and two brothers of Governor Nelson. The former, in attempting to escape, was pursued through the vineyard by a British soldier, who shouted, "Stop, Frank, you know I could always beat you running!" He turned out to be an old acquaintance and relative.

In the historic town of Fredericksburg we are still reminded of colonial days by the high sounding titles of



Mount Vernon, the Home of George Washington.



to gratify her ambition to be "mistress of a fine house," had Kenmore constructed. It is a handsome mansion, with an ornate interior. Over the mantel in the drawing room is a representation of one of Æsop's Fables, depicted in raised plaster, which is said to have been designed by George Washington. Similar ornamentation adorns the ceilings in all the rooms. It was the work of an English soldier captured during the Revolutionary war and held as a prisoner at Fredericksburg. Just as he completed his task he fell from the scaffold and was instantly killed.

Mary Washington, mother of George and Betty, lived in a small house near Kenmore. During a lingering illness she was brought through the fields to her daughter's more luxurious home, where she died.

Further down the Rappahannock River is Sabine Hall, a lordly old manor house, once a scene of lavish colonial hospitality. The house was built in 1730 by Landon Carter, a son of old "King" Carter—so called from the immense grants of land which he received from the crown. The rooms are large and built with an especial view to entertaining. Many of them are wainscoted to the ceiling with mahogany, now black with age. The approach to the grand stairway, richly embellished with carving, is under a graceful arch. The house contains much antique furniture and silver, and many historic portraits hang on the walls.

Sherwood Forest, the home of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, is on the James River, some distance below Richmond. The house is eight rooms in length and only one in depth. To the



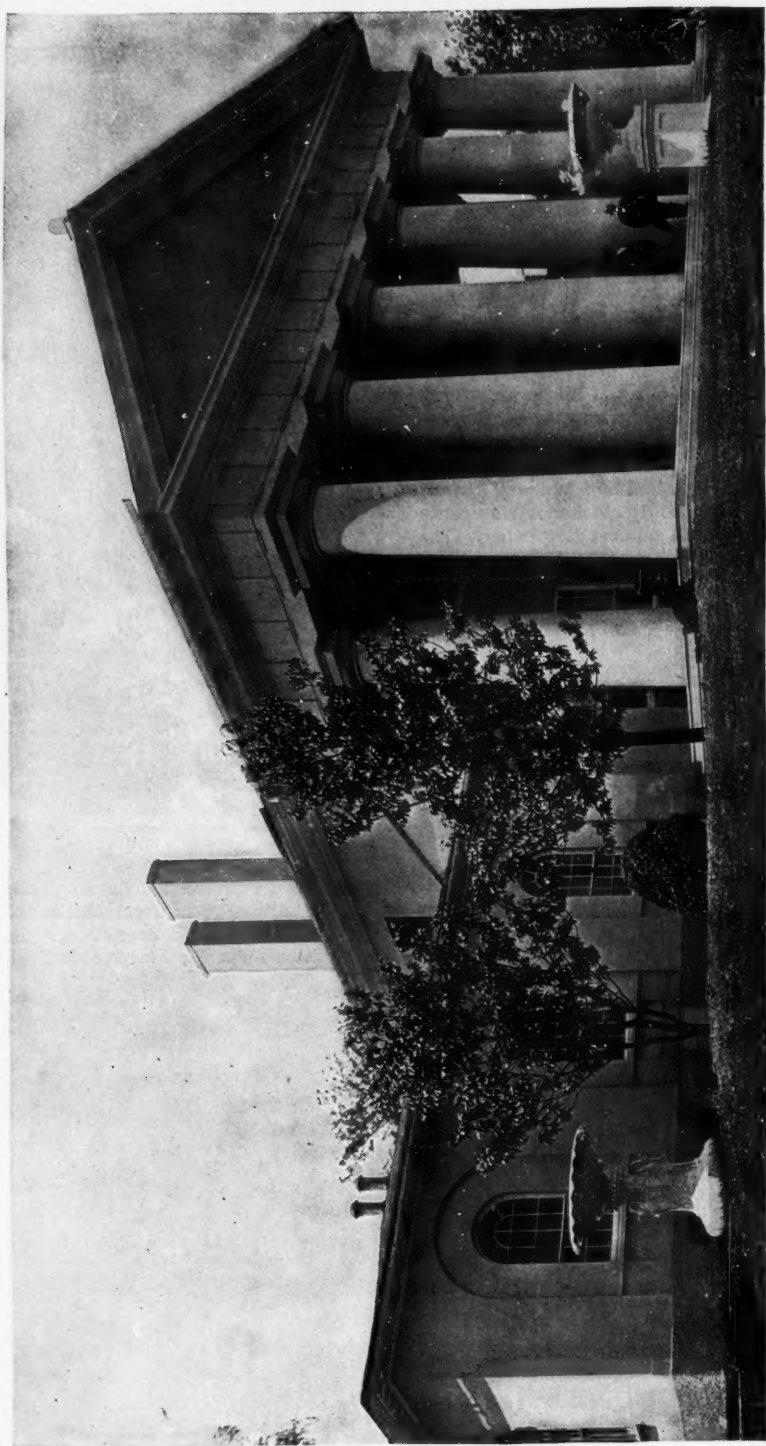
A Mantel at Westover.

right of the entrance is a dancing hall; to the left, a dining room, from which a spiral staircase winds to the floor above. Each room opens upon the lawn, as do also the



Sherwood Forest, the Home of John Tyler.





Arlington, the Home of the Custises and the Lees.

narrow corridors which connect the two end rooms.

A local tradition of Tyler records, as an instance of his popularity among his own people, that on one occasion, when there were seven candidates for the Legislature from his district, he received all but five of the votes polled. Today his old home is occupied by his son, D. Gardiner Tyler, a member of the last and of the present Congress.

Along the green banks of the James, just above Sherwood Forest, are scattered a number of houses, around each of which historic memories linger. Shirley, the country seat of the Carters, was built in 1642, and since then has sheltered many illustrious guests. La Fayette was a visitor there, and at a later period it has sheltered Thackeray and the Marquis of Lorne.

Its unpretending neighbor, Berkeley, was the home of Governor Benjamin Harrison, signer of the Declaration of Independence. It was the birthplace of President William Henry Harrison, and was in the possession of the family for two hundred years.

Westover, another of these old dwellings, was the home of William Byrd, author of the "Westover Manuscripts," and president of the colonial council of Virginia early in the last century. A contemporary annalist described him as "a Virginian of Virginians, and the perfect flower of his day." His plantation was a veritable principality, and on it he lived in great state. The place abounds in legends of his daughter Evelyn, a famous colonial beauty, and at Brandon, across the river, are preserved some of her gowns. There also is the fan that she used when presented at the court of George I, and magnificent portraits by Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely, brought by William Byrd from England, where he thrice served as colonial agent.

Passing from the James to the Potomac, we come to Arlington, which was erected by George Washington Parke Custis in 1802, on land that had been George Washington's, its façade being modeled after the Temple of Theseus in Athens. It is of brick, a hundred and forty feet in width, with an immense portico upheld by eight massive Doric columns. The house is surrounded by patriarchal trees of oak and chestnut on all sides except in front, where the ground slopes away toward the Potomac River, revealing a picturesque panorama of the American capital.

In 1831, Mary, the daughter of Washing-

ton Parke Custis, married Robert Edward Lee, a young lieutenant in the United States army. The ceremony, which took place at Arlington, was performed by the Rev. William Meade, afterwards a distinguished bishop of the diocese of Virginia. On his way to the wedding he was caught in a heavy thunder storm, which played such havoc with his clerical garb that he was forced to borrow raiment from the bride's father. He being tall and thin, and Mr. Custis short and stout, the effect of the change was very ludicrous, save when the clergyman was covered by the ample folds of his surplice, which he could scarcely be induced to remove during the remainder of the evening.

In those days wedding trips were unheard of, and the guests remained at Arlington for a week of festivity. Every night, at the hour for retiring, the servants brought in a brimming punch bowl, which had been presented to George Washington by Colonel Fitzhugh, a former aide-de-camp. Inside was painted a ship, its hull resting in the bottom and its masts projecting to the brim. It was a law of the house, and one that was always strictly enforced, to drink down to the hull. The festivities were concluded by a ball at Gunston Hall, the neighboring home of the Mason family, after which the guests departed and the young couple settled down to housekeeping.

The later memories of Arlington are less happy ones. It was the first headquarters and camping ground of the Federal forces on their entry upon the "sacred soil" of old Virginia in the civil war. Now the property is owned by the government, and the lovely grounds have been converted into a national cemetery.

No list of Virginia homes would be complete without mention of Mount Vernon, the most beloved of them all. Today, owing to the noble efforts of the women of America, this famous house stands just as when its great master left it. Every object in it is fraught with associations and crowned with memories of the sacred past. Nothing better has ever been written of Mount Vernon than the following in an old letter:

There is something pervading this particular spot which cannot be described; something in the surroundings that seems to exact a tribute of veneration to the memory of him whose residence here rendered these grounds hallowed in the hearts of his countrymen; something at once simple and sublime, calm and majestic, even as was Washington himself.

*Virginia Cousins.*

## AT THE STYX'S MARGE.

SHE stood leaning upon the rickety gate, looking outward. Overhead the tilted half moon, moving through a field of fleece, seemed a plow of silver turning a furrow of light. In the blue openings along the zenith, the gray Milky Way shone like a snow storm. The hour was that one which falls close upon the morning, that soft half swoon when all life seems dreaming toward wakefulness. Below her on the hillside a white cow lay in the moonlight, like a creature carved in marble; near the animal, upon the ridge pole of a shed, a row of roosting chickens was outlined in black against the stars, while behind the young woman the flare of a candle made a little halo about an open window.

She was listening, her head turned side-wise and stretched outward a little, as if to lay her ear against the very heart of silence. At length, far and faint, a whisper of wagon wheels came up from the wide sweep of misty landscape which lay below her. She stood erect at that, her face, pallid and crepuscular in the gloom, seemed to whiten as from internal light, and her large eyes glowed. Suddenly she appeared to lift herself from the earth with sheer excess of feeling, her fingers knotted together above her head, her face turned to the sky. "God!" she whispered. The sibilant word seemed half oath and half prayer. Then as suddenly she dropped her arms upon the gate and laid her face down upon them and wept. "Why does 'e bring her here?" she moaned—"why does 'e bring her here?"

Far out upon the plain, day slowly opened like a flower. In the great wash of inflowing light the dew drenched landscape twinkled frostily. The marshlands to the southward lay under a milky coverlet of fog, but a little lake, lying half in shadow among the hills to the northward, seemed to tremble like a disturbed globule of quicksilver, while southwest and westward the Ozark range, rising in retrocession, rolled back against the sky, purpling at the base and shading upward into summits tipped with filmiest rose. As the world returned to life a golden oriole shot out above the woman like a torch, bells began to tinkle far off among the hills, and here and there blue plumes of smoke wavered upward

from the scattered cabins in the bottoms and out upon the plain.

As the light came strong upon the young woman it revealed an unusual form and face; a statuesque figure, rising above the common height, and giving out a curious sense of force and power; a visage faintly sallow and haunting in its expression of loneliness. The hair that framed this face was a lusterless black, the eyes which lighted it, set widely under a strong brow, were grayish brown shading to a keen speck of amber at the center, and opening now upon the light with the wide, hard boldness of the eagle's. Masterful and out of the common as was the girl's personality, the eyes dominated all with their splendor and savagery of expression.

As she waited, the wagon, the whisper of whose wheels had come through the silence, suddenly entered the lane, jolting across a bit of corduroy bridge down at the edge of the marsh. There were three figures in the vehicle, two male and one female, and for a moment the young woman's lips contracted and her strong fingers tightened on the gate. At the same moment an older woman appeared in the door of the big log house. Clearly she was the girl's mother, a tall, gaunt, leathery creature, with the quiet, passive air common to hot natures long walled about with inexorable isolation. She was tying the strings of a gingham apron about her flat waist, half blind from the fiery glory of the dawn beating into her face.

"Why, Thessalonica! y'r up a'ready, air yeh?" she drawled, as her eyes fell upon the straight, motionless figure by the gate. There was a caressing note in the nasal drawl, mixed with obvious deference and something like fear. "Hev ye got break-fus' started, Thessy?"

The young woman turned about and lifted her fierce eyes. "I expect I hev," she said harshly, and, erect and cold as an angry Indian, walked into the house.

"Hev yeh been up long, Thessy?" went on the mother.

"I hain't been t' bed!" said the girl unsparingly and without looking around, as with bitter hauteur she passed on into the "lean to" kitchen at the rear.

The mother looked after her a moment, a perplexed questioning in her eyes, but she said nothing. Stepping into the door again with her hand shading her eyes from the yellow glory beating up from the plain, she looked down the road. "Why, here they come now!" she exclaimed, thrown out of her common air of indolent passivity. "That's Mister Sumpter shore, an' I s'pose that's his bride! Wal, now, but hain't she purty! Looks some like Thessy, on'y she's rosy as a June apple!" She went out to the gate with a transfiguring light of interest and welcome suffusing her sallow face.

The wagon, a creaking, ancient affair, drawn by a mule and a clay colored horse, jolted across the chips and blocks of the woodyard and stopped at the gate. A wholesome looking young man, in dress and manner savoring of art's Bohemianism, sprang smiling to earth and shook the woman's hand heartily. Helping his wife down he presented her. The young woman greeted the abashed but pleased Mrs. Teaks with frank courtesy.

"An' y'r Mister Sumpter's bride? Wal, I'm pizen proud t' see yeh. We think a sight of y'r man, Mis' Sumpter, about these parts. I've heerd folks of'en talkin' 'bout him since he wuz here paintin' them pictures two year ago. My man thinks there's nobody like him. That's right, come right in; I'm bound y'r tired riding them eight miles from th' railroad. Jotham, you bring the satchels in, an' then put th' team up. That's right, Mister Sumpter, take y'r wife right into th' settin' room an' git y'r things off! Thessy's gittin' breakfus' on th' table. Jus' make y'rselves at home." She went away towards the kitchen.

Sumpter looked at his wife and smiled. "That's why I like them: they're odd," he said, with sudden irrelevance; "queer, rough exteriors, but at heart as sound and sweet as a nut." He was a strapping fellow physically, with a brown beard, finely chiseled features, kindly gray blue eyes, and broad white forehead. As he spoke he threw himself into an old fashioned rocking chair and turned his pleased eyes about him. "Same old place; not changed in the 'estimation of a hair,'" he added with a laugh.

The young wife stood in the center of the room, looking about her. She was a rarely beautiful creature, the outline of her head being almost pure Greek, the hair that crowned it blue black and lustrous with the oils of health; the exposed flesh a creamy olive, filming with pink; the eyes large and

of limpid brown; the mouth a bow of scarlet, and the whole figure a many flexured sheaf of willowy curves. Surely nature, with its auxiliaries, ease and plenty, here in this beautiful body had done its best. A smile dimpled her cheeks as she looked up at the pine ceiling, seal brown from smoke, and down at the big stone fireplace, filled with fresh leaved poplar boughs in lieu of burning logs, and around at the old fashioned chairs, bureau, clock, and seamy oaken floor. She walked to the window and looked out, with the smile still drawing back the tips of the scarlet bow of her mouth as if it were about to launch a silvery arrow of laughter. Below her the great landscape swept outward to the eastern horizon, an ocean of undulating green hung in a purple ring of sky.

"Yes, it *is* beautiful," she said. "Secretly I had wished that it would not look so well. I even blamed you just a little for wanting to bring me here, but," and she turned laughingly and pushed back the hair from his forehead and kissed him, "now I forgive you."

She sank down upon his knee and he clasped her to him, and returned the kiss with interest. "I knew that you would like it," he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "It was here I painted my Persephone, you know; it was that which brought me recognition and—you; why should I not like the place? The daughter of the house here posed for it; you will see her presently and judge for yourself."

"I remember the picture, dear. The look of doom that was in the woman's eyes and face still haunts me."

"Of course that was in part the work of fancy, but certainly the hell of isolation and harsh surroundings had stamped itself upon her. She was not as the others, the coarse, lank bodied, weather beaten people of this region. I have often caught myself thinking of her. I cannot put my impression into words, but in some way she was surely extraordinary."

His wife's exquisite hand was lying loosely in his broad palm, and he looked at it musingly. Clearly strong memories were upon him. Suddenly the white fingers closed upon his hand warningly, and his wife sprang up and drew back toward the window. A form swept across the threshold, and instantly he was upon his feet with extended hands.

"Why—Miss Teaks! Why—why, you are not looking so well as when last I saw you!" he blurted in sheer astonishment.

"Oh, I'm just as well as ever," she said



quietly, as she took his hand. A faint flush of color came into the shallow hollows of her cheeks, and the tiny gold specks in her eyes seemed to spring forward into points of light as she looked into his handsome face. It was as if her heart had overflowed with ineffable joy, but it was only for a moment; then the warm sparkle of her eyes died into a cold glitter as she turned toward the woman by the window.

"Miss Teaks, let me present my wife. Therese, this is Miss Teaks, of whom I have told you so often," said Sumpter.

The young wife unconsciously shrank a little before the gaunt, powerful figure, the coarse hand extended, and the glittering eyes of this daughter of toil and isolation. With a timid look and mounting color she placed the tips of her taper fingers in the outstretched hand, and when they fell away from the meeting the fingers of both women were trembling.

"I—am—glad—to—see—you," faltered Mrs. Sumpter.

"Thank yeh; I'm pleased thet ye've come to see us. Will yeh step out t' break-fus' now?"

"Thank you."

Neither woman had spoken the thing which was in her heart: in one a sudden shock of repulsion and fear, in the other a scorching flame of envy, and wonder at the clothing and bodily loveliness of the other. To the hill girl it was as if a great mirror had flashed before her, in which by contrast she saw for the first time her own appalling lack of beauty. Her blood gave a cold bound, and her heart contracted with pain. As in a revelation she saw why her consuming heart hunger for this man beside her had gone unrecognized. As she turned and led them from the room her eyes had a heated look, and the unhealthy, yellow pallor of her flesh seemed darkened as with congested blood.

In the kitchen they found Mrs. Teaks bustling about, her husband entering fresh from his ablutions at the wash bench on the porch, with Jotham, callow, new washed and combed, but redolent of the stables, leaning his back against the wall with hands behind him, and looking hungrily at the smoking food upon the table. In a moment the husband, a tall, stoop shouldered, awkward man, had Sumpter's white fingers in his grasp.

"Wal, Mister Sumpter, how d' do? I'm 'mazin' glad t' see yeh ergin!" he cried in a high nasal tone. "Y'r lookin' peart es er two year ole! Younger 'n' Jotham I do believe, an' he's scurcely sixteen! An'—

an'—shore 'nuf—shore 'nuf—Mis'—an'—an' what mout y'r name be? Oh, pshaw, yaas! Mis' Sumpter! acourse! acourse! Guess I hain't fairly awake yit! Acourse, Mis' Sumpter, acourse," and he wrung the young wife's fingers, bowing his head and scraping his feet in elaborate but awkward ceremony.

"Aaron!" came Mrs. Teaks' voice in warning tone. "Wal, set right up now, folks, an' lay holt while things air hot. Thessy! Thessalonica!"

But the daughter had gone. She was hurrying down the orchard path to the spring at the foot of the hill. She came panting to the shallow pool of crystal and gazed down. Her face looked up to her from the polished surface, behind its somber reflection a background of fleecy clouds lazily drifting in the high ashen sky above her head. For a moment she gazed at her mirrored lineaments, then, with a sudden cry of despair and disgust, dashed her foot into the reflected face, and turned away. At the end of the path stood a rude milk house, built of stone and logs. She stepped down to this, and taking a tin pail from a nail by the door, passed across the orchard toward the pasture bars. The low sun sent long rays of rose through the leaves and mercilessly lit up her lusterless hair and mean apparel; here and there the dew snapped and sparkled its liquid eyes as with fiendish glee, a nesting cat bird flew at her head with snarling cry; the gnarled and twisted apple trees seemed to writhe with ugly laughter and mock at her. The world was hateful. She threw down the bars with noisy clatter and stepped through into the pasture. As the cows came toward her a softer look grew in her face, and as they clustered around her, thrusting out their wet muzzles and licking at her with their rough repulsive tongues, she broke into sudden mellow laughter.

"Thar, Suky, thar! ye'll git onter my feet yit! Jet! Why, yeh little black fool, y'r a-mussin' me all up! Spot! Spot! thar, y've knocked th' pail outter my han's! Why, yeh ain't got a lick of manners!" and she laughed aloud as she pushed the clustered heads away and caught up the pail.

"Thar! Sh-s-s-s!" she exclaimed, with odd, dramatic half whisper, with lifted forefinger and sudden gripping together of the pale lips and stretching upward of the strong body. The cattle fell back as if met by a sudden electric wave, drew in their tongues and gazed at her with a glimmer of wonder in their wide, mild eyes. "Pah!"



she exclaimed after a moment, and threw out both her hands with a gesture of disgust. "Y'r th' on'y kind of things that ever keered fer me! *And I'm a woman!* Great God!" She stood brooding a little, then suddenly sat down beside one of the elder cows and began swiftly pressing the white fluid from the beast's overburdened udder. The animal fell into a soothed and grateful pose, slowly turning the cud in her great jaws with slightly outstretched neck and half closed, dreamy eyes. The others began nibbling at the grass again. The young woman milked with angry energy, her wrinkled forehead resting against the cow's warm flank, her somber eyes upon the foam that leaped and swirled in the vessel between her knees. A thorny, irritating sense of the blind workings of fortune was sharp at her heart. She could not have put the feeling into speech, but none the less the monstrous enigma of birth and environment was plain to her: for one the silken nest, love, beauty, and ease; for the other a life of coarse toil, ignorance, and a starving heart.

A half hour later Sumpter sprang to the ground from the back porch of the house and looked about him. His eyes shone with pleasure. Everywhere they met with old acquaintances. There was the same big ash hopper back of the garden fence, the same beehives under the scrubby apple trees, with apparently the same bees plying their honeyed traffic; hens nestled their breasts into the ashes as of old, cleansing their feathers in its powder like birds washing in water. He looked up to the sky; it was hung surely with the same long, wimpling curtains of lace. He had a boyish inclination to leap and shout and commit some ridiculous prank of gladness. Was not the smoky city and its unnatural, feverish existence left behind? Had he not reached the chosen ground where he should again paint a great picture? And did he not love? And was he not loved? Surely the world was a fragrant rose and he was at the heart of it! And here was Therese, beautiful vision! tilting forward from the porch edge like a bird making ready to leap out upon sustaining wings, her hands extended, a ripple of laughter on her scarlet lips. He caught her in his arms and swung her to the ground and kissed her. The hill girl, pausing down at the milk house door, looked up and saw it all. To her the very air seemed black.

"And now, sweetheart, for our summer home!" cried Sumpter, leading his young wife back through the garden into a little

coronal of oaks that crowned the hill. A log house stood here, erected and once occupied by Mrs. Teaks' eldest son, who, his wife being dead for three years now, had been dulling the edge of his bereavement and appetite against the "licker" of Grigg's Station, while ostensibly conducting a dray at that point.

The spot occupied by the cabin was airy ground, the outlook wide reaching and beautiful. On the east the great map of the plain; to the south seemingly unending marshlands; down the hillside to the west a little river, checked by a rude dam and little sawmill; beyond that wooded ridges swelling into mountains; and all to the northward a tipped and tumbled country of glimmering, half seen lakes and forests banked against the sky. Therese clapped her hands and broke into a laughing song, and Sumpter's face ran over with light.

As eagerly as two children they entered the cabin. It was simply a large room with a fireplace at one end, at the other an old fashioned bed with a cane rod canopy covered with mosquito netting. On the north side were three windows, two of them cut in the wall by Sumpter two summers before; a table, some splint bottom chairs, whitewashed walls, a brown pine ceiling, and all as dry and sweet as mop and broom could make it. Again Therese clapped her hands with delight. Sumpter caught her to him and spun round, crying out with the joyous abandon of a boy let loose from school. When he paused for breath he looked at the bed where he had slept that other summer. It shone as white and inviting as a New England snow bank on a sunny day. There even arose in him the same old inclination to fling himself down upon it and "wallow" as in those early days. Here in this room Thess had posed for his Persephone, and here—it seemed a pity he could not know—more than once in after time she had knelt by the bed and wet its pillows with her tears, begging God to send again to her the man she loved. How often at night she had sat upon the door sill here and looked up to the swarming stars and wondered where he was; how lonely the voices of frogs and insects had made the hours, how infinitely sorrowful the winds breathing through the trees! Now he had come, a sword dividing her heart in bitterness!

After a time the two young people went back to the house, and, assisted by the callow Jotham, brought their luggage to the cabin. By noon the place had a very comfortable air. Skin rugs from Sumpter's St.

Louis studio were spread upon the floor, old tapestries hung upon the walls, here and there an oil or sepia, a couple of screens painted by Therese, a guitar in the corner, books, palettes, brushes, and pigments on the table, while at the door the sunshine, falling through a trembling sieve of leaves, showered gold drops on the threshold.

They spent a delightful afternoon sketching under the trees, and that evening, accompanied by Thess, they went down the hillside to the slothful little river, and, seating themselves in Jotham's fishing boat, pulled slowly up the stream. Sumpter was at the oars, his young wife in the stern with her guitar upon her lap, and the daughter of their host in the prow. For a little way they passed forward almost in silence, listening to the myriad humming voices of the night. The waters of the dam slipped like a glistening body of black oil beneath them, until turning a point they came into a long moonlit stretch, ending in shadowy marshland.

"Sing with me, will you not, Therese?" said Sumpter.

Almost immediately their blended voices rose in tender harmony. Obviously they had sung together many times. Thess sat in the prow, quiet and dark, but ere long with unseen tear drops slipping down her cheeks. To her starved soul it was the breaking of ambrosial bread; yet in the sweetness what a pain!

"Did you like it?" asked Sumpter, with boyish frankness.

"Yes," said Thess. The word came faintly; her throat seemed to close upon it achingly.

"Ah, the indorsement was scarcely strong enough. We shall have to try again. Will you not join us with the alto, Miss Thess? We will sing 'Annie Laurie'; that is easy."

He only saw her shake her head in response. After the plaintive old song had died away he let the boat drift. They were amid the pools of the marsh now, and a slow wind was blowing across the open spaces, striking a faint music from the wide harp of the rushes, and moving the steely waters in among the wild rice and spatterdock to sounds like the lapping of a hound. From the distant thickets came the lonely call of whippoorwills, and from near and far the pulsing minstrelsy of the frogs.

"Oh, here is the little island where Kane and I built our fire when fishing two years ago!" cried the artist, catching up the oars and driving the clumsy craft forward. "I shall never forget the reds and blues of the flames reflected in the water. I should

like to see it again, and I know you would think it beautiful."

After a moment they landed. For the most part the young women were silent, only putting forward a perfunctory remark now and then, with Therese calling out once in a while some exclamation of appreciation. Near the water's edge, on that side of the tiny island brushed by the river, they found a pile of driftwood thrown up like a great heap of dry bones. With ejaculations of pleasure Sumpter fell to work and soon had it ignited. For a little time they gazed at the beautiful chemistry of fire, stilled by that restful, trance-like spell which it engenders when one stands before it at night. Soon the flames were leaping a dozen feet high, and they turned to watch the marvelous pictures painted upon the mirror of the river and the pools.

"Persephone fleeing from Hades! Ah, here is the picture!" exclaimed Sumpter. "Thess—Miss Teaks, you stand here, your eyes turned back in terror over your shoulder, your hair streaming, your body leaning forward as in flight; behind you the leaping flames, before you the impassable Styx gleaming red and blue with the reflected fires, and everywhere blotches of darkness and flames curling and writhing in the pools! Gods, what a picture!" He was beside himself with the fantasy. "Please stand so, Miss Thess!" He seized her almost roughly by the shoulders to place her in the pose.

"Look!" suddenly gasped Therese, pointing at the fire, her whole face flashing ghastly with horror. "*Look! Look!*"

Thess turned her head, and with a smothered exclamation, sprang aside. A big rattlesnake seemed to shoot out of the very flames, glistening, hideous, its coffin shaped head uplifted, its red eyes aglitter with rage and fear. For an instant Sumpter seemed to see it only as a part of the awful picture in his mind, then with a cry of horror he leaped back, his hands uplifted, his eyes wide with fear. Almost as the cry left his lips the serpent flashed into a coil before Therese; another step backward and she would be in the river. She seemed transfixed for the moment with the extremity of her peril. For an instant the snake drew its curved neck back upon the quivering rings of its body, then, with open jaws, shot forward. In the same breath Thess sprang upon it. She seemed to sweep over and envelop it. When she turned she held the awful thing up to view, her long fingers gripped about its neck. With an indescribable cry of repulsion, she whirled

around and flung the writhing serpent into the fire. Sumpter stood gasping and clutching at his throat like one half drowned, and stared at the frightful vision of the snake turning and lashing in the flames, while Thess leaned forward with eyes gleaming like an infuriate tiger's, her face blue white with horror.

When Sumpter turned to his bride she lay in an unconscious heap upon the ground. With a low cry he sprang to her side and took her up in his arms, straining his eyes upon her pallid face as one might upon the lineaments of a dying child. He then placed her gently down, and hastily scooping up water in his trembling hands, began bathing her temples, calling her many endearing names. Thess stood by the fire, her right hand clutching the wrist of the left, and looked at the couple as if somehow the scene were part of a dream. She did not speak or come near them, and when Sumpter, half crazed with apprehension, caught his wife up and all but ran to the boat with her, the girl stood looking toward them, in her eyes a dumb, painful stare.

When Sumpter had laid his unconscious burden in the stern, and taken up the oars, he called to Thess, and she came like one in a trance and sat down in the prow, her left wrist still held hard in the grip of her right hand. Sumpter quickly turned the boat about and sent it down the river with nervous, powerful strokes. In ten minutes the little craft shot in against the shore near the ruined mill. He lifted the swooning woman out and looked up the wooded hill; it was a quarter of a mile to the house; he was laboring for breath; could he carry her so far?

"We need liquor of some kind," he gasped hoarsely. "My God, if she should die!"

"I'll fetch some," said Thess thickly. She pitched forward out of the boat and fell upon her knees, groping before with her hands as if she were blind.

Sumpter looked at her an instant oddly. "Hurry then, Miss Teaks!" he panted. "Send your father with the spirits! Tell him in God's name to come quickly!"

He sank down and drew the head of his unconscious wife against his breast. Into the opening by the water the moonlight fell and dwelt upon the white face; it was like a lily. He kissed it again and again, calling his fear and tenderness into unheeding ears. The hill girl got to her feet, and pressing her hands against her temples, looked down upon them a moment, then

went wavering up the hill through the gloom of the basswoods and oaks. She was like one drunk; all her senses seemed steeped in a kind of numbing torpor. Twice she fell, the last time across the kitchen threshold. Her mother sat in the light of a candle, knitting, and smoking a pipe; the father was in a chair tipped back against the wall, lazily scraping a tune from a fiddle.

"Thessy!" cried the mother, in consternation.

The girl struggled up and stood erect. "I—jus—stumbled," she said slowly. "I—was—runnin'; that's all. Pap—take—the whisky an' go down to—the—dam; his wife's fainted; he's feared she's goin' t' die. Yeh—best—yeh best t' hurry!"

The man threw down the fiddle, caught a bottle from the cupboard, and ran out at the door. The girl staggered to a chair and dropped upon it, her great eyes burning, her fingers twisted together across her heart, a sweat of agony trickling down her face. "I—got—bit; it was a rattlesnake, mother," she labored out. "I'm dizzy, an'—an'—I'm chokin'."

The mother screamed and sprang toward the door, but Thess leaped up and caught her by the arm. "Yeh let pap go!" she said fiercely, then suddenly reeled and sank against the older woman. "Help—me—t' th' front room, mother. I—I—want t' lay down on th' bed," she muttered. Her head drooped to her mother's shoulder, and they passed with swaying, uncertain steps through the door.

The daughter sank upon the white bed, shivered, and began rolling her head from side to side. The mother flew out to the root house cellar, and, finding a jug of spirits there, turned some of the fiery stuff into a cup, quaking as with an ague. In burning haste she brought it in to Thess.

"No, mother," said the girl, "I'd rather not take it. I don't want t' go drunk into—into th' nex' worl'."

"My God, Thessalonica, ain't yeh goin' t' drink it?" cried the mother, staring at her in horror.

"No, it's no use; th' pizen's gone t' my heart, mother, with—with somethin' else that's worse. I don't—keer—now. I'm done; on'y—on'y don't mind nothin' hard that I've ever said or done. Bring me a drink of water from th' spring, mother, an' don't—don't let them see me die."

She lay through the night, her teeth set, her hands knotted together, slowly burning up in flames of poison, but with scarcely a moan or visible struggle. Jotham had gone to Grigg's Station for a physician. Near

midnight Sumpter left Therese sleeping in the little cabin and came down to the house. He was only then aware of the whole truth. When he stood by the bed the girl looked at his handsome face for a little time, a strange light mingling with the agony in her eyes. "Please don't—don't stay," she whispered, and he passed out and came under the stars and looked up to the shining constellations with swimming eyes, and a new and lasting wonder in his heart.

Until the yellow glory of morning came again upon the hills, he walked to and fro in the night, marveling at woman's love and the saving greatness of it. When he came again reverently to the threshold, they told him that the strong, bitter soul had gone forth, and he bowed his head, knowing that, however enviable to human eyes his lot might seem, it was girt in with toil and the narrow bounds of one dim sphere, while hers was the sunshine and freedom of all worlds.

*Alvah Milton Kerr.*

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LOVE'S TRANSLATOR.

WHEN the white moon divides the mist  
My longing eyes believe  
'T is the white arm my lips have kissed  
Flashing from thy sleeve.

And when the tall, white lily sways  
Upon her queenly stalk,  
Thy white form fills my dreaming gaze  
Down the garden walk.

When, rich with rose, a wandering air  
Breathes up the leafy place,  
It seems to me thy perfumed hair  
Blown across my face.

And when the thrush's golden note  
Across the gloom is heard,  
I think 't is thy impassioned throat  
Uttering one sweet word.

And when the scarlet poppy bud  
Breaks, breathing of the south,  
A sudden warmth awakes my blood,  
Thinking of thy mouth.

And when the dove's wing dips in flight  
Above the dreaming land,  
I see some dear, remembered, white  
Gesture of thy hand.

Wonder and love upon me wait  
In service fair, when I  
Into thy sweetness thus translate  
Earth and air and sky.

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*



# STORIETTES

## A REVERIE.

HASTINGS—DE VERE—Dec. 28, by the Rev. Henry Abbot, Charles Langdon Hastings to Ethel De Vere, daughter of the late Morgan De Vere.

As I read the above in the *Post*, I could hardly suppress an involuntary start. So it was all over, then! Ethel De Vere was married at last.

I had seen a good deal of her since we met at the Junior Prom., way back in '88. She was only seventeen then, and barely out, but she somehow made a decided impression upon me, which proved to be more lasting than most of the impressions which college youths receive during the course of their education. I immediately proceeded to cultivate her brother, a good little fellow in the sophomore class, who, you may be sure, responded gratefully to the advances of a junior. Well, through him I soon grew to know her well, and for the next three years I was never really happy out of her sight. Almost from the first, I think, it was tacitly understood between us that we should some day marry, although no word of love had as yet passed my lips.

Well, to cut a long story short, in the course of time we became formally engaged, and, having waited so long, we set an early date for the event. That time seems years ago, and why the reading of that marriage notice should have set me to musing on the past I do not know. I cannot help thinking of what might have been. I conjure up a vision of handsome bachelor apartments, a horse and road wagon, good dinners at the club—all of which could be had more readily than even a moderate home with a wife; no one to say, "Come home early," freedom to admire any woman one pleased, and the general independence that is the oftentimes unappreciated joy of unmarried men—

But stop! All this is gone forever now, and even to think about it seems more or less criminal in a man who has been but two days wed, and who is reading his own marriage notice in the morning paper.

*George Thorne Hill, Jr.*

## THREE LETTERS.

THERE are three of them, and for months I have been wondering which I should take—wondering and trying to decide. Now their three letters have come together.

The first is a man rich in the world's goods, smiled upon by society; but he is old, and nature has not been kind to him. He is pleasant, entertaining, witty, yet always repulsive to me; why, I cannot tell, but the repulsion is there. His letter is short and businesslike. Can I choose

him? Would it be right, just to myself or to him? Oh, to go through the long, strong life before me with this man whose presence I can scarcely endure! He can give me riches, everything of which I now so keenly feel the need. Yet, can I? Can I perjure my soul and sell myself for a few years of luxury? Mine must be a poor heart to feel the temptation for a moment! I put the letter aside with something like indignation.

The next? I feel my heart warm as I take it up. The writer is a boy, little older than myself, but such a dear, pleasant boy! I do love him in a motherly, pitying sort of way; for while he has wealth and everything that money can buy, he is already in the early stages of consumption, and has but a few years to live. His letter is little more than a despairing note. He does not want my pity but my love. Ah, Frank, I'm sorry, so sorry, dear—but how can I give you that when it was long ago given to some one else? The tears will come to my eyes as I take up the last of my letters with a glad heart throb.

Harry—oh, my life! Alas! It is only a short, friendly note, telling me of his engagement to a girl away there in the West, and asking for my good wishes. I have always been his truest, best friend, he says; have always helped him by my confidence. Alice, too, appreciates my kindness, and wants me to be the very first to know of their new and great happiness.

Good wishes? Ah, yes—my best. It is hard—but only one more sorrow—one more regret! Alas, that so much love should be given in vain! I look at my three letters—each one of which might have brought joy to some other woman; then I put them carefully aside and with a sigh I turn away to take up my lonely, plodding life again.

*Mabel Margaret Thompson.*

## THE HIGH BACKED CHAIR AND THE BLUE WOOL DOG.

SUCH a foolish tale!

Just about a high backed revolving chair in a bookkeeper's office.

The bookkeeper lived in an exclusive little den, separated from the main office by a grating, painted silver, with a window in it, at which the men used to stop and talk, for the bookkeeper was popular. He had his desk and his chair in there, and was very happy and comfortable indeed, for his back was to the window in the grating, and if he did not want to talk, he pretended to himself that he had some fearful, knotty account to wrestle with, and kept very quiet, and the back of his chair was so high that no one would imagine he was



there, for he could not be seen at all from the outside.

The bookkeeper always went away on Thursday afternoon, so the chair and the den were vacant, and then She used to come out of her office, leaving the noisy typewriter to have a rest, and slip into the big chair to do some reviewing She always had on Thursday afternoon.

And it was just because She sat there one particular Thursday afternoon last month that this exceedingly veracious narrative comes to be written.

It was raining, and She was feeling lazy, so She hurried through her reviews, and sat there, doing nothing but just gazing at the blue wool dog with dark red eyes on which the bookkeeper wiped his pen, and which he regarded as being quite the happiest artistic product of the nineteenth century.

So She was sitting there, her thoughts converging towards a very interesting objective point, when the outside door opened and closed with a bang, and He came in. She could always tell when He came in; He jumped the last two steps and gave the door a swing which made it close after him with a hair raising bang—but He didn't care.

There was that fearful bang now. All at once, She thought of something which made her give the blue wool dog such a squeeze that some cotton wool blood dripped appealingly from his left paw; then She put one of the bookkeeper's cough drops in her mouth, tucked in her sleeves, touched her knot of hair to make sure that it did not show over the top of the chair, and then She sat extremely still, and waited.

Very soon, He came along to the window in the grating, and vouchsafed, "Are you there, Scott?" for you remember that, when the chair was turned around to the desk, no one could see who was in it.

"Yes, I'm here," came a hoarse and muffled voice from within.

"Well, turn around, won't you? I want to talk to you."

"I don't want to turn around," said the Voice crossly; "I've got a cold, and a sore throat, and the light hurts my eyes, and I have a cough drop in my mouth; if you want to talk, go ahead, and I'll listen."

There was a little pause, and the owner of the Voice squeezed the blue wool dog until he really should have howled, but he was a long suffering dog, and then He said listlessly,

"Rotten weather!"

"Y—yes."

"Many of the men in today?"

"Quite a few."

"Well"—a brief sigh—"I guess I'll have to finish that confounded report." The sound of retreating footsteps, a short and undecided shuffle, and then—

"Scott!"

"Well?"

"Did—did she wear those violets I left for her this morning?"

"Yes."

"She didn't say anything about them, did she?"

"No," snapped the Voice; "what'd you expect her to say?"

"Oh, nothing"—dejectedly; a pause. "Is she in her office?"

The chair creaked a little, and then the Voice said "No," as the prelude to a hacking cough.

"Oh, does she go home early now on Thursday? She told me—"

No reply but the rattling of the cough drop box.

"Scott!"

"Well?"

"You said she didn't say anything about the violets?"

"Yes."

"Didn't say she liked them, or—or—anything?"

"No."

Another pause.

"I say, Scott"—a short but agonized scuffle—"do you—I mean—yes, do you—hang it all, do you think she cares for me at all?"

The chair creaked again, as though the occupant thereof had started violently, and then the Voice muttered unsteadily, "How should I know?"

"Well," He said humbly, "she talks to you more than to any one else, and I thought maybe—"

"And you thought maybe she discussed her feelings with the office staff!" interrupted the Voice, full of hoarse, indignant scorn.

"Oh, no! Not that!" He exclaimed, noting, in the midst of his perplexity, what a peculiar ring there was to Scott's voice, even with a cold. "You know I don't mean that—Scott!"

"Well?"

"Will you turn around so that I can talk to you?"

"No."

"Well, if you won't, you won't. But I'll talk all the same—I can't stand it any longer. I tell you, it's awful; you've been through the mill, Scott—you ought to know what it is to think of a girl all day, and dream of her all night"—here the chair creaked outrageously—"to put away every dollar with the hope that she'll share it with you some day, and then go blow in almost all you have when it strikes you what a jay you are to think of it at all. Perhaps you know what it is to eat your dinner in the confounded restaurant, thinking all the time that if you only had the courage to speak, she might be smiling at you across a table of your own, with a soft light, and flowers, and all that, you know"—if he had not known Scott abhorred perfumes, he could have sworn to a whiff of wood violet, as a handkerchief was raised to stifle the very troublesome cough at this juncture—"and to loaf around your room or some silly show at night, trying not to remember that, if you were only the kind of a fellow she could like a little, you could be sitting by a cozy hearth, with the firelight shining

on her hair—I can just imagine how it would shine on her hair, Scott!" Here the handkerchief was raised again, and remained raised, but the cough was not apparent, so He continued, "I don't know why I'm letting out on you like this, Scott, but I've got to talk to some one, and you're the only one I know who won't laugh at me for being a crazy fool; it's driving me wild, and half the time I think that perhaps she cares for Myers! Scott!"

"Well?"

"Do you think that she could care for me a little?"

"Yes," said the Voice tremulously, but judiciously; "I do!"

"Jove! You do! Say! Don't fool with me, Scott; what makes you think so?"

The December dusk had fallen long since, and the great office was very still, save for the splashing of the rain against the windows, and quite deserted except for the office boy away down at the other end.

"Scott, for Heaven's sake tell me what makes you think so?" He asked, even more eagerly than before.

And then the office chair swung slowly around, disclosing the bookkeeper's blue wool dog, with white cotton wounds all over his portly person, held in front of a very crimson and tear stained face.

"Well—because—" faltered the Voice, very low and sweet now.

And then He understood, and, after a delirious half second to himself, He leaned—well, He leaned a shocking distance through the grating, but the office boy was cross eyed, and you couldn't tell which way he might be looking at any given moment.

The bookkeeper's new dog is lavender, with a green embroidered tail.

*Schuyler King.*

### THE COMING OF LOVE.

SIDE by side up the mountain called Life walked Youth and Old Age. Agile limbs, restless power, and bright eyes, through which shone Ambition, marked Youth. Old Age had bended shoulders, snow white hair, and love laden eyes, beneath which lay the gentle spirit of Content.

"Nay," cried Youth, pushing eagerly forward, careless of torn garments or bleeding flesh, "I have no need of Love."

"Not now, perhaps," returned Old Age softly, "but when the way grows drear, and the cold blasts sweep down the mountain side, then pray that Love will come."

"Nay," Youth repeated, brushing aside the closely growing branches, "I need not Love. See, I am strong. I am sufficient unto myself. I wish no aid."

On that mountain called Life leaves speak with each other, and as Youth and Old Age journeyed beneath, they said:

"Love laughs at power; for Love is power. Love smiles with youth; for Love is youth eternal."

The eyes of Old Age glistened at the murmured message, and new energy came into the bowed form. But eager Youth pressed on unheeding. At each step the road grew more and more steep, and the thicket of underbrush through which they must needs pass—for, the mountain called Life has strange pathways—more dense. Old Age never faltered; but with head erect and eyes gazing onward he followed Love's behest, for Love ever guided him on. And thus the milestones, made of the years, were passed.

Sometimes Youth stumbled; the sharp stones cut his feet; the briars tore his fair flesh; and the cold wind chilled his blood. But Ambition, that selfish, fair faced, exacting, soulless one, looking through Youth's eyes, said:

"Never fear; the pathway will soon grow smooth and straight."

So Youth pressed on, only to stumble more often, and each time to rise with less strength than before. Maddened by the delay, he hastened blindly on where the stones were more sharp, the briars more dense, and the wind more piercing. His eyes, through which Ambition gazed, were strained and hard, and saw not the easy ascent of Old Age, with whom walked Love, smoothing the pathway up the mountain called Life.

Again and again Youth fell, worn and weary. Again and again Youth rose, torn and bleeding and sick at heart. At last, his eyes moist with discouraged, half shed tears, while the warm blood oozed from hands and feet upon the pathway, he halted, and gazed beyond. There shone the goal of Youth's desire, to which Ambition had ever spurred him on; but the luster had faded, and there it stood, shorn of all its glory. Then, while he caught a glimpse of the half way mile post of the years of the journey up the mountain called Life, there was born a mighty longing, greater than all words, for the possession of that which so blessed Old Age, but which Youth had never found.

Within the heart of Youth the longing grew so that the sharp rocks as they cut the bruised flesh were forgotten; the thorns that tore the upturned face were unheeded, and the chilling cold of the mountain wind unfelt. And then, pausing a moment in the very weariness of his long and toilsome quest, Youth questioned Old Age:

"What is that which I so desire, yet know not?"

And Old Age answered but one word:

"Love."

Ambition at the sound quivered and slunk affrighted from Youth's eyes; for with Youth there is no place for Love and Ambition; they two do not agree.

And Youth answered, "Nay," but the word was softly whispered, for Hope had but then touched the heart of Youth.

But at that moment Love came. Gone was the pain, the weariness, the longing, for Love had come, and walked with Youth.

And behind the soft eyes of Youth lay Content.

*Laisdell Mitchell.*

# THE WORLD OF MUSIC

## PADEREWSKI'S SUCCESS.

It has been said that Paderewski refused to come to America last season because there had been such enthusiasm over his work in the two previous seasons that he feared to return to us until he could surpass himself. This difficult task he has achieved. There is no instrument that is less kindly received in a concert than a piano. Audiences that thoroughly understand a singing voice will weary of classical music on the ivory keys. In spite of this, Paderewski has surpassed every other musician who ever came here, both as a financial and as an artistic success.

There seems to be something in the nature of the Pole which can mold music. Chopin was a Pole; Tausig was a Pole. Paderewski plays more and more Chopin, and there appears to be an affinity between the composer and his interpreter.

Paderewski's father was a Polish patriot, and in 1863 he was banished to Siberia. After many years he was allowed to return, and his broken spirit is another of the burdens the young musician has had to carry.

Like most of his countrymen, Paderewski is said to be very superstitious, and to consider that if an undertaking is talked of before it is completed, it is doomed. He will allow no one to speak of his new opera in his hearing. Those of his friends who have heard it declare that it will be so great that his fame as a pianist will be overshadowed.

## THE SEIDL SOCIETY NO MORE.

A great many people who have known nothing about the Seidl Society in Brooklyn have looked forward to summer and the Seidl concerts at Brighton Beach. This year they will look in vain, so far as Seidl is concerned.

The society is six years old, and it has done more to make good music popular than any other organization in this country. It is called the Symphony Society now, and for the present Mr. Theodore Thomas is its leader, Mr. Seidl having found that his work at the Metropolitan takes all his time. It is to be hoped that when Theodore Thomas comes back to New York he will make up his mind to remain. He is a musician who continually keeps ahead of the world, who grows stronger year by year. He knew and appreciated Wagner when to admire him was to brave the scorn of the orthodox school. He returns to a city which remembers only that he was its favorite conductor, and which is ready to welcome him back.

## ROMANCE AND REALITY.

There are a great many superstitions concerning musicians and their ways. People are constantly expecting them to be different from other people, and some imaginative biographers

have given food for romantic ideas. Paderewski has so often been described as pale and sorrowful of aspect, that he is supposed by those who have never seen him to be a glorified *Bunthorne* with a halo of misty golden hair. If he could be seen tensely playing billiards—he is one of the best amateurs of the cue—the impression of melancholy would vanish away. He is quick, alert, and vivacious. His "long, delicate hands" are short and square, full of muscle, as they are required to be to get through the hard work he gives them. He walks four hours a day, and practises four more.

Theodore Thomas is another well known man who is the essence of practicality. He drills his orchestra as though it were an army, and subordinates everything to his sense of proportion. When he gives a concert it is entirely a thing of science, an illustration of some school of music. He looks like a prosperous banker or business man, and he goes about his work in the same way.

## THE MANUSCRIPT SOCIETY.

The New York Manuscript Society, comprising both men and women, is one of the most interesting clubs in the metropolis. It was organized in 1889 by four young men who came together to play their compositions to one another and ask for mutual criticisms. It has grown and prospered, and this year has opened handsome club rooms in the center of the city. It holds six private meetings and four public concerts a year.

The society not only gathers the manuscripts of its own members, but is rapidly collecting a library made up of the originals of the work of the most famous musicians. It is the one club of the kind in which women stand on precisely the same footing as men, and they take full advantage of it. There is scarcely a meeting without something on the program from a woman member.

An orchestra led by some such man as Anton Seidl or Walter Damrosch plays the music, or it is sung by well known voices. There is a dining room in the club house, and it said to be no unusual thing to see some artist hurriedly rise from the table, in the midst of a heated discussion, and illustrate his point on the piano which always stands at the end of the room. Mr. Gerrit Smith is president. The membership, which numbers a thousand, is entirely filled.

## BOITO'S "MEFISTOFELE."

The tour of Mr. Abbey's opera company will carry at least one novelty into the Western cities in Arrigo Boito's "Mefistofele," of the revival of which we spoke in the January number. Not since the days of Campanini had the opera been heard in New York until this season,

when Calvé, Cremonini, and Édouard de Reszke sang it to a thoroughly appreciative house.

Campanini was an old friend of Boito's, and thoroughly understood his ideas, his conception of the opera. It was he who first made it known in Italy and England. But for all that, the opera has been more appreciated in the year '96 than it was in '81. It is essentially "of the future"—intellectual, philosophical. We seem to be a trifle nearer "the future" than we were fifteen years ago. The story of *Faust* had already been told by Gounod, and when Boito took up the tale he had only *Mephistopheles* left. He made a succession of pictures which are not very clear, or would not be clear if the story were less understood.

We have grown accustomed to successes from Calvé. She is a great artist, not only as a singer, but as an actress. She delicately indicates the finest phases of the heroine's character. She is repressed, sensitive in her emotion. Édouard de Reszke was, as usual, magnificent in the title rôle.

#### A JAVANESE PIANIST.

We have an Australian prima donna at the opera, and a Javanese pianist delighting us at recitals. Mlle. Marie Geselchap, who has played here with the Boston Symphony and with Seidl's orchestra, after a remarkable London début, was born in Java. Her father, a Hollander of great wealth and studious tastes, spent several years in the east studying oriental languages. When Marie was ten he returned to Europe, where his daughters were educated. Reverses came, investments in Java failed, and the young girls, who had been brought up in luxury, were thrown on the world. Their mother fully realized her daughter's musical talent, but would not consent to her taking up a public career. She preferred to have her study for the government examinations. Xaver Scharwenka heard her play, and gave her instruction, but with no hope that the brilliant pupil would ever be allowed to make a public appearance. But one day an offer came to go to Copenhagen to play, and Marie went secretly. It was a secret which her success made it impossible to keep. She played in Berlin, and then her relations set about hiding her light under the bushel again. She literally ran away, and sought refuge with friends in America. Her success here has been all that she could desire.

#### MATERNA HERE AGAIN.

Materna, who was Wagner's ideal heroine as *Isolde*, *Elizabeth*, and *Ortrud*, is again in America, making a concert tour.

In some respects, no other prima donna has had Materna's advantages. She sat under the great master in his creative period; he taught her not only how to sing his music, but why it was to be sung in a certain fashion; he took her into the secrets of his mind, and added much to the certainty, the force, the dramatic quality, that make her the great singer she is.

Naturally, most of her music is Wagnerian. She will sing in the Western cities, as far as San Francisco, and will be in New York again late in the spring for only one performance. When she was here in opera, she created the Wagnerian heroines for us, and she will find many of her old friends to welcome her.

#### THE FAD IN MUSIC.

The works of the Russian Tschaikowsky, who died in St. Petersburg in November, 1893, are the musical fad of the moment. His songs are heard from all the fashionable music rooms, and his wild airs are rippling from every piano. His music is moody, full of brilliancy, of minor chords, of startling and poetic effects. His vogue in Europe, which was transplanted over here, is in great measure owing to the devotion and loyalty of his friend Leopold Auer. Auer is a famous violinist, who considers Tschaikowsky the finest composer of this generation. In his concerts he plays nothing but the music of his friend.

#### STILL ANOTHER VIOLINIST.

Nowadays, since America is too busy to go to the mountain peaks of the European world of art, the mountain peaks most obligingly migrate en masse to America. The Old World has been almost left bare of its musical and dramatic lights this winter. To catalogue the Metropolitan opera troupe, the Damrosch German company, and to add Paderewski, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, John Hare, Julia Neilson, Olga Nethersole, Bernhardt, Duse, Yvette Guilbert, Albert Chevalier, and the violinists, Thomson, Rivarde, Marsick, Ondricek, and finally Sauret, is to understand what a vast part these United States really play in other affairs than commercial.

And yet isn't there something of the commercial in the transaction? Not on our part, indeed; we are actuated by the purest desire to hear and see the best masters of every art; but on the part of these very foreigners who have made Yankee greed for money a proverb to hide their own sordid traits. They talk mightily, while they are on our mercies, of our excellently critical and intelligent audiences—or at least their press agents do; but they go back to their own homes to empty their shakel baskets. When safely beyond the Atlantic, not a few of them have habitually declared that the Americans have eyes for nothing but the almighty dollar, and that they swallow without question every European art opinion.

Such an allegation is utterly obsolete. We have abundantly proved that if we know how to make the dollar, we also know how to spend it; and numerous financial wrecks of hopeful foreign troupes are testimony to the fact that we have a mind of our own.

The last candidate for the favor of the amiable American eagle is Émile Sauret, a Frenchman from London. He has been here before, a good many years ago. He made his first tour in 1872, and it was successful enough to draw three encores, the voyages of



1874, '75, and '77. The last time he was a member of the troupe containing Adelina Patti's unfortunate sister, Carlotta, the tenor Mario, and Ronconi.

Sauret's first school was the conservatory at Strasburg, which he entered at the precocious age of six. At nine he was a concert performer, winning royal compliments. He has been a pupil of two of the first violinists of the century—Vieuxtemps and de Bériot. He owns a magnificent Stradivarius, and since he last visited America he has played with success in almost all the important cities of Europe. For the past five years he has been a professor at the Royal College of Music in London.

It is noteworthy that he is so courageous—or shall we say so foolhardy?—as to imperil his popularity with American femininity by wearing hair of no more than the ordinary masculine length.

#### THE NEW JOSEF HOFMANN.

A year or two ago people who are continually carping at the Gerry Society told astonishing stories of the ruin of the talent of Josef Hofmann. It will be remembered that the boy musician was taken from the stage by the instrumentality of Mr. Gerry, who believed that the child would be ruined in health and talent if he were allowed to keep up his work. As the society's jurisdiction does not extend outside of New York, he paid Josef's father a large sum to retire him from the stage until he was grown. A year or two ago the story was brought over that this had been the boy's ruin. He was described as having lost all his brilliance, and become stupid, sulky, ambitionless, and mediocre. It was said that the incentive to art was removed when he was taken from his loved public.

These stories have all been proven false. As a young man, Hofmann does all that the boy promised to do. He has recently had a tremendous success in Russia. At his second performance in St. Petersburg over four thousand roubles' worth of tickets was sold in four hours.

#### THE BICENTENARY OF PURCELL.

In England they are glorifying the name of Purcell as one who has never been fully appreciated until our own day, although he has been dead two hundred years. Handel's biographers have shown how great was his debt to Purcell, the tone poet, the great organist of his day, and the founder of dramatic music in England.

Purcell was a Londoner, and was born in 1658, of a musical family. He was twelve years old, and a chorister in the Chapel Royal, when he composed an ode for Charles II's birthday. He was still a boy when he was appointed "composer in ordinary to the king," and began to write the music for Dryden's and Shadwell's operas, and for the tragedies of Mrs. Aphra Behn. On the death of Queen Mary, in 1694, he composed his famous anthems, "Blessed Is the Man That Feareth the Lord," and "Thou

Knowest, Lord, the Secrets of Our Hearts." This was Purcell's own death song, for he died, at the height of his reputation, in the following year. Dryden, who was then poet laureate, wrote a lament for his friend:

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,  
Let down the scale of music from the sky;  
They handed him along.  
And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung.  
Ye brethren of the lyre and tuneful voice,  
Lament his lot.

Purcell antedated Wagner with the idea of setting dramas to music, instead of writing librettos for a series of catchy melodies. While his operas are never produced now, some of the songs in them are still popular, ringing with the fullness of perpetual modernity. The latter day revival of his fame has been brought about by the Purcell Club, which some enthusiastic admirers founded in London, about twenty years ago, their purpose being to publish and popularize the work of their favorite composer.

#### A NEW VIOLINIST.

A young Russian named Alexander Petschnikoff is arousing all musical Berlin. It was supposed that the German capital was sated with the violin, but Petschnikoff, who is a mere boy, is said to do for that instrument what Paderewski has done for the piano. Crowds flock to hear him, he is invited to great houses, is applauded by the most cynical critics, and is making a fortune. He was born a beggar, and his story reads like some hackneyed romance. In his childhood he was befriended by a wealthy Russian family, and educated at the Moscow Conservatory. All of his work was done away from the great art centers. He had the isolation that fosters real genius. In personal appearance he is said to be commonplace, stupid, vulgar looking, without any characteristic to make him interesting. But he is fashionable, and must have personality beside an ability to play the violin. Ferdinand Laub's old Cremona, one of the famous instruments of the world, has been presented to him by an admirer.

#### THE WIDOW OF CARL TAUSIG.

Musicians appear to attract romance. Carl Tausig's widow still lives, and tells her adventures, in Berlin. For years she accompanied her husband's concert tours, but finally was divorced from him. She never speaks of him as her husband, but always as the great musician whose fame could not be touched by small things. She ignored the frenzy which sometimes amounted almost to insanity in his later years. One day, when he was walking the floor, composing, the family cat arose and arched its back before him. It was an interruption he could not stand. Something must have given way in his brain, for he picked the animal up and threw it into the fire. He wept over its ashes afterward, and lamented his cru-



elty, but his wife found it safer to live out of his vicinity.

Mme. Tausig was the daughter of a Hungarian nobleman, and was betrothed to a count. Rubinstein played before some of her family, and she heard him. She broke her engagement, and resolved to devote her life to music. Today, concert pianists who wish for suggestions, consult Mme. Tausig. Her taste is considered infallible.

#### WAGNER IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

Signor Mancinelli, whose loss we should have felt much more keenly if Anton Seidl had not taken his baton to the Metropolitan Opera House this season, has been spending the winter in teaching his countrymen that Wagner was a great artist. The first performance of the "Walküre," at the San Carlo was the most disgraceful and dismal of fiascos. Men rose and hissed the music, disturbing the entire performance. But since then the Neapolitans have learned new ideas. On the second occasion, some disturbers began their former tumult. The pit and the boxes arose and applauded with all their might, expressing their entire approval and appreciation of the opera, and asking that the disturbers be turned out. At the end of every act Mancinelli was called before the curtain. The same story has been told in Paris, where Wagner, from being a dead failure, has come to be the success of the Parisian opera season, dividing laurels with but one composer—the Italian Verdi.

It is a mistake that is generally made to suppose that the common people of Italy appreciate music more than the people of any other country. Italy has just seventeen opera houses, while Germany has more than seventy. In the latter country, the best music may be heard in every garden where the people gather together. They have nothing which corresponds to our popular music. German opera houses keep open for ten months in the year, while in Italy there is an opera season shorter than that in the United States, merely a part of the festival of carnival time. This year, five of the Italian opera houses opened with Wagnerian music.

Mascagni, who was only accepted the other day as the leading spirit in "new Italy" from a musical point of view, is said to have almost dropped out of the operatic field. He has become instructor at one of the conservatories.

#### A MAKER OF PRIMA DONNAS.

Mme. Marchesi, the singer who has trained so many of our countrywomen for the operatic stage, says that one of the most difficult things she has to contend with is the American girl's lack of general culture. The pupil who has a musical talent and a voice realizes her gift, and if she is ambitious to make the most of it devotes all her time to the study of music and to practice, slurring everything else. Consequently, when she goes to be prepared for the

stage, to learn operas, she shows an appalling ignorance. Often she goes to Paris without knowing one word of French. She has years of work before her. The performance of an opera depends upon many things beside a knowledge of music and a voice to sing with. The score must be understood and interpreted intelligently, and this can only be done by a cultivated, appreciative woman.

Mme. Marchesi has long been the best known and most successful teacher of singing in Paris. She conducts classes for about six hours every day, besides giving private lessons. Her house is in the Rue Joffroy, near the studios of some of the great artists, and the homes of some of the great singers. Frances Saville who has made such a brilliant appearance in America this winter, lives near her teacher.

It has been said that if a pupil can sing successfully before Marchesi, she can sing anywhere unabashed. The teacher's drawing room is fitted up with a platform on which the singer stands. She is assisted by one of the accompanists from the Grand Opéra. The classes are divided into five, devoted to the formation of the voice, two stages of concert singing, French and Italian opera.

#### "THE WIZARD OF THE NILE."

The opera by Herbert and Smith, which has been so popular in New York during the present season, is going abroad. Pol Plançon heard it, and was so much delighted with it, and believed so substantially in its success, that he has purchased the right to produce it in Paris. He is hardly likely to take Mr. Daniels' place as the *Wizard*, but he will produce it under his personal supervision. The opera is also to be translated into German.

#### ALBANI IN AMERICA.

Mme. Albani's appearance in an opera box at the Metropolitan Opera House, a few weeks ago, was the signal for a reunion of old friends who flocked about her, glad to welcome her back. She had arrived in America only that morning, but already the management of the opera had gone to her and entreated her to sing her famous old part of *Margherita* in "Mefistofele" that night, as Calvé had sent word that she was indisposed. It was with extreme reluctance that Mme. Albani refused, on account of fatigue and lack of costumes. She looked longingly at the stage, upon which she has never sung.

Her present concert tour is a very short one. She must be back in London early in April to sing *Isolde* with Jean de Reszke as *Tristan*. She made a tour of Germany not long ago, singing German music with great success. Most of her time will be spent in Canada, but she will give more than one night, she hopes, to her old home, Albany, the city where her early battles were fought, and from whose name she took hers. Her company is a very good one, containing Mme. Vanderveer-Green, Norman Salmond, and Rucquoy, the flutist.

## THE STAGE

### "CHIMMIE FADDEN" DOWNS THE BRITISHERS.

In alluding to "Northern Lights," the New York *Sun* declares that it "is worth a ship-load of the English plays of the same class that are brought over here every season. And its merit ought to go further and prove that, other things being equal, a play on an American subject and with American characters is more interesting to American audiences than any other."

Managers are having object lessons of the truth of this statement furnished to them plentifully this season. It may be their own fault that there are not still more. Charles Frohman turned down the new play Bronson Howard had prepared for the Empire stock company, and then gave us "Michael and His Lost Angel." If his judgment was wrong in accepting Mr. Jones' work—which few will dispute—is it not as likely to have been at fault in declining the American drama? The same manager sent "Secret Service" back to Mr. Gillette—and produced "The City of Pleasure." It may be, of course, that neither of the rejected plays was a loss to the public; but the fact remains that two English pieces were tested and found wanting, while two American plays did not have an equal opportunity of proving their quality.

But to continue with the object lesson. Minnie Palmer comes over here with a British farrago of out of date absurdities, "The School Girl," and gets as cool a reception as "Gentleman Joe," another "sure winner" with the English brand. Meantime "Chimmie Fadden" walks straight into the hearts of the people and crowds the Garden Theater nightly. As the Bowery boy, Charles H. Hopper has put his name on the lips of many people, but the great hit of the piece was made by Marie Bates, in the rôle of the Irish lady with a weakness for beer—*Mrs. Murphy*. This character is not in the book, but it created three fourths of the fun in the play. *Mrs. Murphy* had but to appear on the scene to start a laugh that rippled all around the house.

Mrs. Bates has not hitherto been identified with Irish parts. For five years she was the *Abigail Prue*—Burgess' rôle—in the road company presenting "The County Fair." She has also done a good deal in the black face line, having played *Topsy* in all the prominent countries of Europe.

#### DOROTHY MORTON'S START.

We are not accustomed to find an actress looking prettier off the stage than on it. Dorothy Morton is one of the exceptions. But she is a very sensible little woman, whose looks appear to occupy an infinitesimal portion of her thoughts. She loves her art for itself, and takes honest delight in giving her best efforts to attaining a high standard in it.

"I am a St. Louis girl," she said, on being asked to tell the story of her brief four years' career. "My father was bitterly opposed to my taking up the stage when I went on with Henderson's extravaganza company while visiting friends in Chicago. I bowed to the family wishes and gave the thing up. But the burning desire still smoldered within me, and when the Whitney Opera Company came to Cleveland while I was staying there, it sprang into flame again. I had long wanted to be with Mr. Whitney's forces; here is the opportunity, I said to myself. I went to his office, and sent in my name. The answer came back that he did not know Miss Morton. 'Tell him,' I said to the boy, 'that I am determined to see him,' which brought the permission to enter. Well, he said he had nothing for me, but after he had heard me sing, added that he would bear me in mind—that discouraging phrase which has sounded the death knell to so many hopes.

"I concluded that this door was closed to me, but meantime another opened unexpectedly, through a quarrel between the star in 'The Wicklow Postman,' and his leading woman. Somebody told him that there was a girl in the hotel with footlight aspirations and a brief experience of the glare. He sent for me, and I went off with the company. Then, when I had almost forgotten the incident of my call on him, Mr. Whitney telegraphed me to go to New Orleans to play second to Adele Ritchie in 'The Algerian.'

"That was my real start. I took Miss Ritchie's place when she was ill, and next season Mr. Whitney sent me out to star in 'The Fencing Master.' This season I am an Egyptian in 'The Wizard of the Nile'; next I may get a chance to wear my own hair in a Chinese opera."

#### THE TERRISSES, FATHER AND DAUGHTER

Which shall it be? Heads—medicine; tails—the stage. Up went the coin, and down it came again—on its face, thus giving William Terriss to the dramatic profession. It was thoroughly characteristic of the man that he should decide on a career in this haphazard fashion. As a boy he broke the rules of schools of all kinds, including the famous Blue Coat institution, and at fourteen could boast of the distinction of having run through his patrimony. He then entered the navy as a midshipman, was wrecked on the voyage to India and left to go down with the ship. But this young Terriss—or Lewin, as he was then called—had no intention of doing. He jumped into the sea, and swam ashore, a distance of two miles.

This experience failed to frighten him off the ocean, although he found that for his next venture he preferred the merchant marine.



Dorothy Morton.

*From a photograph by Wynn, Detroit.*

But his mind changed again before the shores of Albion were out of sight, for while the ship lay at anchor in Plymouth harbor, he slid down the anchor chains at dead of night, took to water again, and once more turned up at home.

After testing, in quick succession, clerking in the Bank of England and the profession of mechanical engineer, and finding neither to his

former records by resuming an occupation he had already abandoned, and we find him at the Drury Lane, now playing more important parts. And yet nobody was surprised when once more he broke away and came over to America to try horse breeding with his cousin, one of the Tattersalls, at Lexington, Kentucky. The venture failed, and with another swift

turn of fortune's wheel, Terriss was back on the boards again. Irving now took note of him and brought him to the United States on his first tour as leading support. Later he played *Romeo* for two hundred nights at the London Lyceum to the *Juliet* of Mary Anderson.

There is a strange coincidence connected with his long association—seven years—with the Irving company, as it was his intense admiration for Ellen Terry that led him to adopt a variation of her name for his *nom de théâtre*. William Terriss has ranked for several years now among the leading stage lights in the English capital, where during the past winter he has won fresh laurels in a melodrama, "One of the Best," at the Adelphi.

His daughter Ellaline at once established herself as a favorite in America when she came over to play in "Cinderella" two years ago. Dainty as a waxen shepherdess, she bewitches her audience into an admiration that soothes rather than electrifies.

Personally she is very quiet—one might almost say timid—of disposition. Speaking of the introduced air, "Umpty-ay," she sang here this winter in "His Excellency," she said, "I should have sunk through the stage

with mortification had I known that first night in New York that the music was the same as your 'Whistling Coon.' My husband, Seymour Hicks, wrote the words, and a German we came across in London fitted the melody to them. We supposed, of course, it was original. After we found it made a hit, Mr. Frohman said I might as well keep on singing it. Your audiences here, I think, are very considerate. While they are not as enthusiastic about applauding the good things as ours are, they don't hiss down acts that displease them."

Miss Terriss has returned to London, where she and her husband—who is a clever actor and author—have taken the management of the Vaudeville Theater. Here they propose



William Terriss.

From a photograph by Window & Grove, London.

taste, this prince of rolling stones had recourse to the coin tossing expedient already recorded. But three dollars a week on the provincial stage did not long content the aspiring Thespian, who, indeed, was never known to be contented for long with anything. He must have a London opening, and kept up a persistent calling at the Bancrofts' home till he got it by sheer will power.

But it was not to be expected that a profession come by in such an unceremonious manner would long engage his serious attention, and sure enough, in a couple of years he quitted London playhouses for a sheep run in the Falkland Islands, where his daughter Ellaline was born. Six months were sufficient to weary him of wool gathering, and he broke all his





Ellaline Terriss.

*From her latest photograph by Ellis, London.*

to bring out light comedies, such as "The Pantomime Rehearsal."

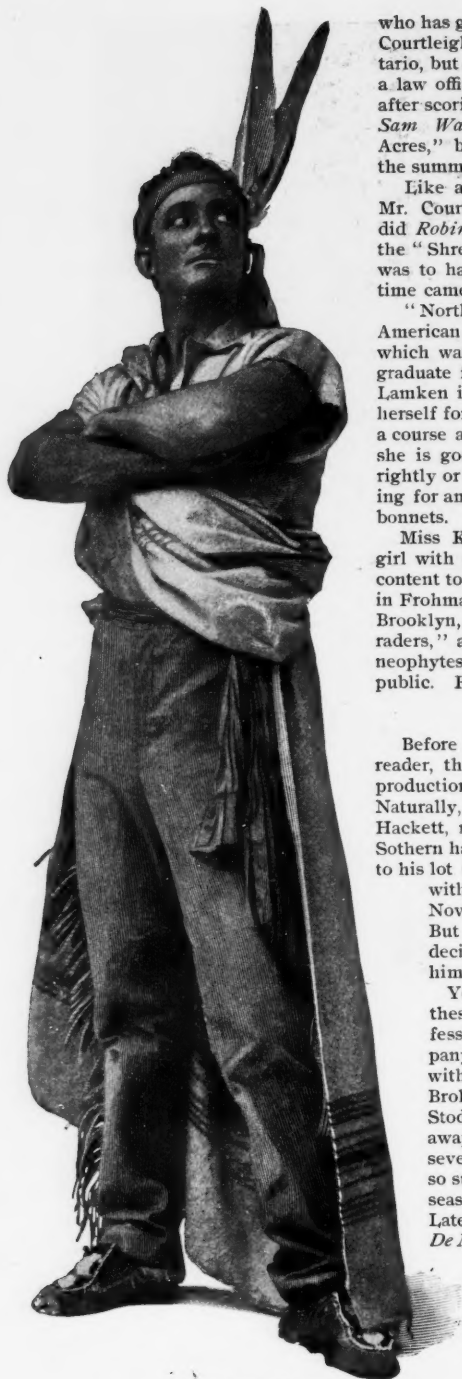
"DOUBTS" AND "LOST ANGELS" AT A DISCOUNT.

There is hope ahead, and it did not take the Venezuelan war cloud to bring it into evidence, either. Thick and fast as the leaves of autumn have British plays, during the present season, fallen lifeless on the American stage. A self respecting public has refused to indorse the prurient imaginings of morbid English playwrights whose work has not even the romantic spirit and liveliness of the French realists to commend it. Filth for filth's sake appears to be the standard Pinero and Jones have now set for themselves, if we are to judge them by their latest work. To be sure, "The Benefit of the Doubt" does not go to the extreme length reached in "Michael and His Lost Angel," but

the very title carries with it the suggestive possibility on which the piece was built.

It is an affront to public taste to offer such wretched stuff to an audience. That vile innuendos are sugar coated with deftly turned aphorisms and a flaunting display of Bibles only makes a bad matter worse. Poison is no safer to drink because it comes in bottles labeled "Benedictine."

The eagerness with which our people are ready to support native wares in the theatrical market is evidenced by the success of "Northern Lights." This is a melodrama of life in the Northwest, with an Indian uprising for a background. It is crude in construction, without sparkle, the lines allotted to the characters are conventional and commonplace, but there is action and intrigue, and the piece is a great go. Its leading character, *John Swiftwind*, supposed to be a full blooded Sioux Indian



William Courtleigh.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

who has graduated at Yale, is ably portrayed by William Courtleigh. Mr. Courtleigh is a native of Guelph, Ontario, but was brought up in St. Louis, where he entered a law office, which he decided to abandon for the stage after scoring a success in amateur theatricals. He was *Sam Warren* in the original production of "Shore Acres," by the McVickar stock company in Chicago in the summer of 1892.

Like almost everybody else on the American boards, Mr. Courtleigh was for a while at Daly's. Here he did *Robin Hood* in "The Foresters" and the *Lord* in the "Shrew." He resigned because he had been told he was to have Drew's place—and didn't get it when the time came.

"Northern Lights," after a very profitable run at the American Theater, has been followed by "Burmah," which was a Boston hit, and in which we find another graduate from the amateur stage, Grace Lamken. Miss Lamken is a Dorchester girl, and set about preparing herself for her career in a businesslike fashion by taking a course at a college of oratory. As our portrait shows, she is good to look upon—an attribute which, whether rightly or wrongly, goes a long way in procuring an opening for ambitious maidens with the footlight bee in their bonnets.

Miss Katrine Heath is another aspiring American girl with an endowment of good looks. She was quite content to begin at the foot of the ladder as an understudy in Frohman's Empire stock company. She is a native of Brooklyn, and was seen last season in "The Masqueraders," a play which afforded a rare opportunity for neophytes to accustom themselves to the gaze of the public. Her portrait appears on page 742.

#### THE NEW "RASSENDYLL."

Before this issue of *MUNSEY'S* is in the hands of the reader, the verdict will have been passed upon the new production of "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the Lyceum. Naturally, the greatest interest will center on James K. Hackett, not only because he essays the rôle in which Sothorn has been so successful, but because it has fallen to his lot in such an unexpected manner. He has been with the Lyceum forces only since the latter part of November, and is one of the youngest members. But his hit in "The Home Secretary" was so decided that Mr. Frohman felt justified in casting him thus prominently in "Zenda."

Young Hackett, moreover, is accustomed to these rapid flights. His first venture on the professional stage, made with A. M. Palmer's company just four years ago, carried one of them along with it. He was awarded a six line part in "The Broken Seal," but the very next week played J. H. Stoddart's rôle, when that veteran actor was called away by the sudden death of his wife. These several rounds on the ladder to fame were covered so successfully in that single bound, that the next season Hackett became leading man for Lotta. Later he was with Daly, and the year before his *De Neipperg* became a marked feature of "Madame Sans Gêne," he starred on the road. He is only twenty six, but in his brief experience has played over one hundred different parts.

Although their methods and personalities differ so widely, there is one point of similarity between Hackett and Sothorn: both are the sons of talented sires. James



Grace Mae Lamken.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

Henry Hackett's *Falstaff* is still a cherished memory of the American stage. James K. is the only child, and after graduating from the College of the City of New York, he started out to study law. An injury he received while playing football put him back in his lectures, and while laid up his thoughts took such a definite turn stagewards that his after career was decided then and there. The field was not an untried one, as he had already appeared with marked success in college productions.

Nature has splendidly equipped him for his profession. Lacking only half an inch of six feet in height, he has in addition the strongly outlined features that denote power and pur-

poseful ability. That these tell no idle tale, his rapid rise abundantly testifies.

#### WANTED—PLAYS; APPLY EVERYWHERE.

The famine in good plays grows serious. And it is wide spread. London has but few successes, as we, alas, know only too well. In Paris they are falling back on revivals, one theater going as far into the past as twenty years ago.

What is the cause of this dearth of good dramatic stuff? Have all the fine situations been used? Has the dénouement loaded kaleidoscope made its last turn? Is the mine worked out? Not by any means, if the nug-



James K. Hackett.

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

gets that now and then appear be taken in testimony. The reason must be sought elsewhere—in the offices of the managers. Here, as a general rule, there is absolutely no encouragement held out to playwrights. Every author with a manuscript in his pocket is set down as a dolt until he proves himself a genius; and how he is to do this when the opportunity of doing

it is denied him, the manager neither knows nor cares.

One of the foremost of these theatrical magnates made a pretense of employing a play finder, but on one occasion when this gentleman came to him with seven pieces, whose authors affirmed that the manager had promised to read them in person, his reply was,





Maud Adams.

*From her latest photograph.*

"Read them yourself, and whether they are good or bad, send them back. I won't produce them."

At this very period he was on the verge of bankruptcy, and was only saved therefrom by a hit scored for him by a play which he accepted under protest. Later on, he was again approached by an aspiring dramatist.

"No use, young man," he announced. "Mr. —" —naming the author of the hit—"will write all my plays for me hereafter."

There was one of them in rehearsal at the time. It was produced, and made the most dismal fiasco in the manager's career, which is saying a good deal.

We admit that the men who direct theaters are justified in dreading play reading; we con-

cede that the possibility of finding one gem in a mass of rubbish is not a burning incentive to delve. It is drudgery, pure and simple; so are rehearsals, but the latter cannot be dispensed with, and surely managers should be willing to take as much pains to discover the right sort of material as they do to place it on the stage when found. These same managers have an elaborate staff for other purposes. There is the business manager, who signs passes, and the press agent, who gives them out. Frequently there are two or three others, for whose office there are not technical terms, but who are not prevented by this fact from appearing on salary day. But you may go far before you will find a theater with a man whose sole business it is to examine manuscripts as they are

examined in a magazine office. On the other hand, there are a score of eager racers in the contest for each foreign hit, and spiers out for these are scattered broadcast.

As it is the exception that proves the rule, we may add that there is in New York one

more than wearisome, except in isolated spots, but the action and interest infused into the last two were sufficient to give the piece the success it achieved. Half a loaf is better than no bread, but we fear that even this half would have been found very hard and dry but for its



Katrine Heath.

*From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*

stock theater with a "reader" who examines promptly and reports intelligently, and even although the percentage of "finds" is so small as not to be worth computing, the manager is entitled to so much consideration that we forbear to mention his name lest he be buried beneath an avalanche of white paper.

That the public is, after all, lenient in its judgment, is proven by the reception of John Drew's latest offering, "The Squire of Dames." Of its four acts, the first two are talky and

servers. *Mr. Kilroy* is most happily suited to Mr. Drew, and Maud Adams wins sympathy at once in a rôle that in less skilled hands would either repel or bore one. But in whatever we see her, Miss Adams is utterly without artificiality in her work; we all await her appearance as the actress, and then forget that she is this in absorption in the woman she depicts.

Miss Adams has been John Drew's leading woman since he began starring, over three years ago. She was born in Salt Lake City,



Calvé as "Ophelia."

*From a photograph—Copyright, 1886, by Aimé Dupont, New York.*

where her mother was a popular actress in the stock company that was then maintained there. "A Midnight Bell" introduced the daughter to the New York stage, and later she was seen in "Men and Women" and "The Lost Paradise," but it was not until her début with Mr. Drew in "The Masked Ball" that she leaped into a secure niche of public favor.

Miss Adams has a peculiarly sweet voice, especially charming when heard in ballads. It is told of her that she was the innocent cause of her master losing a pupil. He was a young man from Pittsburg, with a tenor voice of which he had high hopes until one day he overheard Miss Adams singing at his instructor's rooms. The contrast between her rendering of certain ballads and his own so discouraged the ambitious vocalist that he promptly abandoned his studies.

#### THE FRENCH STAGE HERE AND THERE.

The note oftenest struck in the chorus of comment on Bernhardt's present American tour is wonder at her continued youthfulness. Her

power to enthrall her audiences is apparently in no sense diminished, and she shares with Duse—whose rapid convalescence has enabled her to come to us this season after all—the rare power of filling the house irrespective of the play presented. Bernhardt introduced herself to us this time without Sardou as sponsor, but while Sylvestre's "Izyl" is gruesomely horrible, it provided the great Frenchwoman with the opportunities she knows so well how to utilize; and in so far it may be pronounced a success.

This is more than can be said for Sardou's own offering this season in Paris. His "Marcelle"—merely a revamping of his "Woman's Silence," which fell lifeless on the Lyceum stage here last season—is voted as lacking in freshness and as being surcharged with improbabilities. Mme. Hading, however, enacts the chief rôle—created here by Georgia Cayvan—and at this writing the play is still holding the boards at the Gymnase.

Our portraits of French actresses this month show Mlle. Fallia, whose beauty is of a type



Mlle. Falla.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

not commonly associated with the footlights, and Mlle. Ludwig, who received the first prize for comedy at the Conservatoire and passed at once to the Française, where she has since played with marked success.

Apropos of foreign actors for American audiences, Henry Abbey has declared that he is done with them, after the present season. At least, so the rumor runs. If it be true, there will be no theater in the metropolis departing so radically from old lines as Abbey's, which French and English attractions have occupied almost exclusively from its opening. Just what program Mr. Abbey has mapped out,

nobody can guess, except that American players, if not American plays, will be strongly represented—although not in the person of Lillian Russell, whose star never shone so refulgently as when she herself was not a star but only leading light in the Casino's opera forces.

#### THE OPERA AND ITS BRIGHT PARTICULAR STAR.

Mr. Abbey's pronouncement against foreign artists does not, of course, extend to grand opera, which has been a greater success than ever this winter. This success, moreover, has been built on a good, all around basis, no one work standing out from the others as a special drawing card, and giving the Metropolitan a chameleon-like aspect of bright gowns and white shirt fronts on one night and a red plush array of emptiness on the next.

The one novelty presented—"La Navarraise"—stamped anew in the public mind the impression that in Calvé we have a combination seldom found in mortals—a superb voice and true dramatic instinct. Another recent addition to the Spanish prima donna's repertory—the character of *Ophelia*—was also noteworthy in exhibiting the range of her powers.

Calvé's methods are original, but she never exaggerates; always bears in mind that art should come first, with realism only as a handmaiden. Her début in opera was made in 1882 in Brussels. The piece was "Faust," and she horrified the sticklers for tradition by discarding the blond wig without which it had been supposed there could be no *Marguerite*. But her raven locks were forgotten when she began to sing, and her reception was an ovation.

#### CRANE AND THE CRITICS.

There has been a tendency for some time past to confuse William H. Crane with Nat Goodwin in the public mind. Both make their points by similar methods, both play their New York engagements at the same house, and now both are appearing simultaneously in American plays of political life. But both are good actors, and there is plenty of room for their sort.

The metropolitan press has been rather skittish about expressing a decided opinion on the value of Crane's newest offering, "The Governor of Kentucky." It may be that because its author, Franklin Fyles, is a member of their own fraternity, the critics fear that out and out praise will be taken as a bid for similar favors on like provocation, or bitter scoring be looked upon as envy. The *Tribune* is the most outspoken in its commendation, declaring that "Mr. Crane has been well fitted by the adroit writer." The *Journal*, on the other hand, beats about the bush with the star for a football, asserting that it was not Mr. Fyles' "fault that Crane could not play William Lee. A



playwright should not be censured because of the limitations of his actors."

Meltzer, of the *World*, frankly recalls his own venture into the dramatic arena in commenting on the new piece put forth by his

who could be so well excused for the itching to see their name in bigger type than that of the piece. As the *Tramp* in "1492" Mr. Jones created a reputation for himself that might have turned the heads of most youths; but



Jeanne Ludwig.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

brother of the *Sun*. If all our plays are going to be written by critics, we shall be at some pains to find unbiased reviewers of them. This very thing has been raising a tempest in a teapot over in London, and now the same question appears to have arisen here.

#### WALTER JONES AMONG THE STARS.

Although Walter Jones is the youngest of them all, there are few comic opera comedians

Jones kept his, worked hard, and patiently bided his time.

This appears to have come at last. It is announced that following the Bostonians at the Broadway Theater on March 9, Mr. Jones will join the stellar body, appearing in a burlesque of "The Prisoner of Zenda," entitled "Prisoner and Defender." If the piece be as good as the actor deserves, there will be cause for general rejoicing. Jones is a clever fellow, and

no star will start into the dizzying space of dates ahead with a larger number of hearty well wishers than he. His latest appearances have been made in a triple rôle in "Excelsior, Jr."

A FAVORITE IN THE DALY COMPANY.

In spite of all the adverse criticism aroused by Augustin Daly's peculiar methods, there is no better training school for a young actor than

unsatisfactory pictures, as a general rule. MUNSEY'S has been fortunate in securing some of the few good ones.

When before the camera she fares better in costume than in ordinary dress. As she puts it herself, "When assuming a character, I know what expression to call into my face. When I am to be simply myself, I become at once self conscious, am utterly at a loss how I ought



Maxine Elliott.

*From her latest photograph by Ellis, London.*

an engagement in his company—if only he gets the chance to play. Long runs are not expected or provided for; three or four days after a new piece has been produced, its successor is put in rehearsal. This means hard work, but it also means wide experience.

Maxine Elliott appreciates this to the full. She is a sincere, painstaking artist, and all the talk aroused by her exceptional beauty has not spoiled her in the least. She has no intention of accepting Wilson Barrett's offer to go to London; she will remain with Mr. Daly's company, where she has become a very decided favorite with the public.

Much has been said in the papers about Miss Elliott being a bonanza to the photographers. The truth of the matter is that she takes most

to look, and in trying to follow the photographer's directions, succeed in twisting my face out of all semblance to its usual lines."

Miss Elliott is a native of Rockland, Maine, and the present is her fifth season on the stage. Her experience of London audiences last summer tallies with the comment on American theatergoers made by Miss Terriss. In the critics, too, Miss Elliott found a difference. She thinks that while not so personal as their American confrères, the English reviewers are more apt to go into a detailed description of the entire performance. If a small part is filled badly, the London man says so; if well, he gives praise. Here, the minor rôle is very likely to be ignored, the critic's attention being centered upon the work done by the principals.

# A Shell



A DREARY beach with green waves tumbling free ;  
 A shell half buried in the sun dried sand,  
 Whose curving lips, pink red, drink in the grand  
 Majestic strains of nature's minstrelsy.  
 The years may merge into a century,  
 The shell be dropped in some far distant land,  
 Still, with a voice we fain would understand,  
 It murmurs low its love song for the sea.

From thee, dear heart, I learned life's truest song ;  
 Thy voice it was that gave it early birth,  
 And taught me first of life's own mystery.  
 Though heartless time my punishment prolong,  
 Though banished to the farthest spot of earth,  
 Yet sings my soul forever, love, of thee.

*William R. A. Wilson.*

## LITERARY CHAT

### SOME RECENT VERSE.

Louise Imogen Guiney, who is one of the few American women possessing the true poetic spirit, spent last summer abroad, and a series of nine sonnets lately published for private distribution contains her impressions of Oxford. It is to be hoped that they will some day be

Slowly sad eyes resign them, bound afar.  
Dear Beauty, dear Tradition, fare you well;  
And powers that, aye aglow in you, impel  
Our quickening spirits from the slime we are.

It would be a captious criticism to inquire where Miss Guiney found a "glen" within sight of Oxford. On so small a topographical point we may concede her the necessary poetic license.

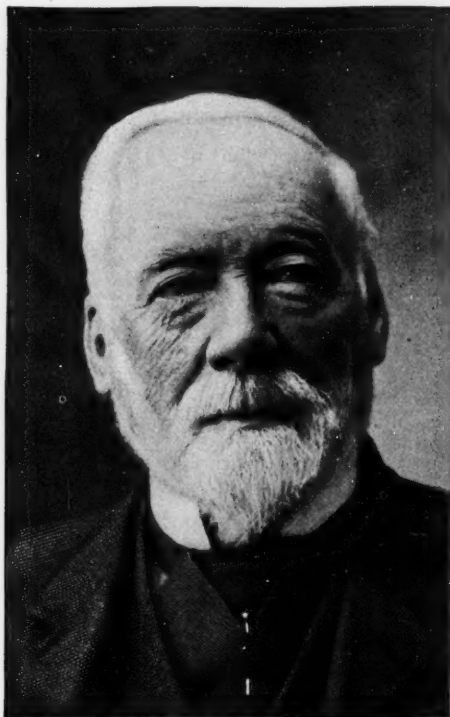
Miss Edith Thomas, too, has been speeding Pegasus to fresh flights, and, to the surprise of her admirers, the winged steed soars somewhat laboriously at her bidding. Miss Thomas is well and widely known as an exceptionally gifted verse maker, and the development of her endowment has by no means reached its limit; but she has stumbled where many have stumbled before her, in the apparently easy path of juvenile verse. We have already emphasized in these columns the peculiar difficulty of adequately reaching the child heart by means of rhyme, and therefore we are not particularly surprised to find that in this branch of verse Miss Thomas has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The mediocre parts of "In the Young World" are unworthy of being offered to so severe a judge as the child, and the best are rather too thoughtful for their intended readers. It is to be remembered, however, that this is probably the first approach to a failure that Miss Thomas has scored, and that she is in good company when she misses her aim.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has collected in "Later Lyrics" the best verses of four former books—"Mercedes," "The Sisters' Tragedy," "Wyndham Towers," and "Unguarded Gates," and the little volume will be welcomed by readers who appreciate his work, but cannot spare time to study it at length. Mr. Aldrich is a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to which place of pleasant memories his heart turns back in the tender lines to the Piscataqua River which form the preface to "An Old Town by the Sea;"

I within the city, I,  
So full of vague unrest,  
Would almost give my life to lie  
An hour upon thy breast!

To sit in happy indolence,  
To rest upon the oars,  
And catch the heavy earthy scents  
That blow from summer shores;

O river! flowing to the main  
Through woods, and fields of corn,  
Hear thou my longing and my pain  
This sunny birthday morn;



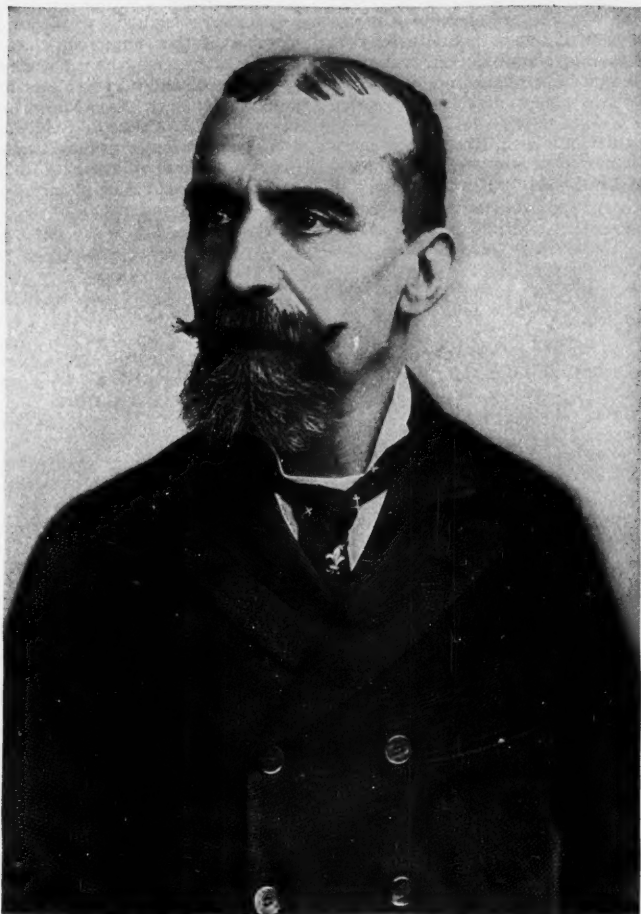
Samuel Smiles.

*From a photograph by Adair, Belfast.*

issued in a shape more accessible to the general public, since they are deserving of a more enduring form than the pamphlet in which they at present appear. We are of the opinion that "A Last View" is as finished a piece of work as Miss Guiney has ever done.

Where down the glen, across the shallow ford,  
Stretches the open aisle from scene to scene,  
By halted horses silently we lean,  
Gazing enchanted from our steeper sward.  
How yon low loving skies of April hoard  
An hundred pinnacles, and how with sheen  
Of spike and ball her languid clouds between,  
Gray Oxford grandly rises riverward!  
Sweet, on those dim long dedicated walls,  
As silver rain the frugal sunshine falls;





Ernest Daudet.

*From a photograph by Benque, Paris.*

And take this song which fancy shapes  
To music like thine own,  
And sing it to the cliffs and capes  
And crags where I am known!

We cannot but regret that this poem is not included among the "Later Lyrics," for it seems to us to take a high place among its author's works, and yet it is comparatively unknown even among those well up in letters. And we cannot but regret, also, that we do not hear more nowadays from the man who is undoubtedly the first of living American poets.

#### AN ENGLISH VETERAN.

At eighty four Samuel Smiles is still living in London, and proving the value of his rules of life as laid down in "Self Help." He celebrated his golden wedding two years ago, and four children and twenty grandchildren made the occasion a merry one. He has not given

up work. Last year he published a "Life of Josiah Wedgwood" which had the qualities that won such popularity for his earlier studies of the great leaders of industry and invention.

"Self Help" has been the guide book of innumerable youths. When the "hundred best books" fad was at its height, and everybody was being called upon for lists, "Self Help" appeared upon all that were made up by practical business men.

Mr. Smiles considers that he owes his long life to his constant work. "Work is the salvation of every human being," he says. He was not entirely a literary man during his busy years, but served also as secretary of the South-eastern Railway Company, of England.

#### ALPHONSE DAUDET'S BROTHER.

The fame of Alphonse Daudet overshadows that of his brother Ernest, though it was the

latter who really brought the family name into notice. When Alphonse was seventeen he was a weak, near sighted boy with a taste for poetry. Ernest was secretary to an old gentleman in Paris. He sent for Alphonse, and supported him until he was able to make something by his pen.

Ernest Daudet has been, like his brother, a writer for the newspapers, a poet, and a novelist. One of his books, "The Apostate," is

Anatole France. M. France is a man of fifty, a Parisian by birth and residence, and a typical member of that numerous class of versatile French *littérateurs* who can write a good story, a neat poem, and a readable critical article on any given subject. Paris knows him chiefly for his novel, "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," and as a contributor to the *Temps*, the *Débats*, and the literary journals. In America, his work may be said to be practically unknown.



Emil Zola.

From his latest photograph by Brogi, Florence.

about to be issued in a new edition. Its style is very different from that of Alphonse, being more direct and with less humor. It is a powerful story, belonging more to this day than to the time—several years ago—when it was published. It is the history of a priest who broke his vows and went back into the world. Line by line it impresses upon the mind of the reader that however strong a character may be, the breaking of a sacred vow will disintegrate and ruin it. It could be worked into a strong play of the Henry Arthur Jones order.

#### ZOLA A PROBABLE ACADEMICIAN.

Of the four vacant chairs in the French Academy one has just been filled by the election of

When the other vacancies in the Academy are filled, it seems quite probable that Zola will be discovered in one of them. He is more eligible to the position than any other man in France, and the prejudice that has kept him out long ago degenerated into obstinacy on the part of his detractors. Even England, the prude of nations, welcomed him last year, showing that his purposes were recognized as high and honest, even by the British matron. It is worse than stupid for France to refuse him her highest distinction any longer.

The new edition of Turgeneff's works recalls the fact that Zola and Alphonse Daudet were Turgeneff's friends and associates in the days when they were all "unpublished," and

ostensibly gloried in the fact. Zola was the last to become known, and that by the worst of his novels, "Nana." Today the book which introduced him to France as a popular writer is the chief stumbling block in his way to the Academy.

#### THE DEATH OF VERLAINE.

Paul Verlaine is dead, and out of his body there went a soul which has been the puzzle of alienists. He was a reincarnation, after four hundred years, of the spirit of François Villon, poet and highwayman. Lemaitre said of him: "I do not think that he realizes how he lives or how he writes." Dr. Nordau selected him as an illustration in "Degeneration."

At his best, Verlaine used the French language in a manner beyond the ability of any other living writer. It was only a few years ago that George Moore, the London critic, introduced him to the English reading public; and his fame in Britain widened his little circle of admirers in France. He was the head of the Decadents, and he had two styles of writing. During his terrible days of miserable dissipation he wrote verses few of which have ever been found fit for print. Poetry of the rarest, their subjects were unspeakably gross. These periods of almost maniacal depravity would end up in some hospital, where the weak, repentant Verlaine wrote the lofty, beautiful religious poems upon which his fame depends.

He looked like a Tartar, with high cheek bones and slanting eyes. His large head was sunken between his shoulders. He was a pitiful, broken, soiled wreck of a man, who lived in the gutter, the prison, and the hospital. He left thirteen volumes of poetry, which add to the fame of France; and he died an unspeakable outcast.

#### MORE MEMORIES OF DUMAS.

Alexandre Dumas, *filz*, said of his own work: "I often wound conventionalities, established ideas, and the prejudices of society, but I write for those who think as I do. It is useless to combat the opinions of others."

Without realizing it, perhaps—or more likely fully understanding it—Dumas gave the secret of popularity. The popular book is not the book that teaches, but the book that expresses. We delight in the fiction that draws characters as we see them; that puts into the words and deeds of heroes our own best aspirations; that condemns what we condemn and lauds what we laud. A book which does not fit into its own time, which does not find an echo in the hearts of its readers, may be the finest work of art ever penned. Critics may fill the public prints with admiration, but the public will not buy it. On the other hand, the book that speaks our own thoughts may do so in a crude way, and yet be our own familiar friend.

Dumas and Maupassant were friends, the younger man being very much loved by the elder. Upon their first acquaintance, Dumas

asked Maupassant to his house. "You will always find passable champagne there, and people no stupider than elsewhere, and—no women."

Dumas did not believe in woman. He called her "an unreasonable being, a subaltern, and an evil doer." And yet no man was ever more loved and sought by the other sex.

#### THE PHELPS FAMILY GHOSTS.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has lately alluded to that mysterious visitation, or "house possession," which came upon her grandfather in the old days of spiritualism. This story is one that has been jealously guarded by the Phelps, who resent the idea of being looked upon as "queer," as having spiritualistic beliefs.

Mrs. Ward says that she received from her grandfather's own hands his written journal of these phenomena, which he recorded from day to day during seven months, but she is careful to add that it will be entirely useless to apply for further information on the subject, or for any sight of her grandfather's manuscript. The story is chiefly interesting at this day through its influence upon the sensitive mind of a child who was to become so widely known as an author. Undoubtedly the fact that she crept to bed night after night to shiver for hours, after listening to this family tale, must have had a great deal to do with the direction of her mind. "The Gates Ajar," written when she was twenty, may surely be the fruit of those seeds dropped into her girlish mind.

The story was widely known in New England at the time, and is still referred to. Mrs. Ward's grandfather was a country minister of sturdy body and mind, a prominent member of the "underground railroad" for helping slaves to freedom, and an orthodox Christian. All at once strange things began to happen in his house, and inquisitive people flocked to see them. Dishes leaped into the air, Mrs. Ward says; silver forks were bent by unseen hands; ghastly images made of clothing that had been locked safely away, were found propped in chairs. Rappings told of souls in torment, and when the old clergyman asked what he could do for them, they demanded squash pie. It sounds like a silly and rather stupid story, like the pranks of mischievous boys; but learned professors accepted it in those days, and Mrs. Ward evidently believes that her grandfather saw what he saw. She says that for years she expected, at almost any moment, to see the candlesticks or the crockery walk off into the air; but the "spirits" never came to her.

#### COLONEL RICHARD SAVAGE.

In the majestic dome of the literary firmament Colonel Richard Henry Savage is a star of the first magnitude, blazing with a splendor unrivaled save by that of his fellow luminary, Mr. Archibald Claverling Gunter. Colonel Savage's works appear in dazzling yellow covers, and partake largely of the nature of "shill-

ing shockers" and other types of florid fiction dear to the heart of the district messenger boy. And now behold this wielder of sword and pen arrayed in a court of law against his publisher and erstwhile friend, Mr. F. Tennyson Neely, who is accused of divers reprehensible acts. He has, it is alleged, avoided making proper royalty returns to Colonel Savage, has delayed publication of his books, and otherwise wounded his feelings to the extent of some \$12,000. The plaintiff and defendant in this novel suit entered into business relations in 1893, and for a time all was serene. Then the gifted colonel heard, during a trip abroad, that his books were being published in an inferior manner, and forthwith despatched his wife to America to investigate; but she was apparently unable to cope with Mr. Neely, and hence the aforementioned suit.

Meanwhile Colonel Savage's latest volume has made its appearance. It is called "Miss Devereux of the Mariquita," and a careful perusal of its pages would seem to show that Mr. Neely has displayed unusual shrewdness in delaying the publication of his patron's manuscripts. He has forfeited an opportunity to be hailed as a public benefactor by not delaying the publication of "Miss Devereux" indefinitely. For this is a strange and irresponsible tale, with a plot more complicated than a set of instructions for knitting a child's cap, and a remarkable disregard of probability and the English language. It contains, at a rough estimate, nineteen thousand climaxes, besides an immeasurable supply of highly picturesque profanity, as used by the desperate characters of the far West.

Colonel Savage has learned to be very wicked since he wrote "My Official Wife"—a book which, in startling contrast to its successors, was literature. With a free and easy pen he dallies with a large number of male and female transgressors of law and morality. Homicide, arson, forgery, and other pleasing sports occupy the time of most of his characters from the first line to the last. How can Mr. Neely be so inconsiderate as to withhold from Colonel Savage his royalty of seven and one half cents per volume of this masterly fiction? We think that he should make the royalty eight cents, and pay it cheerfully.

We look with interest to the outcome of this suit. Genius must be protected at any cost, and we trust that the courts will give Colonel Savage the uttermost farthing to which he is entitled.

#### MR. HOWELL'S LOST OPPORTUNITY.

When William Dean Howells was a young man on the staff of an Ohio newspaper, his editor wanted a "Life of Lincoln" written, and suggested that his young assistant should do it. But Mr. Howells was making poetry in those days, and writing the life of a "Western politician" was by no means the task he would have set himself. He said that he would do it, but he certainly would not take precious time to go out to Illinois and gather the requisite material. Another man was sent on that errand,

and a hack life of America's greatest statesman was turned out.

Today, Mr. Howells looks back upon that episode as the lost opportunity of his life. To have come into intimate contact with the noblest, sweetest, and most potent nature of his time, the genius of his country, would have been an epoch in the life of an imaginative young man. There may be a doubt as to Mr. Howells' ability to paint a portrait of Lincoln in the broad strokes the subject demanded, but the incident remains as the novelist's own text for a sermon upon doing thoroughly whatever comes to your hand.

#### A CHICAGO CHEVALIER.

Three years ago, amid the "hustle" of busy Chicago, Henry B. Fuller was leading a life which was full of dreams and solitude. If admirers of his books felt like hunting him up in order to tell him their opinion, as brother writers sometimes felt like doing, they were met with the chilling information from his publishers that his address was not public property, and that Mr. Fuller had requested that it should not be disclosed. But if through some unexpected channel an introduction was received, a man who might have stepped out of a story by himself came unostentatiously into view.

Mr. Fuller had not written such books as "The Cliff Dwellers" and "With the Procession" then. He resented the idea that he ever would. He was—and he still is—a pale, blond young man, with large blue eyes, and delicate, nervous hands, which he twisted as he talked. He had a shy trick of looking out of the window, anywhere but into your face, as he displayed his remarkable faculty for making brilliant, slightly humorous, mildly sarcastic sentences.

He is a thorough, all around artist; he looks it, and when he talks he makes you understand it. No other American has ever written a book where delicate, ironical fancy was so delightfully expressed as in "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani." It never became a popular book, any more than Mr. Fuller could ever become a popular man. His personality is the genius of his earlier manner. At that time Mr. Fuller was mildly amused by the suggestion from a Boston paper that he should write his impressions of Chicago. He confessed that he had written his books to create a world into which he might retreat from Chicago. He looked upon his city as a great and wonderful development, or rather as the embryo of great things to come; but not a field for the artist.

Mr. Fuller is a musician who can improvise for hours, an architect for his own pleasure, as he was originally a novelist for his own pleasure. When he was quite a boy, his family, who believed in the Chicago way to distinction, put him into a hardware establishment, and it was while he was living through this phase of life that he wrote "The Chevalier." He had been abroad, and after his book began to be talked about, he went again.



Then the World's Fair came on, and he began looking at Chicago with new eyes. He wrote some delightful articles upon the White City; and then, being an artist altogether, the bizarre life of the hive he lived in impressed itself upon him, and he wrote his remarkable later novels, which hum with contemporary spirit.

But, after all, the Henry Fuller who wrote "The Chevalier," with its delicate aroma like old wine, is the Henry Fuller who lives. The later manner is only the expression of a phase.

#### TWO UNPUBLISHED WORKS BY HALL CAINE.

It is not generally known that Hall Caine has written a play in which Mahomet is the central figure, and a "Life of Christ"—neither of which have been given to the public. "Mahomet" was written for Sir Henry Irving, who was to play the principal character. The coming play had been announced, and three acts were entirely finished, when a hue and cry of objection was raised in London. To us, here in America, the realization of Mahometanism as a vital religion, held by millions of British subjects as sacredly as we hold Christianity, is unknown. We should have no more objection to seeing Mahomet on the stage than Napoleon. But in political London it was another thing. The Mahometans must not be offended, and Sir Henry wrote to Mr. Caine that the project must be abandoned. Willard bought the play to produce in America; but we have not seen it as yet.

The "Life of Christ" has not been published because it does not please its author. After reading Renan's "Life," he felt that as vivid and dramatic a work might be written from the standpoint of belief as Renan's was from the point of unbelief. The result, Mr. Caine himself says, was human and dramatic, but fell short of what he hoped to do, and it was put aside. It is said that a publisher lately offered him fifteen thousand dollars for the manuscript, but it was refused.

#### "Q."

Arthur T. Quiller-Couch, who is better known by the simple "Q" which he has adopted as a *nom de guerre*, is an intimate friend of J. M. Barrie. The latter has been expressing his surprise that his comrade's work does not meet with a more appreciative reception in America, and we are constrained to concur. Quiller-Couch has to a very marked degree the ability to tell a good story well, and if the American public has not seemed to accept his work we regard it as more of a reflection on our national taste than on the writer's competency.

"Q" is a Cornishman, originally destined for the law, like so many English authors, and finding his bent more by accident than anything else. It is said that "Dead Man's Rock," his first and most widely read work, would never have been published had it not been for the advice of a friend, who read the half finished manuscript, and earnestly urged him to complete it. It finally appeared in 1887, and its immediate success justified Mr. Quiller-

Couch in abandoning his law studies and turning his attention entirely to literature.

An offer from Wemyss Reid to join the editorial staff of a new paper, the *Speaker*, was another factor in the determination of "Q's" career at this critical stage, and his acceptance of the proposition resulted in a connection which has done much to help his reputation. At present Mr. Quiller-Couch resides in Cornwall, where his time is employed in reviewing books, writing fiction, and boating.

"Q's" last book, "Ia," demonstrates more than anything he has done the peculiar gift of concise writing which lends to his work its characteristic verve and swing. There is no wasted breath in "Ia," no tautological explanation, no elaborate atmosphere. The story begins with a snap, and marches briskly along to its conclusion without allowing the interest to flag for an instant. The impression produced is that the author has an immense reserve of power, and that he could have built up a much longer novel on the plot which he develops in a hundred and sixty small pages.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has declared himself opposed to the "problem novel," and yet "Ia" comes close to being one. Its brevity saves it from decadency, and its reticence at delicate points is in contrast to Thomas Hardy's tendency to coarse detail. But we think that this departure from "Q's" usual vein is a dangerous experiment. For the nonce he has succeeded; but the problem novel is, as Clark Russell says of the sea, "a jealous thing to touch."

#### "MAXWELL GREY."

In an invalid's room, looking out on the world from a couch drawn up close to a window, able to see only passers by, and a few quiet friends, lives Mary G. Uttiet, whose pen name of Maxwell Grey is known all over the English speaking world. Her famous story, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," is one of the latest to be dramatized.

Perhaps it is her station by the window in her Isle of Wight home which gave her inspiration for a charming illustration of her belief in the way authors should work. She has no patience with realism, very naturally, and still less with books which moralize. The actual, Miss Uttiet thinks, is fatal to fictive art. Like the Lady of Shalott, the novelist must see the pageant of human life reflected in the magic mirror of imagination, and weave it upon the enchanted loom of art. The moment he leaves his loom and turns to see by common day the helmet and the plume, the water lily and all the wondrous sights, the mirror cracks, out flies the web; the curse has come upon him.

The magic mirror does not reflect all that passes, because selection is the first principle of art; but it can reflect nothing that is not there; to that extent the writer is bound to reality. The writer must influence opinions and consciences according to Miss Uttiet, and it is not so much whom he introduces us to, as how he does it. Sometimes sinners are better company than saints.



None of Miss Uttiet's later work has repeated the success of "Dean Maitland."

#### THE NEW LAUREATE.

It is probable that when the name of England's new poet laureate was announced, nine persons out of every ten made the inquiry, "And who may Alfred Austin be?" By this time, no doubt, they have learned as much as they wish to know about Tennyson's successor.

For twenty five years or so, Mr. Austin has strolled somewhat aimlessly along the pleasant paths of poesy, making occasional detours into the neighboring fields of fiction, journalism, and political writing. Having observed that he causes "worry" to rhyme with "bury," and regards the rules of grammar and meter with a cold and disapproving eye, we were surprised and somewhat chagrined to find him elevated to the laureateship. Nor are we alone in our displeasure. The voice of the critic is loud in England, bitterly lamenting, and poets great and small are mourning and refusing to be comforted.

We do not remember ever to have heard Mr. Austin commended except by Mr. William Watson, who has called him "especially and saliently English," and shelved him with Britain's "best singers, from Chaucer onward." This was very nice of Mr. Watson, but, unfortunately for the object of his eulogy, it was by no means a final verdict. Mr. Austin's work is such that to rank him among the best singers is manifestly absurd.

As a rule, his muse is a chastened and serene damsel, quite capable, we think, of breaking forth into quiet rhapsodies over the various little domestic doings of royalty which it is the pleasing duty of a laureate to celebrate. We doubt whether there is any English poet who can so thoroughly fill the position. Imagine the brilliant vocabulary of Mr. Swinburne applied to the first birthday of a royal infant, or the *froufrou* of Mr. Dobson's lyrics dealing with a national event like the death of the Duke of Wellington!

We are reminded of Pope's epigram on Colley Cibber's appointment as poet laureate:

In merry old England it was once a rule,  
The king had his poet and also his fool,  
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to  
know it,  
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for  
poet.

Nevertheless, since it is obviously out of the question to replace Tennyson, why not let Mr. Austin enjoy the prize he has obtained, unharassed by invidious comparisons? He is ready to do his duty and prepared to perpetuate everything and everybody in joyous floods of song. His is the heart that dares all, the brain untrammelled by mere rhyme and rhythm, the soul that soars above criticism.

For his services the English laureate receives \$360 per annum, and Mr. Austin is entitled to collect "back salary" to the amount of \$1,350, which has been unpaid since the death of Tennyson on October 6, 1892. It is said—and

it sounds probable—that one reason for Lord Salisbury's selection is the fact that his nominee really needed the money.

#### THE ROMANCE OF A POET AND PAINTER.

The story of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's marriage, as recently told in his brother's compilation of the "Life and Letters" of the famous artist poet, is a very interesting one. It builds up a character which sounds like something in fiction.

Mrs. Rossetti was an artist's model when Rossetti made her acquaintance, but before that she had been a milliner, working in a London shop. One day an artist, passing by, saw her, and induced her to sit for him. We have often seen her in Rossetti's paintings—"tall, finely formed, with a lofty neck and regular yet somewhat uncommon features; greenish blue, unsparkling eyes, large, perfect eyelids; brilliant complexion, and a lavish, heavy wealth of coppery golden hair."

This girl, taken out of her shop to be transferred to canvas, became under her new influences both a poetess and a painter. She was consumptive, and is believed to have died of an overdose of laudanum, which she was in the habit of taking. The phases of her disease might almost be traced in Rossetti's work. The two were not happy together, although their engagement lasted for ten years, and Rossetti's most beautiful love poems were written to her. The manuscripts were buried in her coffin. That he afterward had them removed and published does not make them any the less good poetry.

#### AN INDIAN CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

With all the poetry the Indian races have exhibited in their legends, it is remarkable that the blood has not shown itself in the field of literature before this. E. Pauline Johnson's "White Wampum" is a notable book of poems, not only because it is written by a woman of Indian blood, but because it is stirring, pleasing poetry.

A brief sketch of Miss Johnson's work, with a portrait, was given in *MUNSEY'S* for May, 1895. She is the daughter of Chief Johnson, of the Six Nations, who traced his descent from a friend and councillor of the great Hiawatha. Mr. Johnson, whose Indian name was Teyonhehkon, or Double Life, married a missionary's sister, a relative of William Dean Howells. His daughter was brought up on the reservation of the Six Nations, where her father was the official interpreter. After his death, her mother took the children to Brantford, Canada, and the young girl began a literary life by writing for the papers. At some society entertainment she recited one of her poems, and was so successful that she adopted reciting as a profession.

Last year, when she went to London, she took letters from the Governor General of Canada and many prominent Canadians to English friends. She recited, wearing her Indian dress, in all the great London houses.

# LATEST FADS

## SOCIAL HIGHWAYMEN.

What shall we be collecting next? Here is a young woman, blessed by the gods with an ingenious spirit, whose latest fad is to bear away a silver spoon from every dinner she attends. Her collection now numbers over twenty, each of which, according to the owner, was taken with the consent of the hostess. In the face of this statement the only comment it is judicious to make is upon the infinite good nature of the hostesses. The spoon fancier herself is more than ordinarily fascinating, and this may have much to do with her success. But the fad is fearsome in its possibilities. It is well that no one's fancy has lightly turned to thoughts of Brussels carpets or tall Dutch clocks. Still, *tout arrive*. We may yet find ourselves politely requested to provide a house and lot or a diamond necklace for each of our faddish guests. For the genuine collector is not easily daunted; he combines the persistency of the kleptomaniac with the *savoir faire* of the housebreaker, and threads his way nimbly along the most dangerous paths.

We were puzzled the other day to observe, in a New York conservatory, a row of some ten or twelve ivy plants, and our eyes were considerably opened by the owner. "Each of these," she said, "is grown from a sprig picked on a different English estate. And on every estate," she added with a splendid air of triumph, "we were *positively* forbidden to pick *anything*!" Compared to the conscience of the collector, a grain of mustard seed is an object of quite respectable dimensions.

Mr. Brander Matthews once advised the committee on literature of The Players to lock up every valuable book in the club, since no book fancier is responsible for his actions. "I won't even answer for myself," he added, fondling a particularly rare work.

We think the field is ripe for a moral mission among collectors. We are almost moved to sermonize ourselves. Has the spoon fancier, we feel impelled to ask, always been true and just in all her dealings, and kept her hands from picking and stealing? What will the gatherer of ivy come to in the end? Three centuries ago it had been the gallows tree. And above all, of what are the collections of our brother bibliophiles made?

## THE BANQUET RING.

There once existed a superstitious belief that ideas must form part of the equipment of even the most frivolous woman, when she accepted the obligations of a dinner invitation. Nowadays she has an easier method. She carries a "banquet ring," and when talk flags she passes it around for general inspection and admiration.

If the banquet ring gets any larger, a re-

ceptacle on wheels will have to be constructed to carry it. It is a collection of stones, as valuable as the purse will allow, worked into a design as unique as possible. Sometimes it contains a hundred stones, and covers two fingers from knuckle to knuckle. When necessary, it is held to the hand by rings slipped over two fingers.

The woman who cannot afford to buy one of these collections, which sometimes cost ten thousand dollars, are having their small rings, earrings, and brooches broken up and reset in a "banquet ring." The originality of the design depends upon the genius of the jeweler or the wearer. Some show the familiar three feathers of the Prince of Wales' crest; others are replicas of the family crest—or of the device that adorns harness and silver plate in that capacity.

We should like to make a suggestion. The weight and value of the stones already announces the commercial value of the wearer; let the device proclaim the proud source of her wealth. The oil magnate's wife might have a miniature derrick of precious stones between the second and third joints of her fingers. The railroad king might give the railroad queen a locomotive of diamonds with a ruby head light and pearl steam. The prince of tobacconists could advertise his wares in a large jeweled *perfecto* displayed on the fair hand of a member of his family. We have all of them in the class who design and own "banquet rings."

## THE BAREFOOT FAD.

It is all very well for a woman to care for her complexion. To judge by the advertisements and the sale of cosmetic cure-alls, soaps, and pastes, she has been doing nothing else for several years. But when it reaches a point where she goes without her shoes and stockings in order that her cheeks may glow, there are some conservative souls who hesitate. The advanced guard, the reckless spirits, are already making startling predictions of what is coming.

At Father Kneipp's "cure" in Bavaria, everybody is obliged to go barefoot. Princesses have been seen at the concerts in the evening, dressed in the height of Parisian fashion, but without a scrap of covering on their feet. Having originally adopted it as a treatment for weak lungs, the fair experimenters soon discovered that the absence of shoes improved the appearance of their nether supports. Then an artist, an Englishman, wrote a novel whose name we forget—or wish we could—in which bare feet were glorified. That finished the matter in America. The faddists had their cue. Bare feet became the rule for certain hours of the day. The average sizes in shoes bounded two numbers in as many months. After contemplating

a pair of pink and rosy feet adjusted on a silk cushion for two or three hours a day, crushing them into tight shoes was not to be thought of. They had taken on an esthetic value.

Already there are those who are arguing that the feet are as beautiful as the hands, and as worthy of displaying their beauty. At home functions, at any rate, they should appear—clad in rings, perhaps, with a silken sandal ribbon crossing a blue veined instep. Mme. Récamier used to wear sandals on her pretty bare feet. It may be all right to imitate her example—if the imitator has equally pretty feet, peeping, like those of Sir John Suckling's sweetheart, from under soft lace frills, like little white mice. But contemplate the new woman with bloomers and bare feet!

#### THE EARLY DANCE.

A new fashion which is gaining ground rapidly in New York is the early dance, which begins at half past nine and comes to an end shortly after midnight. It is, perhaps, stretching a point to call this a fad, for it possesses what few fads can boast—an element of common sense. Business men (and what men worthy of the name are not business men in this busy land?) have vetoed late dances, and positively refused to trip the light fantastic until three A. M., and then breakfast at eight. So it has come to pass that young society women have long been compelled to rely upon the very callowest and most insignificant youths of the community to dance their Germans and take them in to supper. The early dance is bringing to the front the older men who insist upon ending the day at midnight, and the whippersnapper is relegated to the background. These small affairs are too "everlastingly early" for him.

A fad is always welcome if it has reason to commend it, and it is to be hoped that the very evident merit of the early dance will make it a permanent institution. Can there be anything more absurd than the cotillion which begins at one o'clock and brings you to an exhausted finish at four? Why not, while we are wasting our sleeping time, make a complete job of it and dance till breakfast or thereabouts, as they do at the Yale "Prom"? For college men there is some excuse. They are young, and wisdom will come with years—perhaps. It certainly has not come to the society matrons whose dances commence at or after midnight.

Apropos of all this we overheard a very characteristic remark not long since in a theater.

"Shall I see you tonight at the Browns' dance?"

"Yes, I may drop in about half after one."

The speaker ought to have been soundly spanked and packed off to bed for expressing such an intention. He was too flagrantly young and callow to be horsewhipped.

#### SOME NEEDLEWORK FADS.

It is always more or less the fad for women with a penchant for embroidery to make various

fetching trifles for their *cavalieri servanti*; and it is only in the particular direction which the fad takes that its novelty lies. Formerly the trifles were almost invariably useless and unwelcome. It is seldom that men really appreciate flounced blue pincushions and scented handkerchief cases, and it will be remembered that the late Bishop Brooks was wont on Christmas Day to escape from his church by a side door to avoid the rows of waiting women who bore free will offerings of home made carpet slippers.

The ingenuity of the maiden who embroiders is at present centered upon "golf waistcoats." Exactly why any man should desire a garment of amateur manufacture when he can obtain one of far superior quality from his tailor, it is hard to imagine. Certainly there cannot be any great amount of sentiment attached thereto. The golf waistcoat is constructed somewhat after the manner of the "samplers" of a hundred years ago—that is, by embroidering an elaborate pattern in wool upon canvas; and the effect is hideous beyond the dreams of a late dinner. However, the question of beauty is immaterial.

One fortunate and popular golfer received, in a single month, seven of these waistcoats, only two of which approximately suited his figure. He has been wearing the two as an illustration of the survival of the *fittest*, and reports that they are absolutely cold proof.

A New York man of Bohemian and esthetic tendencies lately exhibited another example of ingenious embroidery, on which a skilful plier of the needle had lavished extraordinary care. It was designed as a portière, the material being the coarsest variety of yellow denim, and the pattern an enlargement of a drawing for a poster by Aubrey Beardsley. A tall damosel was wandering across a meadow backed by a grove and a cardinal sky, while the upper panel bore the inscription:

O ye who pass this door,  
One thing is certain—  
You never saw before  
A poster curtain!

The embroidery was done in rope silk in solid blocks, and the curtain was hung in the doorway by strings of glass beads. This is the most thoroughly *fin de siècle* contrivance, we imagine, which has yet emanated from an embroidery frame.

Then, again, there is the sofa cushion, without some seventeen dozen of which no home is now complete. Here there is no limit to the wealth of designs, and the more outrageous and bizarre they are, the better pleased their proud possessor seems to be. The boudoir of one débutante contains a divan which aptly illustrates this craze for what is *outré*. It groans beneath an assortment of twenty cushions, no two alike, and no two, as the owner joyously observed, that can be said to go well together. The mute but earnest protests of green cushions embroidered with blue roses, of terra cotta dwelling in inharmonious contrast next to magenta, and of unhappy

families of pinks, purples, violets, and maroons, afford her unfeigned happiness. What it is to have the artistic eye!

In the same room the window curtains are of pale green India silk with a crest in gold worked upon them. This at least is not productive of astigmatism.

So, gentle wielders of the needle and the frame, you need no longer be hampered by conventionality. You can do anything you wish, and you have only to observe two rules: never embroider what will please the eye, and never adopt any idea that has been used before. Also it is well, though not imperative, to keep this in mind: all people have not been educated to appreciate the decadent in art, and you would be wise to tell your visitor that this cushion or that curtain is your own work before asking his or her opinion thereof. This keeps the unsuspecting critic off the dangerous reef of candor!

#### THE YEAR OF THE CAT.

The man of today who belongs to woman-kind, whose ways are in the path of fashion, finds himself something in the state of *Lone Sahib*, when for his unbelief he suffered the "sending" of *Dana Da*.

Mr. Kipling draws a feeling picture of a man waking up in the morning to find a squirming kitten on his breast, or opening a drawer to pluck one from among his dress shirts, or lifting a mewling little beast from his tobacco jar. There was a time in American history when the superfluous cats were drowned, leaving one out of the litter for the maiden aunt, whose cachet was a feline pet. But times change. There are no superfluous kittens when their market prices range from ten to fifty dollars apiece. The maiden aunt, too, has changed; she has become a "bachelor girl." Instead of meekly taking the left overs of the family, kittens or otherwise, she puts her hand into her pocket and buys her own cat, if she considers it a decorative adjunct to her establishment. Like a good many more of her possessions, it is usually the object of envy instead of contempt. The cat of today bears no more resemblance to the tabby of the old maid of a generation ago than its modern mistress to her maiden aunt. The gray tone has left both of them.

The cat which was formally introduced to fashionable society by the very popular cat show last winter, is a Persian, almost as large as a fox terrier, with long, fluffy white hair, and the stateliness of a cardinal. It is not a creature to pet and coddle, but to respect and admire.

#### THE MERITS OF THE MINIATURE.

The popularity of the miniature shows no sign of abating. You have your (alleged) portrait painted on one of the oval porcelains, frame it in narrow gilt metal with a bow knot on top, and keep it in your cabinet, except during the annual portrait exhibition. It is the only true way of handing your image

down to posterity, and has the advantage of making of every woman a beauty in a Gainsborough hat or an empire gown. Of course it will look like you—a flattering picture always does. The portrait is so tiny that the bad lines and features are so diminished that they are lost sight of, while the good ones are made so much finer and more delicate by the reduction that your children and your children's children can everlastingly expatiate upon your past beauty, and prove it.

Photographs show far too literally the expression you assumed when that lens was pointed at you, and you were told to "look pleasant, please" (at a dollar a dozen), or, "will you kindly endeavor to assume an expression of contentment, and think of some pleasing incident?" (at twelve dollars a dozen). The product of the too truthful camera tells you, years after, what that gown really looked like which you thought was so stylish. On the other hand, the miniature painter—if he knows his business—knows how to idealize, and to picture the most ordinary sitter as a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Then, too, miniatures are better because they cost more than any other portrait, as it always takes three figures on the check to pay for one.

It is of course very charming to have your children's miniatures painted, for they are always beautiful to begin with; but in after years it dulls the child's pleasurable contemplation of its past self to have some kindly disposed friend of the family inquire, "Were you really ever so pretty as that?"

#### FACIAL GUIDEPOSTS.

Occasionally a fad is but the revival of a fashion dear to the hearts of our great grandmothers. The old fashioned courtplaster patch idiosyncrasy has been resurrected, and is now reigning in high favor in certain circles. We may prepare for an epidemic of it, when we see eleven out of twelve girls at a tea decorated as to their faces with tiny black squares alluringly affixed to cheek, chin, or lips. Attention is called to beautiful eyes by a small black patch carefully placed near them, much as a guidepost on a man's estate indicates, "This way to the waterfall."

When it happens that the mouth is worthy of notice, the sign is shifted to its immediate vicinity, and the way of the admirer thereby made smooth. It has not yet been determined whether parallel rows of patches on the upper and lower lips signify perfect teeth, or a courtplaster owl on the brow a sapient brain.

This courtplaster owl is not so much of a fiction as it might appear. On the contrary, it is far from improbable. Crescents, triangles, stars, and even a miniature coach and four are actually obtainable in New York. The possible range of design suggested is alarming. Will crests, coats of arms, landscapes, and pictures of the ancient birthplace of a girl's earliest ancestor become the decorations artfully plastered about her face? It is an alarming thought.



# ETCHINGS

## PERVERSITY.

My father frowns, my mother sighs,  
My grandam, with begoggled eyes,  
Recites me maxims, wondrous wise,  
On prudence and gentility.  
They all of Lydia love to prate  
As my one matrimonial fate;  
Her virgin charms they celebrate  
With ceaseless volubility.

Of how she shines in equal ways  
At French or German—sings and plays,  
Embroiders, paints—for days and days  
Eulogiums do I hear anew.  
And then her parents' wealth galore,  
Their steeds and coaches by the score,  
Their Newport villa—nay, still more,  
Their palace on Fifth Avenue.

But ah, in vain my kindred plead!  
The girl I love, the girl I need,  
The girl I'll dare to wed, indeed,  
Unmoved by all caste's mummeries,  
Is but a sempstress, young and shy,  
Whose glittering needle—what know I—  
Its dexterous art may sometimes ply  
On Lydia's cobweb flummeries.

With Phyllis in her Harlem flat  
(Shabby, and five floors high at that)  
I'd rather spend an hour of chat  
And watch her smile's coy trickeries,  
Than dance till dawn, in Lydia's thrall,  
At some Delmoniconian ball,  
Though light along the floor should fall  
Her footstep as Terpsichore's!

*Edgar Fawcett.*

## ON A PICTURE.

AMONG the faces of these girls—  
Which seem to break forth from their curls  
As flowers from buds—is one that glows  
All crimson like a blushing rose,  
And one that lifts itself on high—  
A lily looking to the sky—  
Another with a pansy's grace  
Half hides amid the leafy lace;  
And all are sweet, and all are fair  
Like beauty in a boutonnière—  
A dream of loveliness! Give me  
This garden in epitome.

*Frederic F. Sherman.*

## A SURPRISE.

SHE wears a jacquemintot tonight  
Pinned with artistic care  
Upon her corsage, creamy white;  
It blooms and blushes there;  
But the poor rose, though proud to trim  
My darling's dainty gown,  
Is martyr to the fashion's whim;  
She wears it upside down.

And I am like her rose tonight,  
Happy to be so near,  
To touch her corsage, creamy white,  
To whisper in her ear;  
And like the flower, for when my plea  
She heard without a frown,  
And clasped me to her heart, you see,  
It turned me upside down!

*Frank Roe Batchelder.*

## THE CRY OF A CONSERVATIVE.

MY sweet Jeannette is passing fair,  
And also passing fond of dress;  
Yet do I love her none the less  
For showing woman's weakness there.  
That satin edged with laces rare,  
That snowy tulle, all fluffiness,  
I too adore them, I confess,  
And everything Jeannette does wear.  
No, there's one costume which I feel  
I would give millions to forget;  
That awful vision haunts me yet,  
And almost turns my heart to steel.

It fairly made my senses reel  
When unexpectedly I met  
My dearest love, my own Jeannette,  
In knickerbockers on a wheel!

*Cornelia E. Green.*

## A CONQUEROR.

A CASTLE there is, all grim and gray,  
Surrounded by high stone walls,  
And many a knight  
Waged bitter fight  
To enter its lordly halls.

But fast and firm were the massive gates  
'Gainst all who would through them win,  
While the old stone pile  
Seemed with scorn to smile  
At each failure to enter in.

Then came a day when a maiden sweet  
Crept up and did patiently wait;  
No bar could withstand  
The touch of her hand,  
And wide flew the frowning gate.

No more the walls echo with sounds of the fray,  
No more comes the clash of strife;  
There's the voice of song—  
For that castle strong  
Was my heart, and the maid is my wife.

*Pauline R. Stayner.*

## AT TWILIGHT.

OH, Dorothy's dimples, they come and they go,  
As the cutter slips silently over the snow;  
And Dorothy laughs, " 'Tis no end of a lark  
To go driving at twilight away through the  
park."

And albeit my love is so tender and true,  
Her eyes are so innocent, guileless, and blue,  
That I'm free to confess I am sorely afraid  
Of this trim little, slim little, prim little maid.

The clouds in the west are like silvery bars,  
There's a shimmer above in the skies from the stars,  
And southward and homeward the cutter has swung,  
Yet the words I would whisper are still on my tongue.

But the breath of the breeze is like rosiest wine  
When a dear little hand is enfolded in mine,  
And I've found it at last, love's enrapturing bliss,  
For she shows that she knows that she owes me a kiss!

*Guy Wetmore Carryl.*

A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN.

I PASSED by a garden, a little Dutch garden,  
Where useful and pretty things grew—  
Heartsease and tomatoes  
And pinks and potatoes  
And lilies and onions and rue.

I saw in that garden, that little Dutch garden,  
A chubby Dutch man with a spade,  
And a rosy Dutch frau  
With a shoe like a scow,  
And a flaxen haired little Dutch maid.

There grew in that garden, that little Dutch garden,  
Blue flag flowers, lovely and tall,  
And early blush roses,  
And little pink posies—  
But Gretchen was fairer than all.

My heart's in that garden, that little Dutch garden;  
It tumbled right in as I passed,  
'Mid 'wilderling mazes  
Of spinach and daisies,  
And Gretchen is holding it fast!

*Hattie Whitney.*

THE LAMENT OF AN OLD THEATER GOER.

OH, for a play like those of old,  
Where human men and women walk,  
And where some vital story's told  
Without eternities of talk;  
Where men are brave, and women good,  
Where deeds are done that call for cheers,  
That thrill the heart, and stir the blood,  
From orchestra to gallery tiers;

Where not the "female with a past"  
Has part, and not a thing is done  
That modesty must stare aghast,  
And vestal maid must cut and run;  
Where with scant skirts in tangled whirl  
No giddy chorus dames appear—  
Give me a play where not a girl  
Points heel toward the chandelier!

It's true I don't object to see—  
Say once a month—some show like this;  
But the same thing eternally—  
The same distracting, clinging kiss,  
And what each night we're doomed to see—  
The same old kick, the same old smirk,  
The same bewildering *lingerie*—  
'Twould madden even a harem'd Turk.

Oh, for a glimpse of Bowery days!  
Something of human lived, in sooth,  
In those old time theatric ways—  
The times of Junius Brutus Booth!  
With what romantic, manly vim  
He set our passions in a whirl!  
I would not give an hour of him  
For any half clad chorus girl!

*Joseph Dana Miller.*

IN VENICE.

In Venice, on the Rialto  
A merry mass of people go;  
The siren city like a bride  
Clings to the Adriatic's side;  
By day, by night, one still may hear  
The soft song of the gondolier,  
Whose oar is strong for friend or foe,  
In Venice on the Rialto.

In Venice, on the Rialto,  
Homesick and lone, I weep with woe;  
Homesick and lone, what is to me  
This marble city by the sea?  
One vision all my bosom fills—  
Oh, village in the Georgia hills,  
For thee my heart is bended low,  
In Venice on the Rialto!

*Robert Loveman.*

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE Age of Gold! The Golden Age,  
When life was life indeed,  
Has gilded many a somber page,  
Served many a poet's need.  
I sing the Golden Age that is,  
Not days of fabled glory;  
Nay, I myself once lived in this  
Same age of song and story.

Then men were heroes formed for love  
And war—brave, wise, and good;  
Then women reigned by virtue of  
Their perfect womanhood;  
Then more than fame, than lust of wealth,  
Than empty power or splendor,  
Were simple pleasures, buoyant health,  
One friend both true and tender.

Then strange, wild beauty lurked within  
Each common wayside weed;  
The brook stopped on its way to sing  
Weird tales to who would heed;  
Then labor without thought of wage  
Was crowned with teeming plenty;  
What is this wondrous Golden Age?  
Why, nineteen years, or twenty.

*Susan Owen Moberly.*

# IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

## FIGURES THAT HUM WITH MEANING.

A RECORD THAT SHOWS THE MATCHLESS GROWTH IN OUR ADVERTISING—A RECORD THAT IN ITSELF IS AS MARVELOUS AS OUR CIRCULATION IS IN ITSELF. HERE ARE THE FIGURES THAT COMPARE THE ADVERTISING RECEIPTS OF THE PAST SIX MONTHS WITH THOSE OF THE CORRESPONDING SIX MONTHS OF A YEAR EARLIER:

In October, 1894, \$2,899.58 net;	October, 1895, \$21,803.59 net;	net gain, \$18,904.01.
" November, " 4,973.44 "	November " 24,639.90 "	" 19,666.46.
" December, " 11,526.38 "	December, " 34,192.02 "	" 22,665.64.
" January, 1895, 9,103.55 "	January, 1896, 23,273.17 "	" 14,169.62.
" February, " 12,036.46 "	February, " 29,041.35 "	" 17,004.89.
" March, " 13,237.16 "	March, " 30,323.92 "	" 17,086.76.
Total net cash . \$53,776.57.	Total net cash . \$163,273.95.	Total net gain, \$109,497.38.

THE FOREGOING FIGURES TELL A MATCHLESS STORY—TELL IT SIMPLY, FORCEFULLY. THEY SHOW THE STRENGTH OF MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE WITH THE CLEAR HEADED, CLEAN CUT BUSINESS MAN, EVEN AS OUR CIRCULATION OF SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES SHOWS ITS STRENGTH WITH THE PEOPLE. THEY MAKE CLEAR THE MARVELOUS PACE THAT IS SWEEPING US ONWARD AS NO OTHER PUBLICATION IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD HAS EVER GONE FORWARD. THEY EMPHASIZE AND GLORIFY THE RECORD OF OUR TWO YEARS AND A HALF OF WORK—OUR TWO YEARS AND A HALF OF "GRAPPLING WITH THE IMPOSSIBLE," AS OUR PROPOSITION WAS STYLED BY THE WHOLE PUBLISHING WORLD, GROWN GRAY IN EXPERIENCE AND RIPE IN WISDOM; AND THEY FORESHADOW A FUTURE OF ASTOUNDING MAGNITUDE AND DAZZLING BRILLIANCY.

### IT IS 650,000 NOW.

WITH this issue MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE reaches the magnificent figures of six hundred and fifty thousand (650,000) copies. It gathers momentum as it sweeps along. The pace is hotter today than it was a year ago today; it was hotter a year ago today than it was a twelvemonth before. A circulation of this size, a circulation that moves forward always with majestic certainty, is no accident. It has behind it the people; it is of the people. This is why MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is unique among magazines, though the imitator is abroad in the land.

### THE HARASSED LION.

THE present British government seems to be paying the penalty of its predecessors' success in extending English rule over so large a share of the unoccupied lands of the world. On all sides the British lion finds the "Keep off the grass" sign flashed upon him, so to speak, by the other animals of the political menagerie. Besides the Venezuela affair and the Transvaal imbroglio, Brazil is warning him away from the islet of Trinidad. Further south, Argentina is demanding the Falkland Islands as being rightfully hers. Further north, some American newspapers are questioning whether he has any real right to maintain his hold upon islands that are geographically the outposts of our continent. This last

suggestion has special reference to the British naval station at the Bermudas.

No wonder that, in spite of the long course of tail twisting through which he has passed without perceptible injury, the old lion is somewhat uneasy. He has good reason to be. If we are going to ask him to relinquish the Bermudas, which he colonized before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and which are divided from the nearest point of the American continent by six hundred miles of intervening ocean, what next? Probably France will point out the far stronger considerations that should lead him to abandon a certain "right little, tight little" island which he has held for some time, but which, as it is only twenty one miles from the good French town of Calais, he must now see the propriety of abandoning. He can retire, we presume, to some other planet, thereby ending a number of international unpleasantnesses on this one.

### DISCOURTEOUS COURTESY.

STRANGE are the workings of "Senatorial courtesy"! By being too polite to interrupt the eloquence of one of its own members, the United States Senate has put itself on record as having listened, without a sign of dissent, to a tirade of the foulest abuse directed against the President of the United States. Its nice respect for its own traditions, and its utter disregard of the honor of the Presidency, in which

**DON'T FORGET THIS.**—If you will show MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE to your friends and secure for us five new subscribers, sending us one dollar for each name, we will give you a year's subscription free for yourself in return for your trouble.

is involved the honor of the nation, would be a congenial subject for the pen of Dickens or Dean Swift, and might elicit some caustic remarks from our own Mark Twain.

It is unfortunate that our most conspicuous foreign representative should, in speeches delivered abroad, declare that the American people are "headstrong" and their economic system corrupt. It is still more unfortunate that such a harangue as Mr. Tillman's should disgrace the proceedings of our highest legislative body. We can imagine, as a result, such dialogues as the following:

**CRITICAL FOREIGNER**—So you elect to the Presidency a man who is personally disreputable and officially dishonest?

**APOLOGETIC AMERICAN**—Nonsense!

**CRITICAL FOREIGNER**—One of your Senators calls your chief magistrate a besotted wretch, a partner and a tool of speculators, a briber, and a drunkard.

**APOLOGETIC AMERICAN**—But you must not attach the slightest importance to the utterances of a coarse, ignorant, and unscrupulous demagogue.

**CRITICAL FOREIGNER**—So you elect to the United States Senate a coarse, ignorant, and unscrupulous demagogue?

**APOLOGETIC AMERICAN**—(*Answer not recorded*).

#### TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY TONS OF MAGAZINES.

SIX hundred and fifty thousand copies of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE weigh two hundred and fifty (250) tons—two hundred and fifty tons of magazines to a single issue—think of it, tremendous! This is larger by more than one hundred tons than the quantity printed at a single issue by any other publication in the whole wide world. And it was only a little more than two years ago that MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE was almost wholly unknown. It had to line up beside giants whose circulation was the admiration and envy of the world, whose prestige stood out as a mighty mountain, frowning down upon adventurous ambition.

#### THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE remarkable discoveries recently made in photography are exemplifications of the rule that all knowledge is power—actual power or latent power. An investigation into the secrets of nature may be undertaken merely as a pastime, and yet at any moment it may reveal some fact of first rate scientific and practical value. The camera, once little more than a plaything, has within recent years become an efficient handmaid in a score of branches of useful work. The experiments of the German professor, Roentgen, who has proved it possible to photograph through substances hitherto re-

garded as impervious to light, open up a new field, the limit of which it is as yet impossible to fix. In medicine and surgery the new process promises to be especially serviceable. It may work a revolution in many other departments of physical science.

What a tremendous advance the human race has made since Bacon, three centuries ago, pointed out that the only way to improve man's material condition was to master the mysteries of natural forces!

#### CUBA'S YEAR OF RUIN.

THE solemn truth of General Sherman's remark that "war is hell" is being appallingly verified almost within sight of the shores of the United States. It is a shocking fact that Cuba, the largest habitable island of America, a country of great natural wealth, and one that for almost four centuries has been settled by a people of pretended civilization, should today be in the condition that impartial reports describe.

On paper, both the government forces and the rebels have won victories sufficient to have annihilated their opponents ten times over. As a matter of fact, during a year of war, no positive military success has been achieved by either side. The insurgents have evidently failed to effect any permanent foothold; the Spaniards have equally failed to suppress them or to stop their devastations. There has been no great battle, but much blood has been shed, and thousands have died of the diseases that always scourge armies. The ordinary rules of warfare have no authority in this bitter conflict. Outside of the cities, most of the property in the island has been destroyed; everywhere commerce and industry are paralyzed, and the mass of the population is face to face with ruin and want. Social order is overthrown, and the internecine strife is assuming a character of desperation that threatens still more frightful developments.

The attitude of the United States toward the matter is somewhat equivocal. In spite of the heavy losses their raids have inflicted upon American business interests, popular sympathy is strongly with the revolutionists. Congress has given cautious yet unmistakable utterance to the same feeling; but the executive departments have felt it their duty to put forth all possible efforts to prevent that feeling from finding expression in overt acts of interference. Thus much it is safe to say—the war should be stopped. Its continuance is a disgrace to nineteenth century civilization.

#### A STRANGE EXOTIC CULT.

WE are impelled to make brief reference to a subject that should perhaps be relegated to this magazine's special corner for the explora-

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tion of fads. On the 30th of January, in some American churches—in only one or two, we trust—there were held special services commemorative of "King Charles, Saint and Martyr." Of course, our citizens have a constitutional right to honor the memory of any one they please, from Nero or Nebuchadnezzar, to Benedict Arnold or Charles Guiteau. Indeed, we have heard of organizations whose members "worship"—the word is their own, we believe—his Satanic majesty himself. We do not mean to rank the gentle but misguided Stuart, whom the upholders of popular liberty decapitated, with these unsavory personages; but we cannot see that he has any shadow of claim upon the religious feelings of Americans. The cult may perhaps be harmless, but it is certainly silly. As a piece of Anglomania, it out Herods the little band of legitimist Herods in England.

We do not regard it as creditable that one of the great American churches should give it even the slightest countenance.

#### THERE IS ROOM FOR MEN.

It is the spirit of this magazine to encourage women in all fields of art and industry. In most things they do not have an equal chance with men. There are exceptions. In fiction, for instance, in America, they present an almost unbroken front. Of the something like three thousand manuscripts that come to us from month to month, ninety to ninety five per cent come from women. It is not our purpose to discourage women contributors, but to encourage men contributors. We have said before that we want force in our fiction—virility, action, plot, clever handling. Judging from say ninety nine per cent of the stories that pour in upon us, we have failed to make ourselves understood.

The utter weakness of the average alleged story is appalling—sickening even. There is no story in it. In a word, it is a process of building around nothing and labeling it fiction. It has occurred to us that possibly women are more apt to fall into this error than men. This is why we want to encourage men to take up literary work—men with force, strong, manly men, men with imagination, with depth of human nature. For such there are rich rewards.

Let us get away from the thin, simpering, silly story, and the dialect abomination, and the cameo cutting, and begin to do men's work in fiction, as we are doing it in the industries of the world.

#### AN HONORABLE AMBITION.

THE late Mr. Pope's assertion that hope springs eternal in the human breast is sup-

ported by the announcement that political observers reckon no less than fifteen United States Senators who have aspirations toward a Presidential nomination at one or other of the approaching conventions. This is in spite of the fact that the Senate has long been reputed as an almost certain grave of similar hopes in the past. For some reason—perhaps because his views on inconvenient public questions are too much a matter of record—the President makers seem to look coldly upon a Senator. The great statesmen of the Senate—the Clays, the Websters, the Blaines, the Shermans—have uniformly failed to reach the White House, although it has avowedly been the goal of their political ambitions. The success of Garfield, who had just been elected a Senator when nominated for the higher office, and that of Harrison, who had previously served one term at the north end of the Capitol, form but slight exceptions to the rule—sufficient, perhaps, to prove it.

This is a free country, and that admirable document, the Federal Constitution (Article II, Section I) prescribes that any natural born American citizen, if he be thirty five years old and have been resident within the country for fourteen years, may be elected President—the sole other condition being that he shall receive a majority of the electoral votes. The field is open, and the desire to serve one's own country is an honorable one.

#### THE CIVILIZING OF CONGRESS.

WE learn from Washington that Speaker Reed has made a new rule against smoking on the floor of the House of Representatives, and that—which is a still greater novelty—the rule is enforced. Amusing incidents are said to result, when some veteran devotee of the weed attempts to solace himself with a surreptitious cigar in some remote corner of the legislative hall. The speaker's eagle eye is almost sure to detect the offense, and his minions are promptly despatched to bring the offender into subjection.

We congratulate Mr. Reed on having officially set the nation's representatives a step farther forward in the path of civilization. We also congratulate Congress on its progressive instruction in the etiquette of conventional society. It is becoming what it should be—a model body. It does not smoke in public, and we trust it has forever abandoned pugilistic encounters, football matches, and similar reprehensible amusements to which it has been more or less addicted in the past. We invite the shade of Dickens to survey the scene of the English novelist's most bitter assault upon the American manners of his day, and to mark the gratifying change.

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